June 2, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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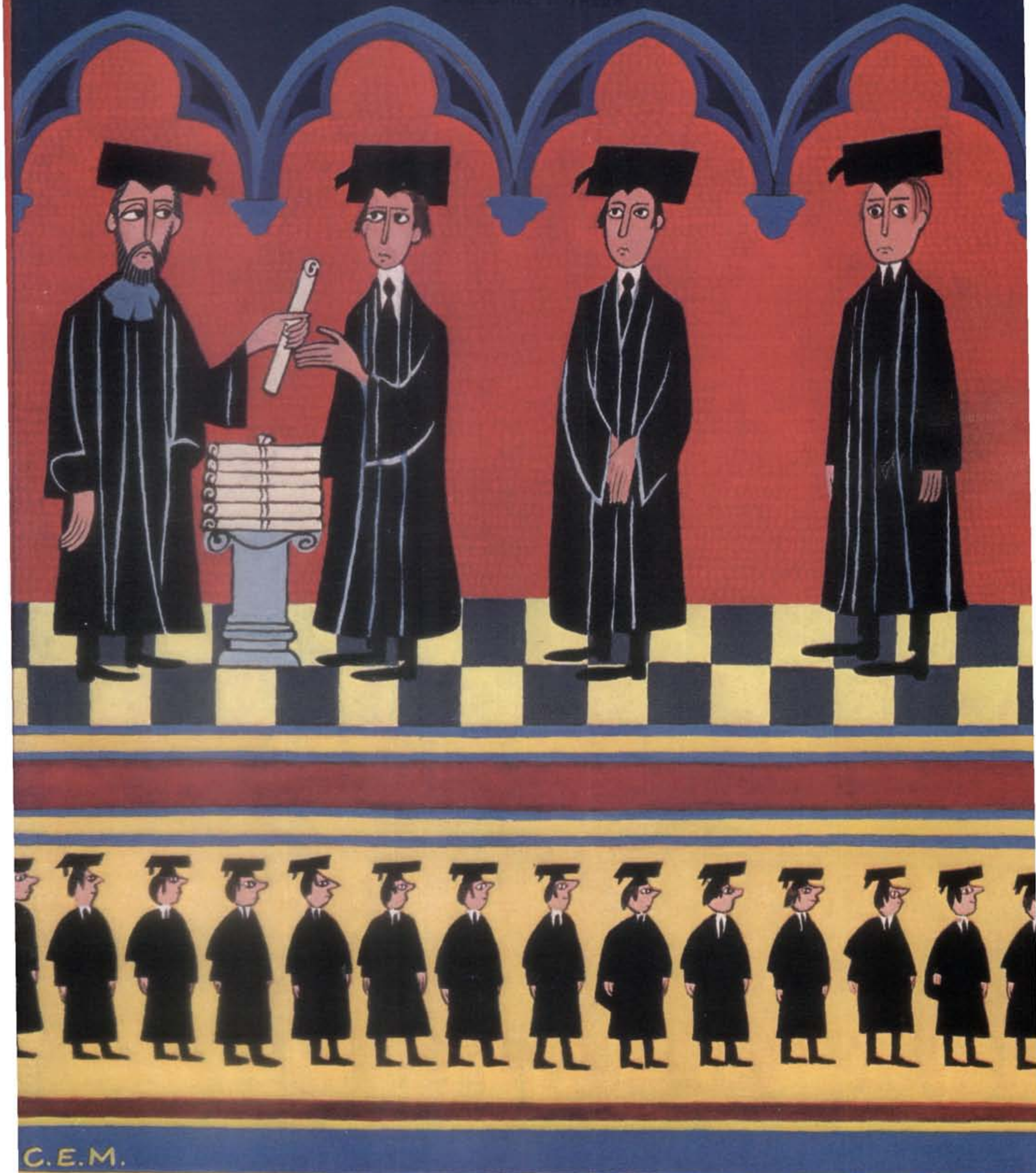

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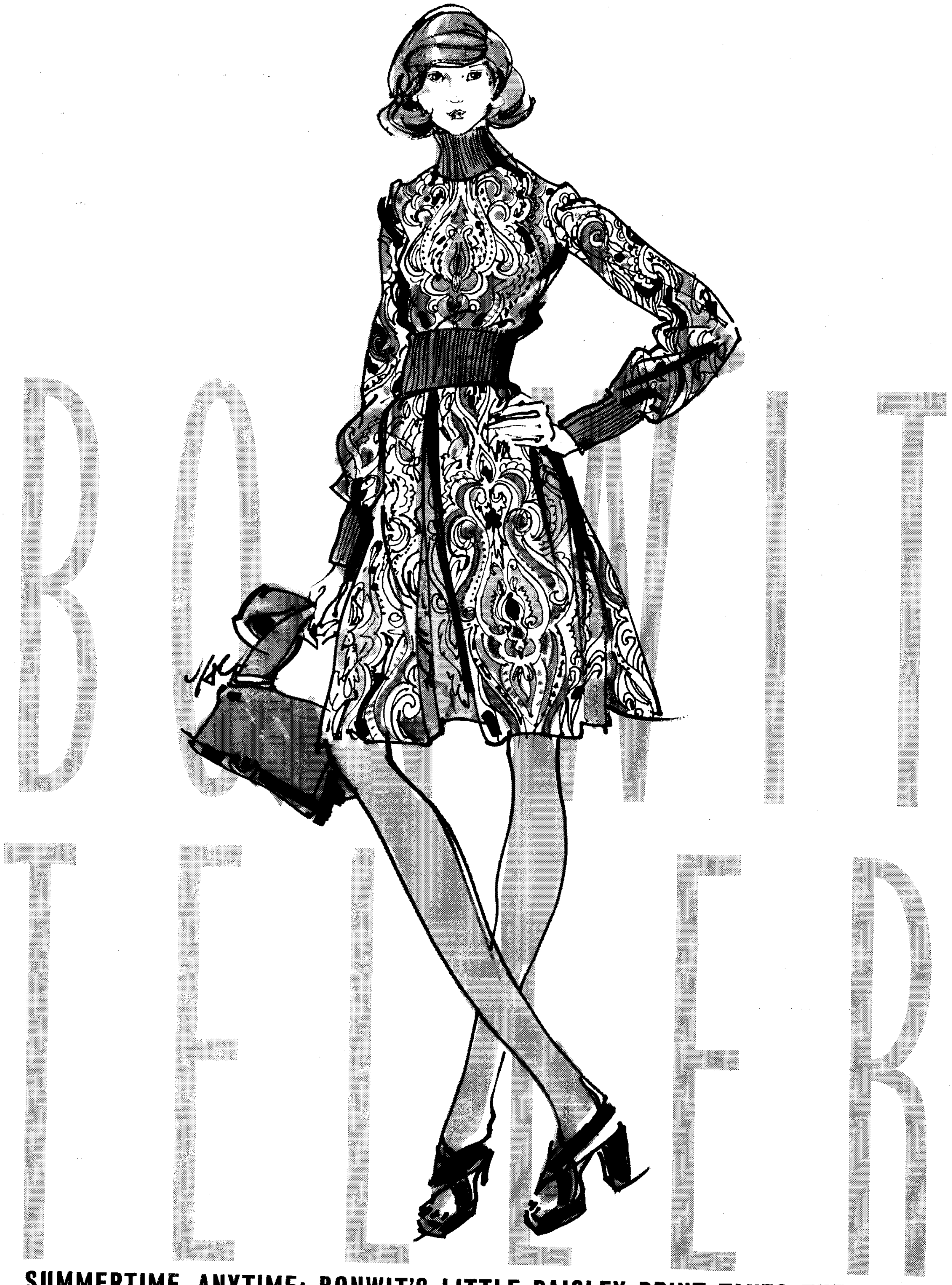

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked, and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is truly mad. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30.)

Baba Goya—A play by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

The Changing Room—A team of mumbling, down-at-heel, semi-professional Rugby players undress and put on their gear and play a match and take off their gear and shower and sing and go home. Little nourishment is to be got from overhearing them, though the cast is able. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cyrano—A musical that doesn't improve on the original heroic comedy by Rostand. Christopher Plummer plays the poet-soldier and failed lover with suitable pomp and authority. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dr. Hero—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horovitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horovitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. May close Saturday, June 2.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Monte Markham, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simpleminded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. Starting Monday, June 4, Ron Husmann will replace Mr. Markham. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 3.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—A four-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Wednesday through Sunday, May 30-June 3: Ronald Tavel's **kitchenette**, at 9, and Rosalyn Drexler's **softly and consider the nearness**, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1, at 9:30; Saturday, June 2, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, June 3, at 5:30 and 8: A staged reading of LeRoi Jones' **dutchman**. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

Nash at Nine—Ogden Nash's verses, accompanied by music, sound witty but a trifle thin in a big Broadway theatre. E. G. Marshall is the chief performer. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this révue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as vivacious and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy in P.G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. (Bi-

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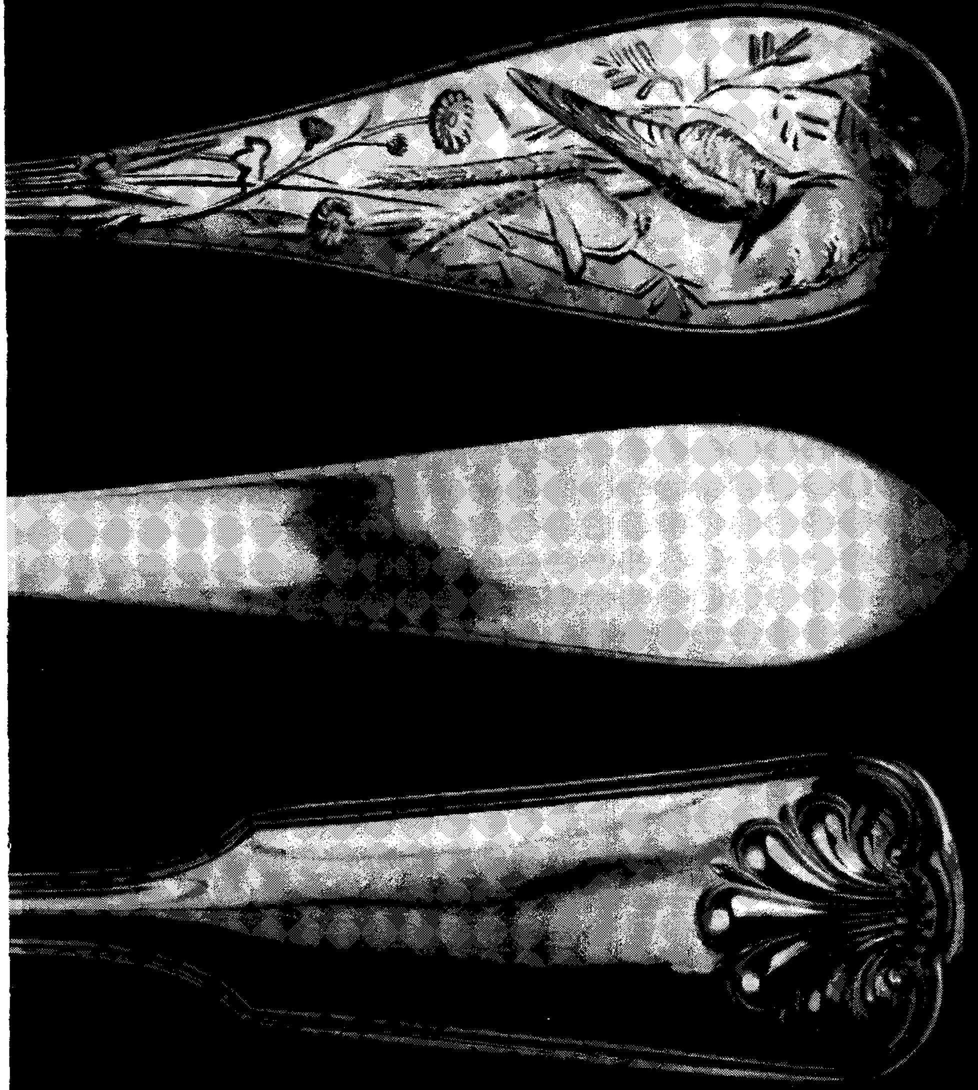

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

jou, 45th St., W. 757-8455. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, June 6, at 2. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and Ken Howard. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Smith—A sweeping up of odds and ends that don't amount to a musical. Don Murray is the harried star. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays and also Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Uncle Vanya—An eight-week engagement of Chekhov's play, with George C. Scott, Julie Christie, Nicol Williamson, Elizabeth Wilson, Cathleen Nesbitt, Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, and Lillian Gish. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews through Saturday, June 2. Opens officially on Monday, June 4, and will run through Saturday, July 28. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

What the Wine Sellers Buy—A play by Ron Milner, directed by Woodie King, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, at 7:30. Free.)

The Women—A tiresome relic of the thirties, with a very large cast of actresses who bitch and bitch, though without conviction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,446 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by *Jason Miller is about the reunion of an* old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 30, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Symphony in C," and "The Concert."... ¶ Thursday, May 31, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 1, at 8: "Serenade," "Cortège Hongrois," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Tarantella," "La Source," and "The Concert."... ¶ Tuesday, June 5, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "In the Night," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Wednesday, June 6, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 8: "The Concert," "Pas de Deux," "Serenade in A," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Friday, June 8, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 2: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Scherzo Fantastique," "In the Night," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Cortège Hongrois," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 30-June 1: Three American premières—"L'Estro Armonico," "Traces," and "Initials R.B.M.E."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, June 2-3: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Louis Falco Dance Company—Tuesday, June 5, and Friday, June 8: "The Moor's Pavanne;" "Rust;" and a new, unnamed work.... ¶ Wednesday, June 6, and Saturday, June 9: "Tub," "The Sleepers," and "Caviar."... ¶ Thursday, June 7, and Sunday, June 10: "Huescape;" another new, unnamed work; "Nostalgia;" and "Soap Opera." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

Kazuko Hirabayashi Dance Theatre—Thursday, June 7, at 8: A new, unnamed work; "Mudai;" and "The Stone Garden."... ¶ Friday, June 8, at 8: "Mudai," "Suite 1," and "Black Angels."... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 8: The new work, "Suite 1," and "The Stone Garden." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. *For information about tickets, call 877-8315.)*

MISCELLANY

Negro Ensemble Company Special Attractions—Final performances—Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, at 8: The Demi-Gods present "Yin Yang," with a book and lyrics by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe-Walker.... ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 5 and 8:40, and Sunday, June 3, at 2:30: Novella Nelson in "An Evening of Song." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530.)

Josephine Baker—*With her international revue,* including Bricktop and George Faison's Universal Dance Experience. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday through Friday, June 5-8, at 8, plus a benefit performance at Loews Victoria Theatre, 125th St., on Saturday, June 9, at midnight. For information about tickets, call 759-2230.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Pearl Bailey—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, through Saturday, June 2.

Barbara Carroll—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, from nine to one, except Sunday and Monday.

Blossom Dearie—Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9303). Singing at the piano, between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays, and at four-thirty and six-thirty on Sundays.

Paul Desmond—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Alto sax, leading a quartet, Wednesday through Friday, May 30-June 1, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, June 2, from nine.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Bill Evans—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a trio, Wednesday through Friday, May 30-June 1, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, June 2, from nine.

Benny Goodman—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Clarinet, with Peter Appleyard, John Bunch, Urbie Green, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Bob Rosengarden. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine beginning Thursday, May 31.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio, Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, from ten to three.

Howlin' Wolf—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Chicago-blues singer. Wednesday, Thursday, Sunday, and Monday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, through Monday, June 4.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly at ten, through Sunday, June 3.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty.

Charles Lloyd—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Saxophone, leading a combo through Monday, June 4.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, from eight to two, except Sundays.

Marian and Jimmy McPartland—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano and cornet, respectively, leading a dance quintet (Buddy Tate, Jackie Williams, and Rusty Gilder). Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Charles Mingus—Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Bass, leading a quintet Tuesdays through Sundays from nine.

Buddy Rich—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Drums, leading a fifteen-piece band, beginning Friday, June 8, nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, June 5.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew is a trio led by bassist Herman Wright. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

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Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Saxophonist Charles Lloyd, either a charlatan or a genius, feeds the controversy (with his combo) through Monday, June 4. The Persuasions, an a-cappella church-rock assemblage, takes the stage on Wednesday, June 6. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The kitchen smothers the pork chops, and the Junior Mance trio smothers the clientele with blues piano, bass, and drums from Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the duo of pianist Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and bassist Herb Bushler, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, June 2. On Sundays, pianist Bill Rubenstein plays from nine until one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the Victor Borge of Lake Charles (La.) blues-women, returns to the limelight, singing and playing piano with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Sundays, pianist Dick Hyman flourishes. Still another pianist, Roland Hanna, applies himself to the keyboard with forceful dignity from three to seven on Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, some not.) Mountain music is produced, understandably, by the Mission Mountain Wood Band through Saturday, June 2. A trio of vocalists-instrumentalists, Mushroom, takes over on Tuesday, June 5. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 3, between five-forty-five and eight-thirty, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Jerome Kern songs. On Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Currently, a feast: the Bill Evans trio and Paul Desmond's quartet. Tenor-saxophonist Grover Washington, Jr., and his quartet alternate with singer Mark Murphy, starting Monday, June 4. These musicians play Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, from eight until two, Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a big band.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Nina Sheldon warms the bench. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) does sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Which came first, the name or the nautical décor? Drummer Norman Connors, one of the most promising composer-musicians on the scene, keeps his combo very much together through Sunday, June 3. On Tuesday, June 5, reedman Robin Kenyatta, another young musical force, brings in his band. Mondays now belong to composer-saxophonist Frank Foster and his quartet, and to singer Joe Lee Wilson. Music from nine until three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge and his crew cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Larry Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Monday's feature is the trio of singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth. Closed Sundays.... Downstairs, in the 52nd Street Room, Buddy Rich's fifteen-piece band offers some mainstream stuff, starting Friday, June 8.... ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. The output of the Atlanta Rhythm Section sextet could be called bluesy rock and can be heard through Sunday, June 3. Folksinger Michael Murphey injects his Texas-styled music Friday through Sunday, June 1-3. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Bluesman Howlin' Wolf, whose work is characterized by integrity and power, leaves his mark through Monday, June 4. A younger spokesman of the same genre, Larry Johnson, is also on hand. A band called Mose Jones comes in Wednesday, June 6, and submits to the leadership of musician-producer Al Kooper Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—The **blue room cabaret,** executed in early Clockwork Orange, offers various rock bands and other groups nightly from ten until two. Should the music ever grow slow, one can always check out the other entertainments in this theatre complex or browse in the boutique.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered. Closed Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, *211* E. 55th St. (PL *8-2272*)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. The proficiency of Barbara Carroll is aided by a bassist from nine to one. On Monday nights, a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Enhancing this spirit are the sounds of drummer Freddie Waits and his trio, Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2. Chico Hamilton, the organic musician, energizes his trio Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, from ten to three. No live music Sundays through Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz, the latter offered by singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg. Entertainment Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Mondays, pianist Patti Wicks plays and sings with a bassist from seven until twelve. No music Sundays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A conscientious cabaret. Through Saturday, June 2, Ellerine Harding, jazz-and-pop singer, joins the permanent cast of singer-host Jimmie Daniels (a man of effortless urbanity), pianist Sammy Benskin, and guitarist Tiger Haynes. Singers Baby Jane Dexter and Joy Hatton replace Miss Harding on Tuesday, June 5. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Mr. Benskin and Mr. Haynes play intermittently from seven-thirty to one. On Mondays, new talent can be seen. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair as she does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Richard Clay, on flute and saxophone, heads up a quartet Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something happens that makes a lot of other singers sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight and Sundays at four-thirty and at six-thirty. She does it concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—The place is nothing much to look at, but Charles Mingus's quintet is a strong reminder of the days when this old establishment was known as the Five Spot. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress continues its tradition of presenting top-flight jazzmen, and on Wednesdays, harpist Daphne Hellman's trio also performs. Music from about ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Thunderbolt-drummer Elvin Jones remains with his quintet through Sunday, June 3. On Tuesday, June 5, Pharoah Sanders and his quintet descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, which are all too rare, the impressive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation finds its chairs and lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not as serious but every bit as intense is the bright, direct delivery of singer Dee Dee Bridgewater. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Thursdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, Marian and Jimmy McPartland's quintet alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays. The Steele trio goes it alone on Sundays. The music begins at seven-thirty weekdays, and at five-thirty Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The easy road to learning Basic Latin; namely, the troupe of singers and prancers known as Los Muchachos de San Juan. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco suite**, there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, June 6, is the final night for the rhythm-and-blues groups known as the Stylistics and the First Choice. Next evening, singer Holly Sherwood and a rock trio called Dawn will come in. Shows at eight, eleven-thirty, and two Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group named Boogie provide the dance music from seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Through Saturday, June 2, Phil Wayne will be in the **café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad will be on duty Sunday through Saturday, June 3-9.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room**, there are song recitals by January Jones at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis and Barry Levitt are on the bandstand, heading up their dance crews. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This grand rooftop reopens on Thursday, May 31, with Benny Goodman—a little more grizzled, a pound or two heavier, but just as authoritative—leading a sextet from nine every night but Sunday. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner, supper, and Peter Nero's many-noted piano through Saturday, June 2. On Monday, June 4, pop singer Buddy Greco will take over. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **la boite russe**, the next-door sylvan glade, violinist Jani Sarkozi plays for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **empire room**, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, June 2, Pearl Bailey, as casual as an old pair of sneakers, cheerfully mumbles, hums, and shouts her way through her songs. The Room will be dormant until Friday, June 8, when Robert Goulet arrives. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sunday through Thursday, June 3-7.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Michael Argov—Painted reliefs of wood or aluminum, plus geometric works in other mediums, by an Israeli; through Saturday, June 9. (Kulick, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin—Figurative bronzes, bronze reliefs, and drawings; through Friday, June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Jack Bush—Shapes in color on one-color ground by a Canadian; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures, done since 1939, of animal forms and abstractions; starting Tuesday, June 5. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—Table pieces by the noted British sculptor; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Small Expressionist collages with suggestions of landscapes and sea; through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark di Suvero—Drawings by this sculptor known for his huge works in wood and steel; through Saturday, June 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Evans—Six large lyrical abstractions; through Saturday, June 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Juan Genovés—Paintings by a Spaniard whose theme is the isolation of individuals within public events and actions; through Saturday, June 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brower Hatcher / David Hockney—Abstract wire sculptures. / Lithographs. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Through June 16. Closed Mondays.)

Don Johnson / John Okulick—Mixed-medium paintings of common American objects—hamburgers, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, apple pie—combined with three-dimensional forms. / Wooden constructions designed with built-in perspective. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Friday, June 1.)

Ben Kamihira—Paintings of the figure; through Friday, June 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Black-and-white paintings and drawings with Surrealist overtones; through Saturday, June 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Phyllis Mark—Kinetic metal sculptures; through

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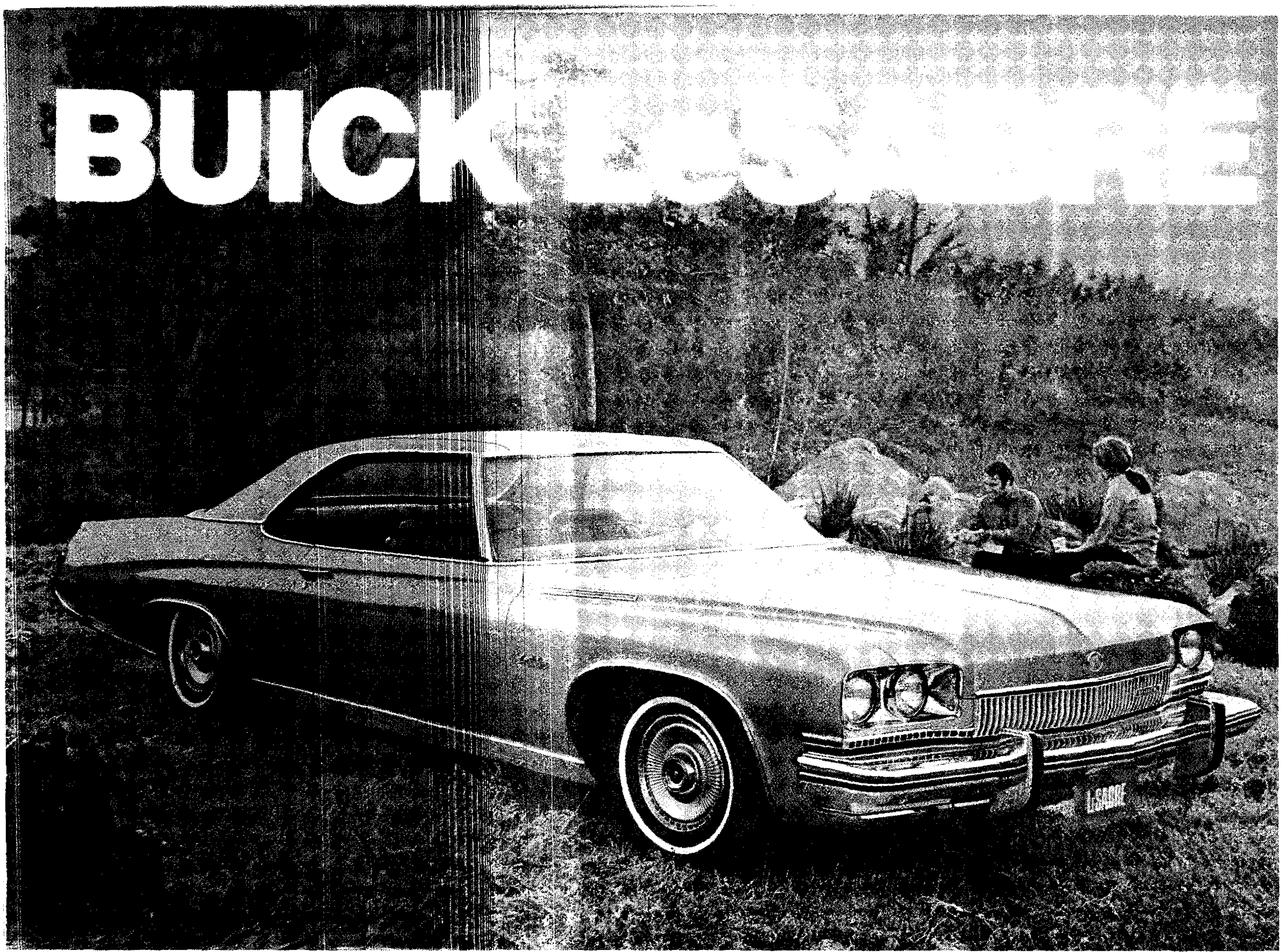

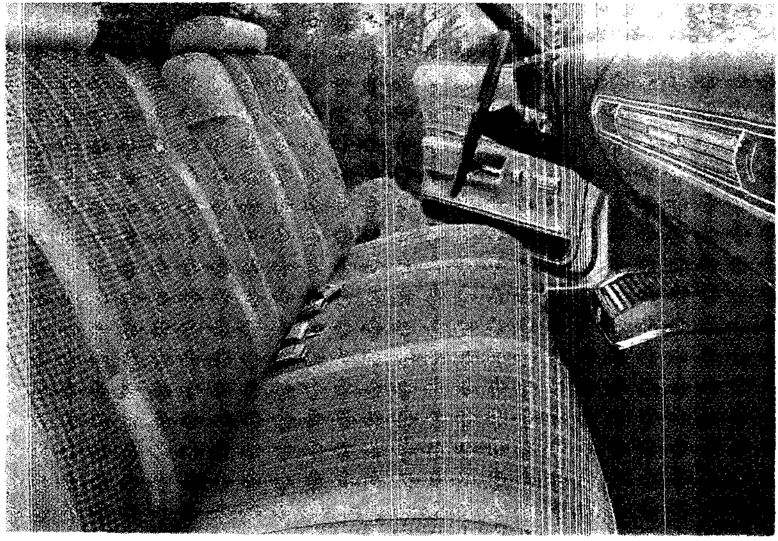

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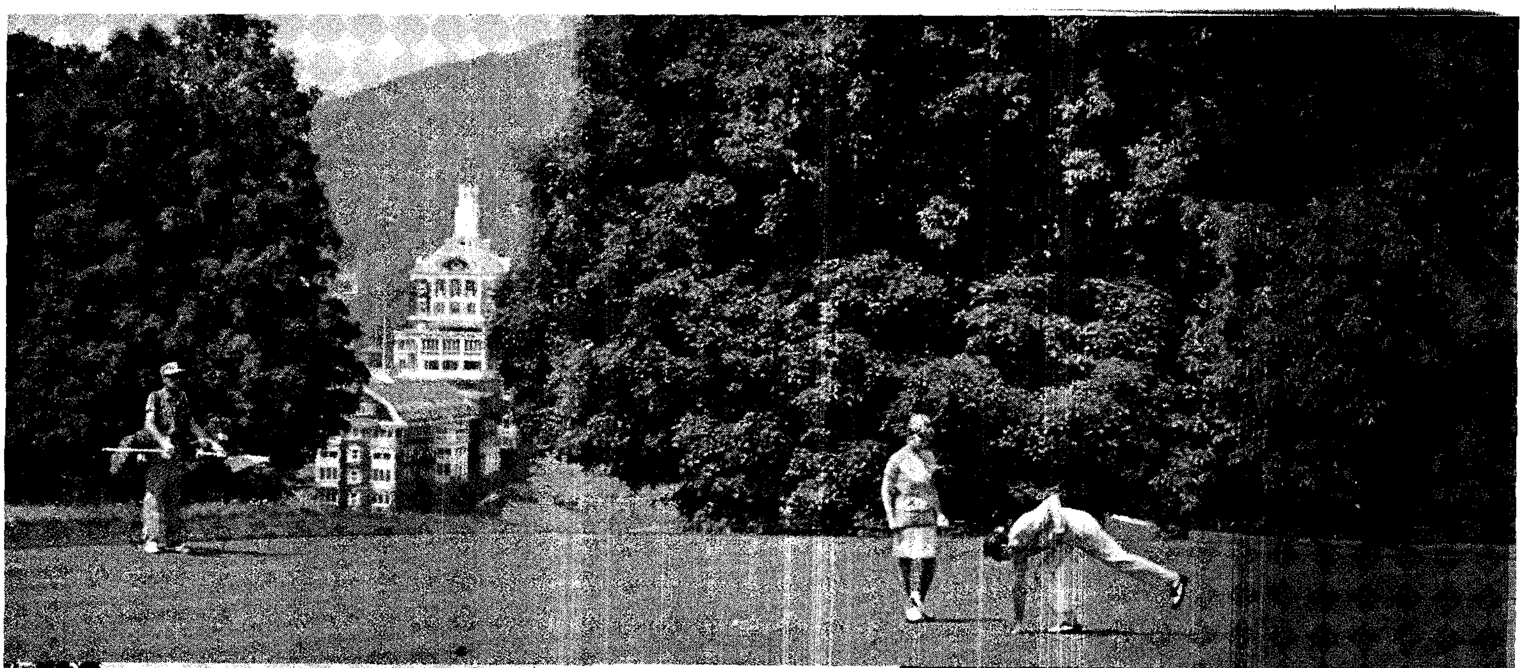

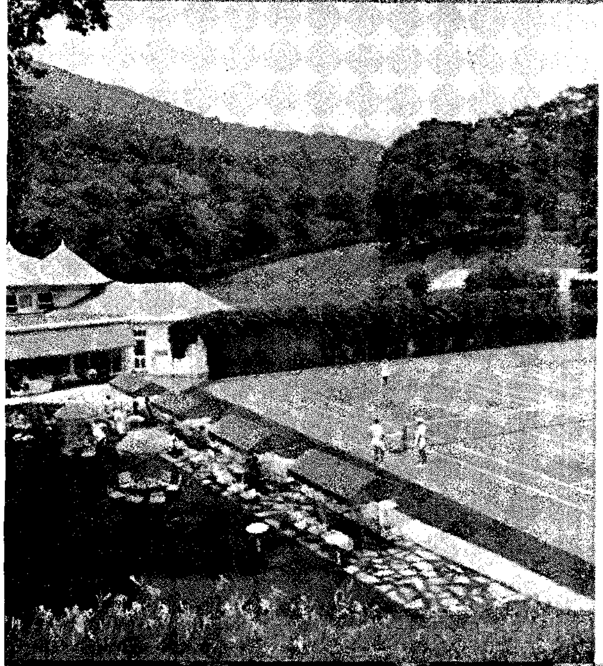

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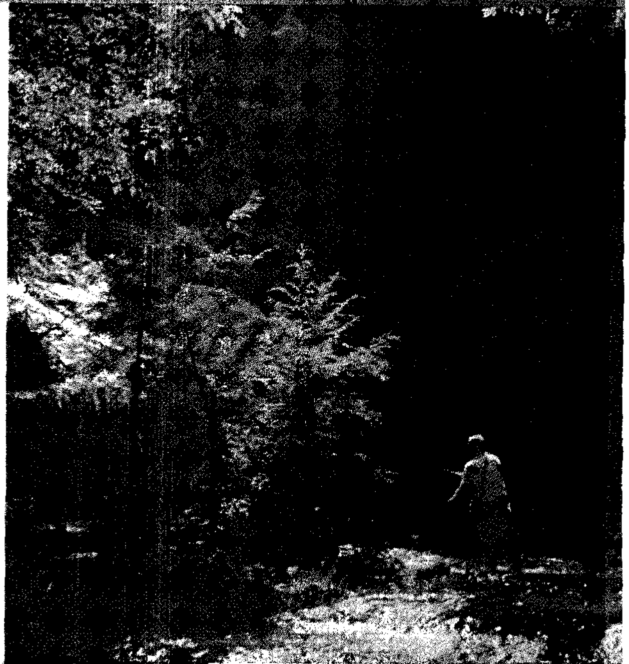

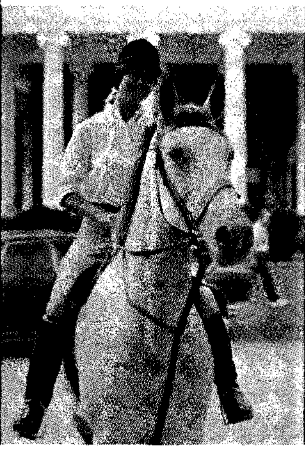

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Friday, June 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joan Miró—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, etchings, and hangings made of jute weavings plus assorted materials—yarn, rope, odd objects, and paint; through Friday, June 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dianne Nelson—Painted collages with flower themes; through June 16. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lloyd Ney (1893-1965)—Nineteen-forties' watercolors and two large oils by a Pennsylvanian who showed at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through Saturday, June 9. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Price—Realistic paintings of Long Island sea and shore scenes, also lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; through Saturday, June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

James Rosenquist—Two large paintings and some drawings by the well-known pop artist; through June 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Salerno—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through June 14. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; starting Saturday, June 2. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David Smyth—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; through Saturday, June 2. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Albert Stadler—Soft-edge abstractions; through Thursday, June 7. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Stefanelli—Hard-edge abstractions with an Egyptian theme by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 1. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marina Stern—Precisionist paintings of urban scenes; through Saturday, June 9. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Suttman—Sculptures in bronze and bas-reliefs containing elements of still-life, figures, and architectural shapes; through Friday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Tomasello—White constructions with cubes; through June 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Vázquez—One large (eight feet by thirty) figurative triptych in vibrant colors; through June 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—About forty works, consisting of constructions, paintings, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs, by a West Coast artist identified with "Funk" art, a style related to Dada and Surrealism; through Thursday, June 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Group Shows—At the **ABERBACH**, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by leading twentieth-century artists—Picasso, Bacon, Schiele, Botero, and others; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Ten women artists; through Wednesday, June 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures; starting Saturday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bauermeister, Mallory, Brusca, and others; through Friday, June 1.... **CALDWELL**, 13 Barrow St.: Spray-gun paintings by Doug Ohlson, abstract color forms by Ray Parker, and calligraphic patterns by Ulfert Wilke; through Saturday, June 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Sculptures in different mediums by eight artists, among them Sylvia Stone, Clement Meadmore, and Linda Howard; through Friday, June 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A benefit show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings relating to the work of Stravinsky, Diaghilev, and their collaborators, by Picasso, Bakst, Larionov, Roerich, and others; starting Thursday, May 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings on the theme of the torso, ranging in time from Greece and Rome to such modernists as Maillol, Arp, Magritte, Archipenko, Giacometti, and de Kooning; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: New works by gallery artists Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych; starting Thursday, May 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **DORSKY**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Works by forty graduating seniors of the Cooper Union School of Art; through Friday, June 1.... **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An exhibition of nineteenth-century salt-glazed stoneware jugs, crocks, jars, churns, and bottles, many of them factory-made, and hand-decorated with cobalt-blue flower or bird motifs; through Friday, June 8.... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A large show of American and French Impressionist paintings by Monet, Hassam, Prendergast, Frieske, and others; through Friday, June 1.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Gallery artists Natalie Bieser, Jack Tworkov, Fumio Yoshimura, and others; starting Saturday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Modern masterpieces from the Hermitage State Museum in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow, just exhibited at the National Gallery in Washington; through Sunday, June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. Admission is $2.)... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Lois Dodd, Charles DuBack, Louis Finkelstein, Sideo Fromboluti, Linda Lindeberg, David Slivka, and others; through Saturday, June 2.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Jorn, Bury, and Antes; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by three artists; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures inspired by such personal crotchets as hopscotch, artichokes, and TV screens; through Friday, June 1.... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings, collages, wood carvings, and reliefs by three artists; through June 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-four watercolors by three generations of Burchfields—Charles Burchfield, his daughter Martha Burchfield Richter, and his granddaughter Peggy Richter Turco; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Ninetieth-anniversary exhibition of paintings, prints, photographs, and memorabilia pertaining to the Brooklyn Bridge; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century Western European bronzes with emphasis on techniques of casting; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The third international benefit exhibit of works by young artists from about fifty countries; through Friday, June 1.... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway.: Seventeen avant-gardists of the gallery, such as Haacke, Smithson, Andre, and Flavin; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—The season for the exhibition of new talent is upon us, and the following galleries will be showing it, starting, for the most part, on Tuesday, June 5, with a few opening earlier: **POINDEXTER**, 24 E. 84th St.; closed Saturdays.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Mondays.... **HARTLEY**, 50 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays, open Thursday evenings, 7 to 9.... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.; closed Mondays.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.; closed Mondays.... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays.... **REHN**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.; closed Saturdays.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway; closed Mondays.... **55 MERCER ST.**; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Arnaud Claass—Seventy-six black-and-white photographs, all dealing with bicycles; through Friday, June 1. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.)

Van Deren Coke / Betty Hahn—Manipulated prints, some based on anonymous nineteenth-century negatives, by a well-known historian of photographs. / Photographic images printed on canvas, cotton, and paper, and decorated with hand stitchery. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through June 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Imogen Cunningham—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety in April; through July 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

J. Michael Egan—Enormous photographs, on specially treated canvas, of the artist nude in his studio and of his sculptures; the sculptures themselves are also on view. Through Saturday, June 2. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Eadweard Muybridge—A number of now historic series of motion studies, taken in 1872 and using animals and people, as well as large, painterly views of Yosemite National Park; through June 30. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Group Show—At the **PACE EDITIONS**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sharp-Focus Realism: A New Perspective" attempts to establish a connection between the recent Photo-Realist school of painting and the photography of André Kertész, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbott, Harry Callahan, Robert Frank, and other well-known and less well-known contemporary photographers. It only intermittenly succeeds. Through Saturday, June 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through July 1.... ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Sixteen paintings from the middle of the

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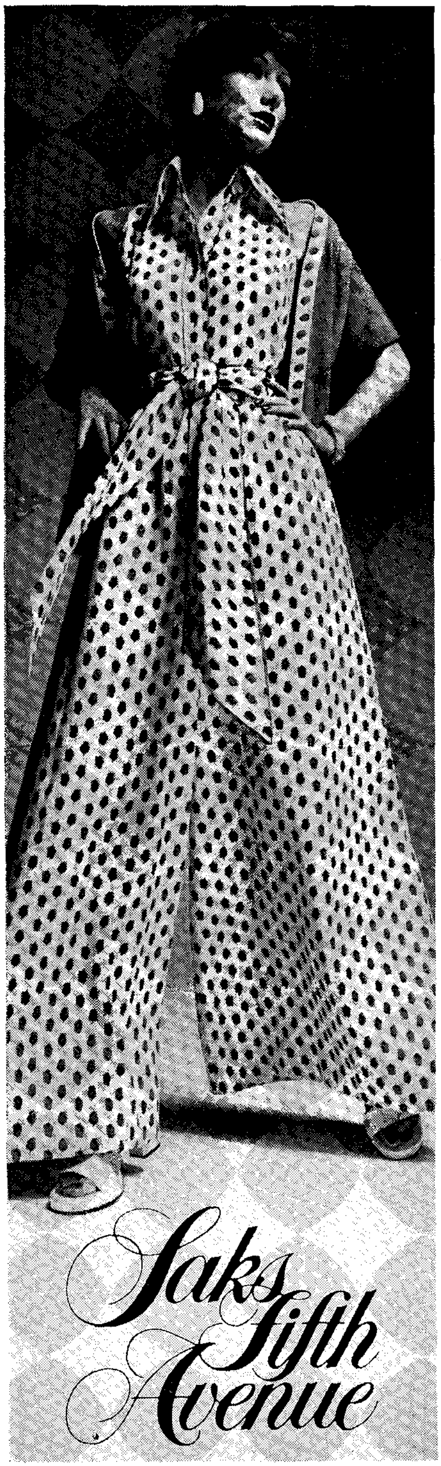

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth on the theme of nudes in landscapes; among the paintings are Rubens' "Venus and Adonis," Cézanne's "Bathers," and Carpaccio's "Meditation on the Passion." Through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. . . . ¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and twenty works on paper, from drawings and watercolors by van Gogh to examples of symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Cubism; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ A hundred boots which Eleanor Antin has been moving around various parts of the United States; also photographs of the adventures of these boots in New York and California, and photographic picture postcards in landscapes and odd situations. Through July 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; through June 17. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty drawings by eighty-seven contemporaries, among them Twombly, Tworkov, Oldenburg, Joan Mitchell, and Agnes Martin; through July 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by William Trost Richards, a nineteenth-century American landscape and marine painter; starting Wednesday, June 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, John Crowe Ransom, Leon Edel, Richard Wilbur, Maeve Brennan, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Allen Ginsberg, and Jonathan Schell. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Golub, Pearlstein, Grosvenor, Sullivan, and others. Through June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family; through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, collages, and other items made by inmates of the prison in Auburn, New York; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of works by and about Copernicus, celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; included are a first edition of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium," as well as works by Galileo, Newton, and Kepler. Through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of a three-week non-subscription festival that will run through Saturday, June 23—Monday evening, June 4: "Macbeth," with Grace Bumbry, William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 5: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nell Rankin, Richard Cassilly, Anselmo Colzani, John Macurdy, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Franco Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Régine Crespin, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra, and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr; Carlo Felice Cillario. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, the final concerts of the season—Milton Katims conducting a "Gershwin-Tchaikovsky Promenade" Wednesday, May 30, and Saturday, June 2, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade Dansante" on Thursday, May 31, at 8:30 (with Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto, and Edward Villella and Patricia McBride, dancers). . . . ¶ Aaron Copland conducting "Panorama Promenade" Friday, June 1, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5-6, at 8:30 (with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade in Vienna" Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, at 8:30 (with Mary Costa, soprano).

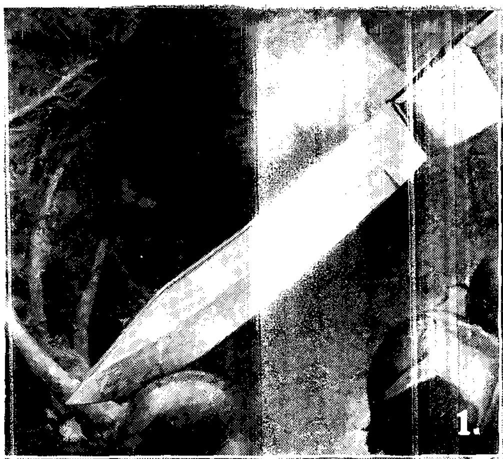
RECITALS

LONG ISLAND CHAMBER ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—With Barbara Conrad, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 2, at 9.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

LOUISE PARKS AND HER DANCERS—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, May 30, at 5:45.

JOHN DENVER—With Bill Withers and Judy Collins, in a benefit recital. (Madison Square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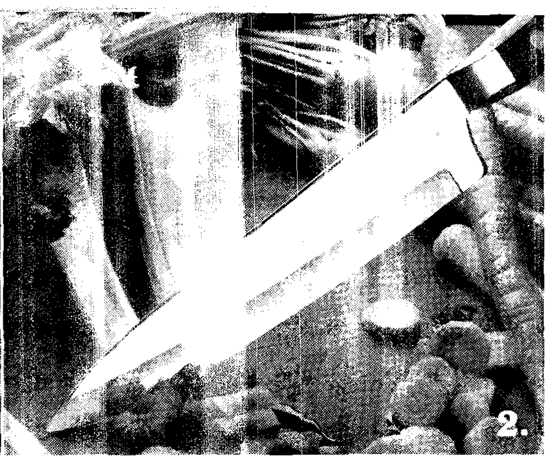
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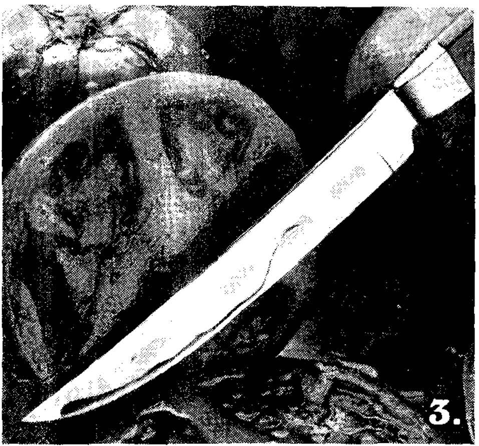
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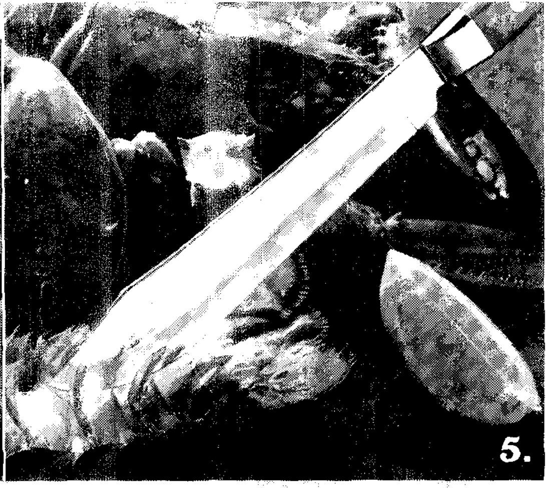
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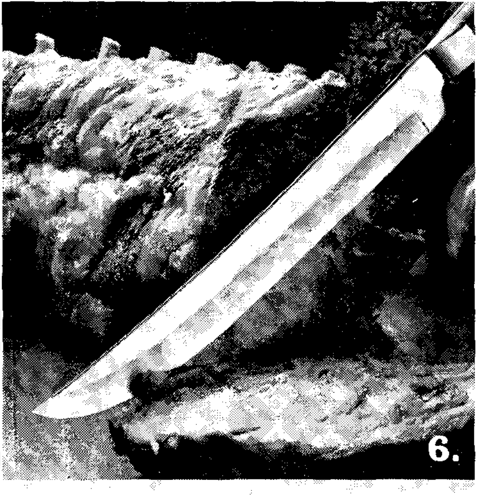
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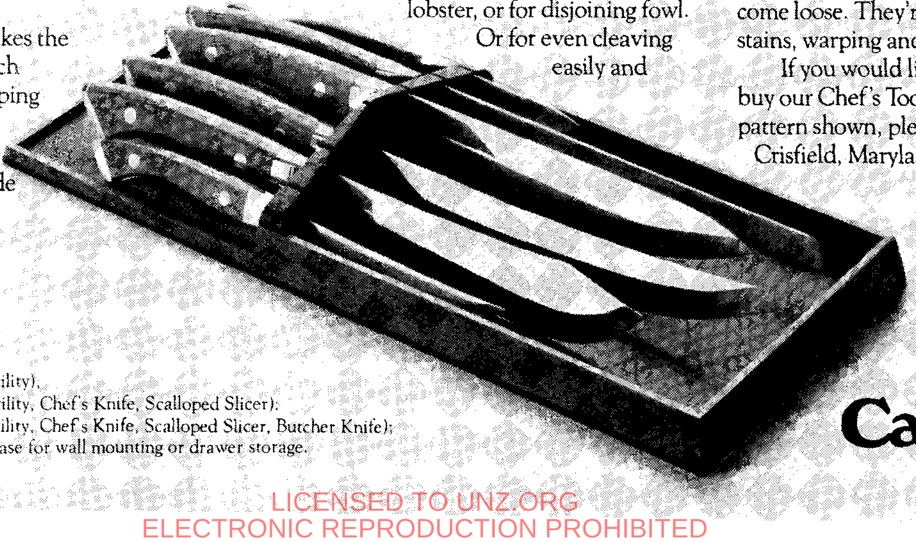

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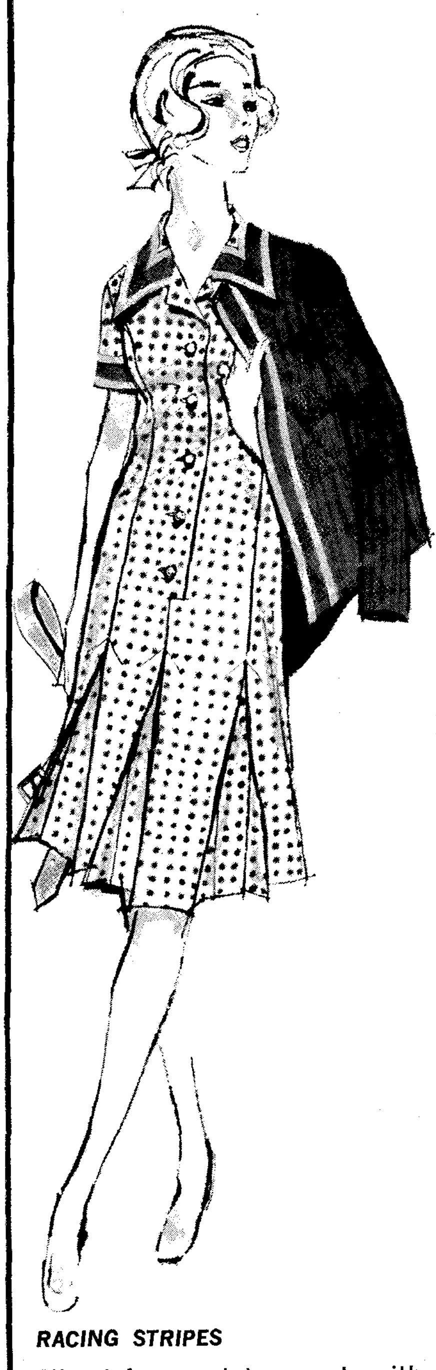

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 31, at 7:30.)

PAUL SIMON—With Urubamba and the Jesse Dixson Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, at 8.)

JIMMY GIUFFRE TRIO—New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. Sunday, June 3, at 7:30 and 10. For information about tickets, call 371-1540.

ALICE COOPER—With Flo & Eddie. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, June 3, at 8.)

BLUE OYSTER CULT—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 9, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, June 1, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 9, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Ralph Branca, Carl Erskine, Clem Labine, Monte Irvin, and other major-league stars of past years).

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.)

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 9.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5-6.) . . . ¶ Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, June 6.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 2.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 3.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 16. The Withers, Wednesday, May 30; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 2; the Youthful, Friday, June 8; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, June 2. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, June 4, through Tuesday, Aug. 28. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—Through Sunday, June 10, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 3, from one until five, the New York City Kite Festival will be held in Central Park's Sheep Meadow. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 3, there will be a conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Sts., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ SoHo Fleas, an antiques market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5. . . . ¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them *in* person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

SATURDAY NIGHTS WITH THE FILMMAKERS—The last in a series of programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Francis Ford Coppola, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Coppola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 9, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 30, at 2: Early dynastic Chinese pottery, from the collection of Winifred Gray Whitman. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1, at 10:15 and 2: English and Chinese furniture and Chinese and other rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 5, at 10:15 and 2: Books, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 31. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 6, at 2: Continental porcelains, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 31. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8, at 2: Tapestries, textiles, and Renaissance works of art and furniture; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 1.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Vassar, Sunday, June 3; Brown and Yale, Monday, June 4; N.Y.U., Tuesday, June 5; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 6.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 30 at 5:30: "13 Rue Madeleine" (1947), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Cagney and Annabella. . . . ¶ May 31 at 5:30: "Family" (1970), directed by Hubert Smith; and "Farrebique" (1947), in French, directed by Georges Rouquier. . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: A program of six films dealing with anthropology, all directed by Timothy Asch and Napoleon Chagnon. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2: "Tidikawa and Friends" (1972), directed by Jef and Su Doring. . . . ¶ June 1 at 5:30 and June 2 at noon: "Taki no Shiraito" (1933), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. . . . ¶ June 2 at 3: "Tidikawa and Friends" (1972). . . . ¶ June 2 at 5:30: "Learning to Dance in Bali" (1938), directed by Gregory Bateson and Margaret Mead; and "Hitlerjunge Quex" (1933), in German, directed by Hans Steinhoff, no English titles. . . . ¶ June 3 at 12:30 and 3: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper, with Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5:30: "Learning to Dance in Bali" (1938) and "Farrebique" (1947). . . . ¶ June 4 at 2: "Family" (1970) and "Hitlerjunge Quex" (1933). . . . ¶ June 4 at 5:30: "Imaginero" (1970), directed by Jorge Preloran, English version by *Robert Gardner*; and "The Last of the Cuiva" (1972), directed by Brian Moser. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ June 5 at 5:30: "Imaginero" (1970) and "The Last of the Cuiva" (1972). . . . ¶ June 6 at 5:30: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968). . . . ¶ June 7 at 5:30: "Most Holy Brotherhood" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Gabriella Samper, no English titles; and "The Last of the Cuiva" (1972). . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Most Holy Brotherhood" (1971); "Medieval Moderns" (1928), directed by J. A. Haeseler; and "Salt for Svanetia" (1930), directed by Mikhail Kalatozov, Russian titles only. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through May 31: "Picture Snatcher" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon.... June 2-3: "Mister Roberts" (1955), directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy.... June 6-7: "The Gallant Hours" (1960), directed by Robert Montgomery.... ¶ June 1: "Only Yesterday" (1933), directed by John M. Stahl, with Margaret Sullavan and John Boles. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Snow, Smith, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, von Stroheim, Warhol, and others. May 30-31 at 6, 8, and 10; June 2 at 6 and 8; June 3 at 6, 8, and 10; June 5-6 at 6 and 8; and June 7 at 6. On Friday, June 1, at 6, 8, and 10: special screenings of a film by Mekas and Chapelle.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Vs. Los Angeles, June 10 (day). San Francisco, June 11-13 (night). San Diego, June 15-16 (n) and June 17 (d). Chicago, June 25 (n) and June 26 (d). Philadelphia, June 27 (twi-night doubleheader) and June 28 (d). Atlanta, July 6 (n) and July 7-8 (d). Houston, July 9-10 (n) and July 11 (d).... YANKEE STADIUM: Vs. Baltimore, June 19-20 (night). Detroit, June 21-22 (n), June 23 (day), and June 24 (day doubleheader). Cleveland, June 29 (n), June 30 (d), and July 1 (day doubleheader). Boston, July 2 (n), July 3 (d). July 4 (day doubleheader), and July 5 (at 6). Kansas City, July 12-13 (n) and July 14-15 (d).

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 16.)... ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 4-7.)

Golf—Ike Championship. (Knollwood Country Club Elmsford, N. Y. July 9-10.)

Horse Shows—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 13-17.)... ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Dressage Show. (Darien. July 1.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: June 18-July 28.... ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 19-22.... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 30.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 25-July 7.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 2-6.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 16.... ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 23.... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 14-15 and 20-21.)

Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's new series of Rug Concerts, June 12-17.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, June 24.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Three concerts presented by the Festival Casals of Puerto Rico, June 19 and 21-22.... OUT OF DOORS AND OUT OF TOWN: Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 20-Aug. 12.... ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N. Y., June 23-Aug. 26. ... ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 26 and July 3.... ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, New York City (Philharmonic Hall, Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Shea Stadium, and Lord knows where else), June 29-July 8.... ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 3-Aug. 25.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 6-Aug. 26.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Bolshoi Ballet and Bolshoi Dance Academy, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 26-July 22.... ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, July 3-Aug. 12.

Other Dates—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 10; Princeton, June 12; and Harvard, June 14.... ¶ June Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., June 13.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Wednesday.

for the holidays ahead...

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 5: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 6: "Carnal Knowledge" and "The Graduate."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 2: "Kiss Me Kate" and "Born to Dance."
June 3-5: "The Divorcée" and "Madame X."
From June 6: "A Date with Judy" and "Nancy Goes to Rio."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 5: "The Candidate" and "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."
From June 6: "Slither" and "Zabriskie Point."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 31: "Save the Tiger" and "Take the Money and Run."
From June 1: "Sleuth."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No evening performances on Tuesday, June 5.)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"I Love You Rosa."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 5: "High Plains Drifter."
From June 6: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44." (No evening performances on Monday, June 4.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Doll's House."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Women."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Harrad Experiment."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 31: "Save the Tiger."
From June 1: "Sleuth."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 30: "Happiness" and "Isaac Singer's Nightmare & Mrs. Pupko's Beard."
May 31-June 6: "First Position."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Emperor of the North Pole."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Memories of Underdevelopment."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let the Good Times Roll."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 5: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From June 6: "The Godfather."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Man of La Mancha."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sound of Music."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Day of the Jackal."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Day of the Jackal."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Warm December."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Soul of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 5: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
From June 6: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 5: "L'Amour."
From June 6: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 3: "An Autumn Afternoon."
From June 4: "Love."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Man of La Mancha."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 5: "Save the Tiger" and "The Sterile Cuckoo"/"The Thief Who Came to Dinner" and "The Candidate"/"Sounder" and "The Hot Rock"/"Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From June 6: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 31: "Take the Money and Run" and "What's New Pussycat?"
June 1-6: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "Bananas."
From June 7: "Play It Again, Sam" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 5: "Deep Thrust" and "Blood and Lace."
From June 6: "Payday" and "Hammersmith Is Out."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lost Horizon."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mary Poppins."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 5: "Man of La Mancha."
From June 6: To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 5: "The Thief Who Came to Dinner" and "Rage."
From June 6: "Slither."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Mattei Affair."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No evening performances on Thursday, May 31.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Man of La Mancha."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 5: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 6: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through May 31: "Fists of Fury" and "Hammer."
From June 1: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 5: "The Hunters Are the Hunted" and "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
From June 6: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2 6600)
Through June 5: "The Thief Who Came to Dinner" and "Rage."
From June 6: "Payday" and "Hammersmith Is Out."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 31: "The Knack" and "Billy Liar."
June 1-4: "Children of Paradise."
June 5: "From Here to Eternity" and "On the Waterfront."
June 6: "Lola Montès" and "Live for Life."
June 7: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Last Year at Marienbad."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 5: "High Plains Drifter."
From June 6: "The Nelson Affair."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through May 31: "Sleuth."
From June 1: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 5: "Sounder" and "The Hot Rock."
From June 6: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'Amour—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 5.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic and beautiful about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 3.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to avoid an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Elgin; June 1-6.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; through May 31.)

Blood and Lace (1971)—A horror film, with Gloria Grahame. Directed by Philip Gilbert. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 5.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical, she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 2.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (New Yorker; through June 5.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (St. Marks Cinema and Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is

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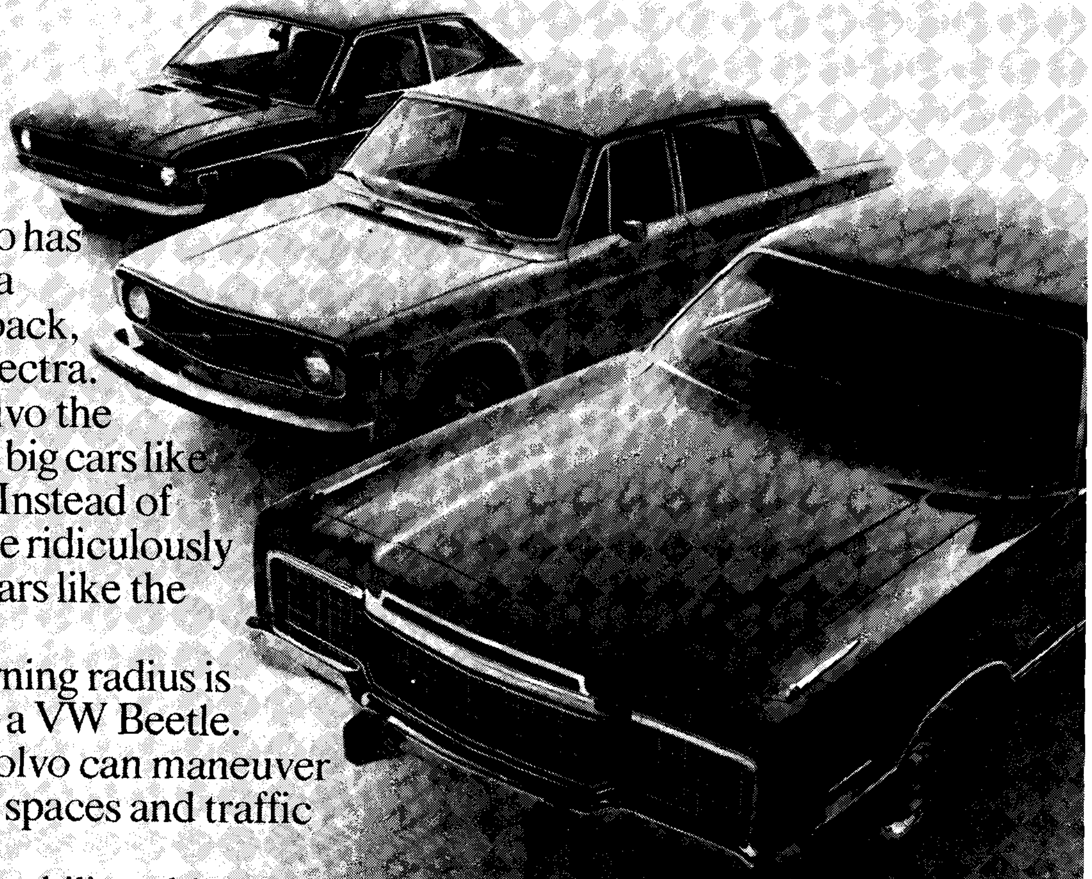

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Art; starting June 6.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; June 1-4.)

Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aida" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival, or . . . (Ziegfeld.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton. No evening performances on Monday, June 4.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Art and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 5.)

A Date with Judy (1948)—A Joe Pasternak-M-G-M musical intended for the whole family; deliberately corny, shiny clean and cheery, but with some redeeming energy. Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell are the ingenues, and Robert Stack, looking like a Greek god, junior division, is the juvenile. Tolerable score, with one nice number ("It's a Most Unusual Day"); Richard Thorpe directed. With Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 6.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by Cabinet Ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné.)

Deep Thrust—A kung-fu film from Hong Kong. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 5.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (New Yorker; starting June 6.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Berthéau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (New Yorker; starting June 6.)

The Divorcée (1930)—Norma Shearer and the double standard. Her husband (Chester Morris) is unfaithful, but she isn't allowed to be; they split. This being a sizzling, daring movie, she turns to Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel before reconciling (on New Year's Eve, of course) with her ex-husband. Shearer's speciality was sexy suffering in satin gowns by Adrian; she always seems to want to abandon herself to naughtiness, but one damned thing after another stops her. With Florence Eldridge. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-5.)

A Doll's House—Based on the Ibsen play, with Claire Bloom. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Fine Arts.)

Emperor of the North Pole—With Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Columbia I.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Elgin; June 1-6.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 7.)

First Position—William Richert's film about the daily lives of several students and teachers at a ballet school. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 31-June 6.)

Fists of Fury—A kung-fu picture starring Bruce Lee. (Beacon; through May 31.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Thalia; June 5.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (72nd Street East; starting June 6.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Art; starting June 6.)

Hammer—With Fred Williamson and Bernie Hamilton, directed by Bruce Clark. (Beacon; through May 31.)

Hammersmith Is Out (1972)—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting June 6.)

Happiness (1934)—Alexandre Medvedkine's silent comedy, made in Russia. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 30.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. No evening performances on Tuesday, June 5. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Thursday, May 31. . . . ¶ Riviera; starting June 1.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema and Riverside; through June 5.)

The Hot Rock (1972)—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Quad Cinema and Olympia; through June 5.)

The Hunters Are the Hunted—From a play by Martin Speer, who also plays the main role. Directed by Peter Fleischmann. In German. (New Yorker; through June 5.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (34th St. East.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's greatest play, and one of the few perfect comedies in world drama. This English screen version by Anthony Asquith is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Waverly; through June 5.)

Isaac Singer's Nightmare & Mrs. Pupko's Beard—With Isaac Bashevis Singer and based on Mr. Singer's story "The Beard." Directed by Bruce Davidson. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 30.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 2.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; through May 31.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; June 7.)

Let the Good Times Roll—With Chuck Berry and Little Richard, directed by Sid Levin and Robert Abel. (Loews Tower East.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; June 6.)

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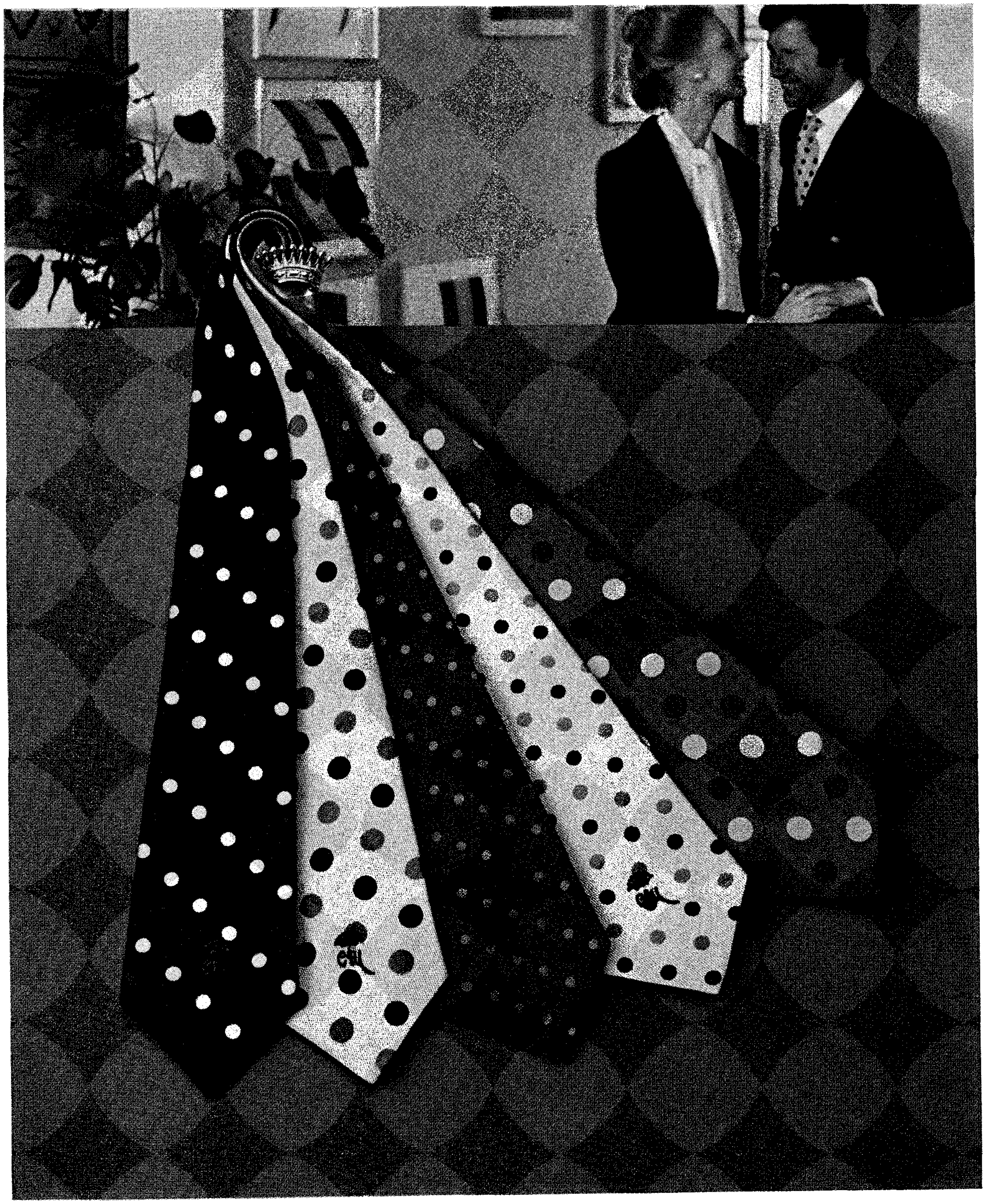

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high in the Himalayas. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Guild.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 4.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Madame X (1929)—The first talkie version of the kitsch classic about the sinning and sacrificing mother. Ruth Chatterton lent her considerable talents to this gusher of a role and became, for a period, the highest-paid actress in Hollywood. With Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett, Holmes Herbert, and Sidney Toler. Lionel Barrymore directed—feebly, but audiences, gulping on phelgm, didn't seem to notice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-5.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics will sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Festival; through June 5.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall.)

The Mattei Affair—Francesco Rosi's pseudo-"Godfather" film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the oil wells. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly, and ends with the surreal line, "Now I'm in India. . . . If they throw me out I'll go to Australia," after Mattei has said solemnly on an oil rig in the middle of the Indian Ocean, "It's not easy to live here. We've had cases of madness, and of homosexuality." In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Thalia; June 6.)

Nancy Goes to Rio (1950)—One of the vacuous, bright-colored, wholesome musicals featuring Jane Powell that Joe Pasternak produced for M-G-M. With Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda, and Hans Conried. An abysmal score, featuring such songs as "Nancy's Goin' to Rio." Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 6.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Riverside; starting June 6.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Thalia; June 5.)

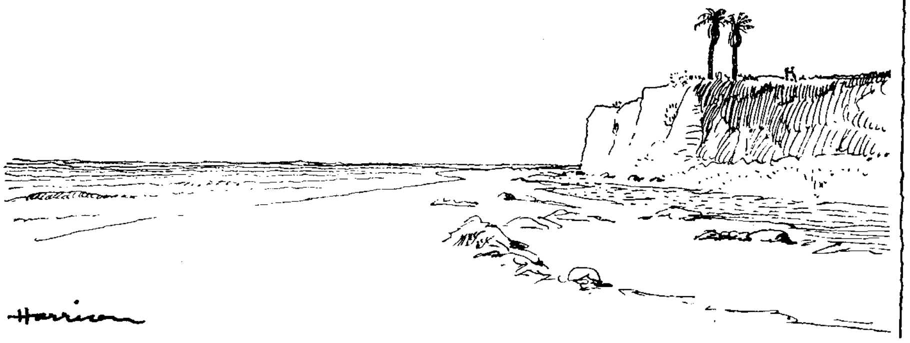
Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Coronet.)

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid—With James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson in the title roles. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Loews 83rd St.)

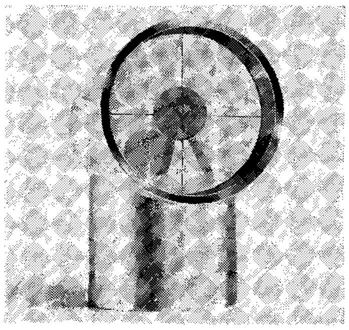
Payday—An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting June 6.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Elgin; starting June 7.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture



FATHER'S DAY



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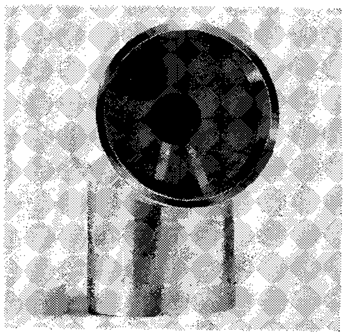

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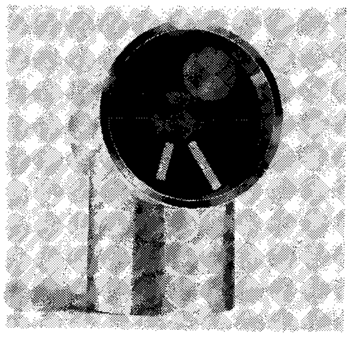

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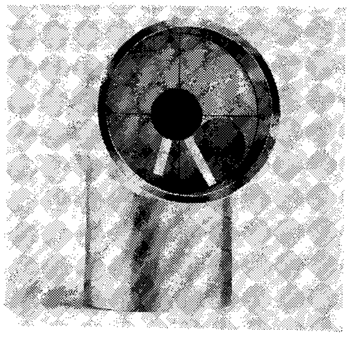

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ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Waverly; through June 5.)

Rage—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Playboy and Symphony; through June 5.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Gramercy and Ciné Malibu; through May 31. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Riviera; through May 31. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Ciné Malibu; starting June 1.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (St. Marks Cinema and Playboy; starting June 6.)

The Soul of Nigger Charley—A sequel to "The Legend of Nigger Charley," with Fred Williamson again playing Charley. Directed by Larry G. Spangler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Quad Cinema and Olympia; through June 5.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (U. A. East.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 6.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy and Elgin; through May 31.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (St. Marks Cinema, Quad Cinema, Playboy, and Symphony; through June 5.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

***2001*: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (72nd Street East; through June 5.)

A Warm December—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—A lavish and frenetic and generally funny psychiatric farce written by Woody Allen and set in Paris; his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive production. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Elgin; through May 31.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—(The discreet comma was not always in the title.) Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; starting June 7.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 6.)

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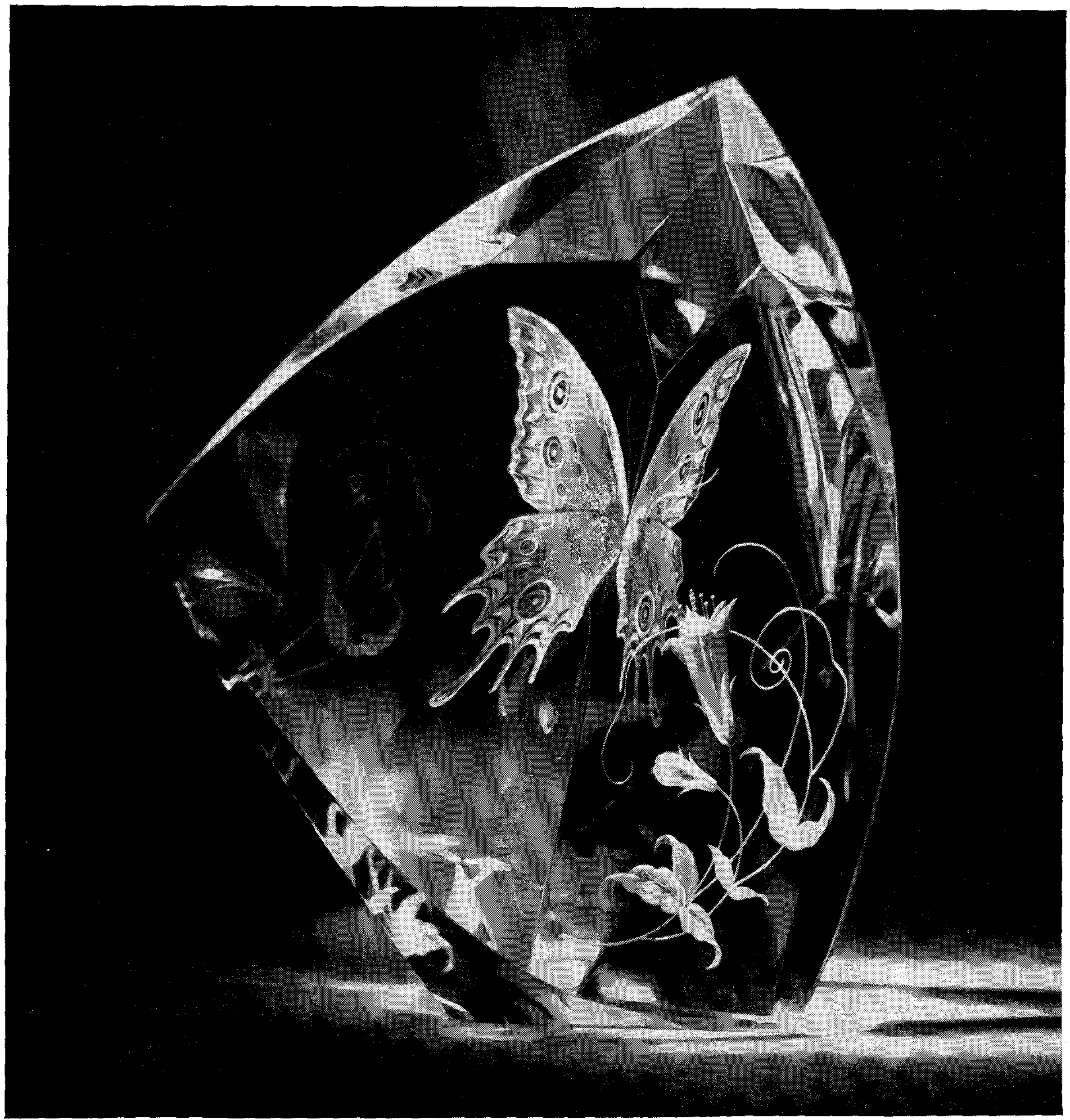

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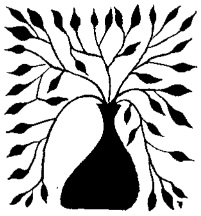
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN its opening stages, the Watergate affair has shaped up as a very special kind of political struggle. So far, it has not become a clash either of parties or of ideas. Rather, it has been a clash of facts. Recollection has been pitted against recollection, document against document. In the years leading up to Watergate, the country had come to live in a world of Presidential facts. The facts-according-to-the-President, which were incessantly repeated virtually word for word by his growing legion of surrogates and amplified throughout the country by the many organs of public communication, had succeeded in overriding all the other sources of facts put together—had succeeded, that is, in overriding what used to be known as "the facts." Others might speak, but soon they would be discredited with organized campaigns of slander, or pressured behind the scenes into silence, or simply drowned out by the White House propaganda. The Presidential facts were crowding all other facts off the stage. Like the President himself, they had become sovereign.

The actual facts, when they are not interfered with by any single, overpowering influence, flow from innumerable sources, and although some may be introduced into the world self-servingly, they soon escape the control of their sources and join a body of reference that serves us all equally and impartially. The Presidential facts, on the other hand, remain under the President's control and always serve him. Like the members of his staff, they have no independent status. They were called into public service by him and can be dismissed by him. He is the Great Father of all facts, and he can eliminate them at will. The actual facts belong to all of us, but the Presidential facts belong to the President. In his world, various kinds of facts are wiped out by special moves. Facts that have been exposed as false, for instance, are rendered "inoperative." Actual facts that were once acknowledged by the President but are now damaging to his needs are attributed to his having "misspoken himself." And, finally, actual facts that a White House official has not acknowledged and does not wish to acknowledge but that have been brought out into the open are disabled when they run up against the official's shield of "deniability." The President, as befits his rank, is armed by all but impervious deniability. Compared to the Presidential facts, the actual facts are durable and permanent. Presidential factuality requires that the public short-circuit its memory, since new facts are constantly overriding old ones. The public must be trained to live in a feverish Now in which the unveiling by the President of his latest "surprise" on all three networks simultaneously is so vivid that it effaces everyone's recollection of all previous surprises. When peace is at hand for the third time, the public must forget the first two occasions. The Presidential environment, because it requires constant uprooting and erasing of the known record, is radical and disturbs the people. The factual environment, by contrast, is conservative and reassures them, because although it, too, may change swiftly, each change grows out of what went before and is connected to it. Sometimes the President may feel that he has to reach beyond the recent past and perform an operation on a more distant period. Here, also, the suppression of actual facts may be called for, as when the Administration attempted to block publication of the Pentagon Papers, or the invention of false ones may be needed, as when White House men attempted to defame the memory of John F. Kennedy by faking State Department cables implicating him in murder. And so, while the White House is attempting to throw a man in jail for life for revealing certain true stories, because, it is said, that information would hurt our country, it may at the same time be smearing the reputation of our country with stories that are even more hurtful and are not true. The actual facts are many and complex, and anyone may add to them or have access to them. The Presidential facts are generally simple and few. They compose a hermetically sealed world in which a few events ("my speech of August fifteenth," "my statement of April twentieth") and a few phrases ("peace with honor," "law and order") are drilled into the minds of all of us with monotonous persistence. In recent years, no matter what the subject—whether Vietnam, say, or inflation, or the "big spenders in Congress"—these facts were preëminent. The Watergate affair has changed that, along with so many other things.



Now the President has no sooner released his version of the affair than it disintegrates before our eyes. Each statement must be followed by another, longer one, until by this time the statements are running into thousands of words. The President's words have lost the power to compel our assent when our own knowledge, deductions, and hunches indicate that the actual facts are otherwise. Breaches have opened in the protected factual world in which the President had enclosed first himself and then all the rest of us. Nor has authority been claimed by any other single voice. Rather, authority has reverted to where it belongs—to the multiplicity of contending voices that have always kept our country informed in the past. The many traditional wellsprings of information have been unclogged and are flowing freely. The backed-up information of half a decade of our history is spilling out, and, after a long drought, the nation is suddenly awash in news.

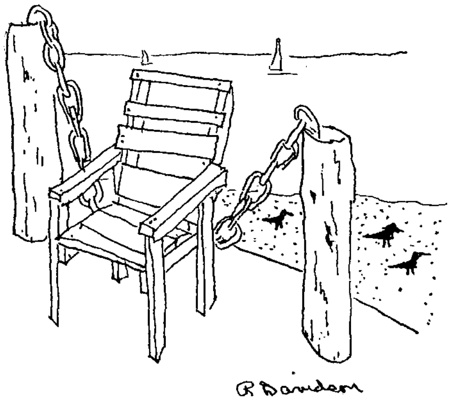
IT is probably naïve to wonder how much of the Watergate debacle—especially its later errors and disasters—

could have been avoided if the President were a man in the habit of reading the newspapers, but this odd speculation will not leave us. It is a matter of record that Mr. Nixon does not waste his time over the morning papers; he relies instead on a news bulletin, or memorandum, prepared for his private consumption and containing a précis of the day's significant news stories, and a distillation of editorials and columnists' and commentators' opinions, collected from the larger newspapers and the networks. The newspaper-reading habit, to be sure, is a terrible burden on an already burdened, busy man. The best morning paper in the world (whatever its name) is scarcely more than an untidy basket of hastily stuffed-together intelligence, speculation, and supposition—wire flashes, quotations (often garbled), pomposities (often long-winded), jokes, advertisements, distractions, prejudices, rumors, puzzles, technicalities, gossip, statistics, recipes, typos, box scores, boiler plate, lies, and truths—all arbitrarily picked over and portioned out and labelled by a handful of exhausted and underpaid hirelings. This disreputable parcel dirties the reader's hands and wastes frightening amounts of his time, and only the news seeker—the zealot unconscionably and ridiculously in search of meanings and voices—submits to its impositions. The inefficiency and general slovenliness of this ancient process did not at all serve the buttoned-up seriousness of the Nixonian executive machinery, and so the decision became inevitable to spare the chief the muss and bother of the newspapers by providing him with better input, in the form of an official document got together by responsible men, *known* men, who surely understood what it was that the President needed to be informed about.

Thinking back to last summer and last fall, we keep wondering how this eyes-only executive bugle (circ.: 1) played the Washington *Post* stories that first linked the Watergate burglars with members of the White House staff. Then, making a considerable effort, we try to imagine the President as a man unbriefed and thus forced to read the Washington *Post* for himself and to decide for himself, like all serious newspaper readers everywhere, how much of the scandalous, impossible story to believe. Very little of it? *None* of it? Does he, by any chance, scribble a note on a pad reminding himself to ask somebody a few questions?

We might leave these wonderings to history (or to some committee). What remains is the difficulty of imagining any President who does not read the papers. The habit seems a prerequisite for the job, and one recalls Franklin Roosevelt gleefully quoting some columnist's words back to him at a Presidential news conference, and Harry Truman going off like a firecracker over a slighting reference in the back pages of some down-home journal, and that photograph of John Kennedy standing and reading a newspaper beside one of the long windows in the Oval Office, with the light falling on him and on the paper, which is wide open—two inside pages in the act of being used up, in the act of being burned by the hot stare of the news seeker.

Since Watergate, the ironies of the decision to put a screen between the press and the President have become almost insupportable, but this was perfectly consistent with Mr. Nixon's total view of the press. Only the President who inspired the often stated, nearly official Administration characterization of the press as a hostile and irresponsible monolith in need of self-control—or some other form of control—could have voluntarily cut himself off from the nation's newspapers. Now the ultimate irony emerges. Only a President with no confidence at all in the newspapers (to the point of apparently missing a series of brilliant exclusives under enormous headlines in his own hometown paper) would have chosen to rely so heavily for information on the repellent, sometimes illegal processes of governmental espionage, which failed to inform him of one pivotal piece of intelligence—the screaming truth then available at every Washington newsstand for ten cents. Only a President almost wholly insensitive to the workings and protections of a free press could have fallen victim to the unimaginable, to Watergate. Wherever there is the strong conviction that the news can be ignored or controlled, there ensues the belief that *events* can be controlled. Without a free press, in fact, that belief is inevitable. Once the White House agreed to be served by its own version of events, anything became possible.



The Four "B"s

1. MARIO

FOUR men are still in the race for the Democratic nomination for mayor in the June 4th primary, and all of them made it to Candidates' Night at the Young Israel of Forest Hills synagogue and civic center last Monday evening. Mario Biaggi showed up first. Forest Hills is one of the most prosperous neighborhoods in Queens. The ballroom of the Young Israel temple strongly resembles the war tent of Xerxes. It has mirrors and arches and a massive chandelier, and hanging folds of red velvet, and plastic plants on top of ornamental concrete blocks. The room, which holds six hundred, was full. Mr. Biaggi took a seat at a table that had been set up at the front of the stage. The proscenium of the stage was shaped like the path of a windshield wiper.

A candidate for comptroller was at the lectern, and Mr. Biaggi, as he awaited his turn to speak, fidgeted. Some people fidget by drumming their fingers or tapping their feet; Mr. Biaggi fidgets by moving the muscles of his face. In rapid succession, he slitted his eyes, flexed his jaw, wrinkled his nose, pursed his lips, ran his tongue over his teeth, pushed out his jaw, stretched his upper lip down over his teeth, and stretched his lower lip up over his teeth. He radiated a combination of impatience, bottled-up energy, and nervousness. Of late, nervousness has come to dominate Mr. Biaggi's public personality, and with good reason. Six months ago, at the beginning of the campaign, he looked like a winner. He is a handsome man, silver-haired, with a strong face and an imposing physical presence. He is the best street campaigner in the race. Many voters are afraid of crime, and Mr. Biaggi was a policeman for twenty-three years, during which he won twenty-eight medals for heroism. He is a self-made man, born in poverty in what is now East Harlem, who became a lawyer while he was still on the police force. In the Bronx district that he has represented in Congress since 1968, he is wildly popular; last year he won the Democratic, Republican, and Conservative nominations, and defeated his opponent, a Liberal Party candidate, by a margin of sixteen to one. And Mr. Biaggi is an Ital-

"To Bobby Riggs!"

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ian-American—a member of an ethnic group whose time many politicians believe has come. Since April 18th, however, when the *Times* and the *News* reported that Mr. Biaggi had invoked the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury, his campaign has suffered a series of catastrophic self-inflicted wounds. He had been denying all along that he had ever "balked," as the newspapers say, at a grand-jury hearing, and he repeated his denials, accusing the press and the "forces of evil" of plotting against him. He filed a motion in court asking that a panel of three judges be convened to inspect his testimony and report on whether he had ever invoked the Fifth on his "personal finances and assets." It was an odd and unprecedented legal stratagem, and the court rejected it. Three weeks ago, the relevant portion of the transcript was released, and it showed that Mr. Biaggi had indeed invoked the Fifth. He was caught in a lie—an uncomfortable position for a law-and-order candidate, particularly with Watergate all over the front pages. Some people thought that Mr. Biaggi would drop out of the race, or that he would lose the designation of the Conservative Party, which had given him its line on the ballot. These things didn't happen, but Mr. Biaggi is no longer the favorite.

In his speech at Young Israel of Forest Hills, Mr. Biaggi said that New York would be a sorry place without the participation of those of the Jewish faith. He said he was against quotas and for the merit system. He said he had supported Soviet Jewry before such support was politically expedient. On the most important issue in Forest Hills, the proposal for a low-income-housing project, he said, "My position is very clear. You'll find it has been enunciated forthrightly, and now let me reiterate it. I've opposed its construction." The audience applauded. Mr. Biaggi said, "I suggest to you very strongly that if that project goes up, it's the beginning of an erosion of Forest Hills. If Forest Hills erodes, it's the beginning of the end of Queens, and if Queens goes, it's the beginning of the end of the City of New York." Mr. Biaggi's delivery was almost operatic. He went from the confidential near whisper ("Oh, you or others may articulate your concern about this or that, but down deep—here—you're concerned about your safety") to the angry shout ("Some say it has a racial connotation, but I reject that out of hand!") in a twinkling.

During the question period, a young man asked, "Mr. Biaggi, in light of recent Washington revelations, how can someone who has already been so disingenuous with the people of New York administer the government?"

"I don't agree with you—that's number one," Mr. Biaggi said. "And how do you relate that to the Washington revelations?"

The young man started to talk, and Mr. Biaggi interrupted. "Just a minute. You asked a question, and I'm responding to it. For all intents and purposes, according to the rules, you've stated your question and you're finished. Some people say there might be a credibility problem. I don't agree." Mr. Biaggi went on to give the explanation of his invoking the Fifth Amendment that he has stuck to since shortly before the testimony was released, which is that he was trying to protect his daughter, for whom he had got a job in an advertising agency through a political friend: "The first time I was before the grand jury, I answered five hundred questions. The second time I went, I asked to make a statement that was in reference to my daughter. I asked twice to make that statement. They refused to permit me to make it. At that point, I invoked my Constitutional privileges."

It took Mr. Biaggi fifteen minutes to get out to his car when he left the ballroom, because children kept asking him for his autograph. In the car, he was much more relaxed. During the ride back to Manhattan, the subject of the grand-jury testimony came up again. (It keeps coming up.) Mr. Biaggi said, "In my life I've never been subjected to that kind of stress, but I endured it, I survived it, and I'm off and running. Another test in the crucible of life."

2. Al

On the day of Candidates' Night at Young Israel of Forest Hills, Albert H. Blumenthal had lunch in Queens, at the home of the Reverend Albert Q. Perry, a Unitarian Universalist minister known for his political activism. Mr. Blumenthal, who has the Liberal Party nomination for mayor and is seeking the Democratic one as well, was shown into a comfortable, old-fashioned room, with a fire in the fireplace, and given a plateful of delicatessen sandwiches. He sat down in a chair by the fire—it was a rainy day, and the fire was a relief—and talked with two reporters, who were also given some lunch.

"How are you enjoying the campaign?" one reporter asked the candidate.

"Most of the time, a great deal," Mr. Blumenthal replied. "I've learned how to pace myself, so I find that I don't get physically tired anymore. One problem seems to be that about every ten days or two weeks my head turns off"—he smiled—"and I need about a half day to get it screwed back on. But physically I never dreamed I would do so well."

"You mean that when your head 'turns off' people say things to you and you're no longer listening?" the reporter asked.

"It's just not functioning anymore," Mr. Blumenthal said. "It happens about every two weeks. So if I can get that half day off . . . It's just to get my head working again, to let it rest for a little bit. Once it starts going again, I'm fine."

Mr. Blumenthal looked healthy; an imposing forehead, a stocky physique, and steady movements all implied a healthy candidate. But he was not wearing makeup—he never wears makeup except when a television crew asks him to put it on—and a faint darkness circled his eyes.

The other reporter, a young woman from the *Times*, asked, "Are you a person who usually needs a lot of sleep?"

Mr. Blumenthal said, "I have to get at least six hours of sleep a night. And I've been getting six hours." He paused, as if collecting himself, and then said, "You know what the worst part of the campaign is? Sitting in the back seat of that car." He gestured toward the window, outside which his car, a rented olive Ford LTD, was parked. "I've always driven myself everywhere. I've never had a chauffeur before—*never*."

Mr. Blumenthal finished lunch and, after thanking the Perrys, climbed back into the car. In the rear seat, he did not appear especially unhappy. He discussed various issues—familiar ground—with the two reporters until he reached his next stop, which was a kaffeeklatsch in the apartment of Mrs. Ruth Herman, a Queens Village housewife. There he was shown to an armchair, and about two dozen housewives asked him polite questions. Many of his answers began, "There are two parts to that issue," and many were quite long. Mr. Blumenthal is a state assemblyman from a notoriously disputatious district—the upper West Side of Manhattan—and his speech goes at a faster clip than that of any of his mayoral opponents. He smoked as he talked, and he sometimes allowed a half-inch of ash to form on his cigarette before he finished an answer, flicked away the ash, and took another puff.

That night, after a break for some private phone calls and then a couple of other visits, Mr. Blumenthal appeared at Young Israel of Forest Hills. The previous Thursday, he had angered many people in Forest Hills when he told a gathering that he hoped, as he put it, "to make the project work"—the project being the housing project that is such a source of great bitterness in that well-to-do Jewish area. Mr. Blumenthal is Jewish, but that fact seemed only to heighten the anger against him in Forest Hills. His turn at the candidates' forum came after Mario Biaggi had left. Mr. Blumenthal spoke in an aggressive, forceful manner, and ignored the project altogether. "What is the mayor of the city all about?" he said. "What are his responsibilities? One is to get the services delivered. I think Fiorello LaGuardia put it very well when he said, 'There's no liberal or conservative way to get the garbage picked up. You either get it picked up or you don't.' You know, there's a truism. The truism says that a majority of the people in this city share a majority of the problems. . . . I speak from personal experience, because my kids go to public schools and my wife teaches in the public schools, and we have the same stake in the success of that system as you do."

"As a favor to an old pal, Ted, what the hell does 'interface' mean?"

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Mr. Blumenthal finished his speech, and he was applauded by his supporters, many of whom were standing along the wall to his left. Most of the audience kept silent. Then the questions began.

A man asked about public aid to parochial schools. Mr. Blumenthal gave an answer that ended, "The Supreme Court has already answered the question. Would you like me not to agree with the Supreme Court?" A few of his supporters laughed.

A man said, "You have stated that you are going to make the Forest Hills project work. Would you mind telling us how?"

Mr. Blumenthal said, "On January 1, 1974, there's going to be a building there. I'm not in the habit of kidding people, which I think is bad government and terrible politics. I believe that project can be made to work if several things happen." He went on to say that there should be "a mixture in the kind of people" who are admitted to the project, and that the city must provide adequate services for the neighborhood. He went on, "What has happened with this project is that some people say that if the project stands the city will die— " At this, some in the audience cheered and applauded, apparently to convey that they thought so, too. "I think that's selling this city short," Mr. Blumenthal said, and his supporters responded with equal cheers and applause. Mr. Blumenthal went on to say that he thought the project as it was originally planned was too big, and added, "Had I been on the Board of Estimate at that time, I would not have voted for the project, as *your* borough president did."

A man wearing a boating outfit said, "Mr. Blumenthal, one thing I don't understand. Are you for the project or are you against it? Tell us tonight."

People began shouting, "Yes or no! Yes or no!"

"I said when I answered the prior

question, sir . . ." Mr. Blumenthal began.

"Yes or no!" people shouted.

"We are past the time of being for or against the project," Mr. Blumenthal said.

Boos and cheers greeted this, and Mr. Blumenthal was delayed by angry people for a good ten minutes when he was leaving.

3. HERMAN

BADILLO: Candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York; forty-three years old; born in Caguas, a town in central Puerto Rico; orphaned at the age of five; came to New York when he was eleven; attended Haaren High School, on the West Side of Manhattan; graduated from the City College of New York, *magna cum laude;* became a certified public accountant and an attorney-at-law (Brooklyn Law School, *cum laude*); was the city's first Commissioner of Relocation, 1962-65; was borough president of the Bronx, 1966-69; became a partner in Stroock & Stroock & Lavan, a large Wall Street law firm, 1970; was elected to the House of Representatives in 1970 and reëlected last year.

In 1971 and 1972, Mr. Badillo represented a unique, triborough district in Congress: part of the South Bronx (Jewish, Italian, black, and Puerto Rican neighborhoods), part of East Harlem (Italian, Puerto Rican, and black neighborhoods), and Astoria, Queens (Italian, Greek, and Irish neighborhoods). That district has been scrapped, and he now represents a wholly Bronx district (forty per cent black; twenty-eight per cent Puerto Rican; twenty-five per cent Jewish; a few Irish and Italians).

Mr. Badillo ran for mayor in 1969, finishing a strong third in the Democratic primary that year. Encouraged by his showing, he has been planning ever since to run again. He expects to spend about three hundred thousand dollars on the primary campaign this year—about the same amount he spent in 1969. Money has been coming in slowly. His press secretary, Jim Vlasto, points out that all four candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor have had a hard time raising money this year; the big contributors are waiting for the primary results before they place their bets.

The *Times* has just endorsed Herman Badillo for the Democratic nomination. So has the *Post*. The *Times:* "He has the potential of drawing the varied ethnic and social groups of the city into an understanding of their essential unity. . . . Mr. Badillo is in some ways reminiscent of the early Fiorello LaGuardia. . . . Intelligent leadership . . ." The *Post:* "He deserves the support of progressive Democratic voters in the June 4 primary." According to a local N.B.C. poll released May 22nd, Mr. Badillo has been doing poorly in this year's primary race.

About eight-twenty on the night of Monday, May 21st, Herman Badillo shook the hand of Geraldo Rivera at a function at the Tavern-on-the-Green and prepared to depart for Candidates' Night at Young Israel of Forest Hills. He found his wife, Irma, grabbing a quick bite in the next room. "Irma, come on, let's go," he said. In the foyer, an assistant pinned a metal Star of David to his lapel, to indicate his solidarity with the Jews of Russia. The Badillos climbed into a car, accompanied by Loren Liebling, who is a graduate student of psychology in Indiana and Mrs. Badillo's son. The driver of the car was Alex Epstein, a violinist, who has just graduated from Bennington.

"I always have a good time during campaigns," Mr. Badillo said in the car. "I get some exercise, and at least I get a tan from here up." He indicated his neck.

Mrs. Badillo passed around a box of Creamy Butter Mints. Mr. Badillo ate one, and unwrapped a Hershey bar. There was some conversation about "Last Tango in Paris," about snow tires, about the bulbs that keep going out, one by one, in the ceiling fixture in the Badillos' dining room, in Riverdale. Then conversation about the campaign.

"Everybody is very confused in New York," said Mr. Badillo. "A lot of people don't know what they want, including people in the liberal community. They're totally disoriented. It's a disgrace, actually. It's always good at the age of forty-three to find out who your friends are. Run for office and you find out."

He was asked who his friends were.

"It's a short list," he said. "The majority cares only about the majority. The middle class cares only about the middle class. This is a very dangerous problem, because the middle class is not going to be the majority for very much longer. But the attitude of the middle class this year seems to be elect a mayor who cares only about the middle class and the problems of cities will disappear."

The car began crossing the Queensboro Bridge. Everyone looked at the skyline of midtown Manhattan, which was glowing through mist. "It's beautiful," said Mrs. Badillo. "It's like a fairyland."

"From the air, it looks beautiful,"

said Mr. Badillo. "It's when you get down to the ground. The only way for things to change is to create a new middle class that includes black and Spanish-speaking people—bring the poor into the middle class—but I'm the only candidate who sees things that way. I've written down lots of proposals for doing this, in great detail. The others are campaigning only in middle-class white areas. They're not even talking about the poor. You'd think forty per cent of the city didn't exist. Things are getting to the tipping point in New York. I'm making my last try for mayor this year. Next time around, you may not even get an intelligent man to run for mayor. Why should he? Basically, he'll just be a receiver in bankruptcy."

At the Young Israel synagogue, Mr. Badillo put on a black felt yarmulke. A man whispered in his ear, "The rabbi's name is . . . The chairman's name is . . ."

Mr. Biaggi was speaking. Mr. Badillo stood at one side of the room. "There's a seat on the dais," someone said.

"I don't want to interrupt," Mr. Badillo said.

"The candidates are talking pretty much alike, with one or two exceptions," Mr. Biaggi said in his speech.

Mr. Badillo grinned. "There are only four of us," he said to the person next to him.

Mr. Biaggi finished his speech, and Mr. Badillo went up on the stage. He sat straight in his chair, with his hands folded in his lap, listening to the next three speeches, one of them by Mr. Blumenthal. Mr. Biaggi spoke to Mr. Badillo and asked him about a function in Brooklyn. Mr. Badillo had sent Elinor Guggenheimer to represent him at that function, and Mr. Biaggi wanted to know whether he ought to turn up. After a while, Mr. Badillo pushed his chair back a little, stretched out his legs, and hooked his left arm over an empty chair next to him. He grinned once when Mr. Blumenthal was asked an angry question about the Forest Hills housing project, and then grinned again and shook his head when members of the audience shouted, "Yes or no!" during Mr. Blumenthal's answer.

Mr. Badillo got a pretty good hand when he rose to speak. He spoke quickly, and the audience listened with some attention. "The real problem is not to protect the middle class but to enlarge the middle class," Mr. Badillo said. "We're not going to save the city unless we bring more poor into the middle class and make them make their contribution to the city. It can be done. I came here when I was eleven. I was poor, and I couldn't speak the language. But I worked my way up to the middle class. The city didn't do much to help me. At Haaren High School—my high school—all the courses were about airplane mechanics. I can still take an airplane engine apart—provided it's a Second World War engine. There's nothing special about the new poor. They're like the old poor. They just need a greater degree of education in order to perform. Eight thousand people retire from the city civil service every year. If high schools focussed their attention on work-study programs to train new civil servants, as I have suggested, then the high schools would be graduating eight thousand new members of the middle class every year. Now, the average size of a poor family is five, and this means that forty thousand people a year can move into the middle class. Right now, however, the dropout rate in black and Puerto Rican high schools is eighty-seven per cent. They drop out because they just don't think they can get a job when they graduate. We don't have to have a feeling of despair in New York City, because we have the jobs. We're just not training people for them. I'm running for mayor because New York was a city of opportunity for me and I want to keep it a city of opportunity."

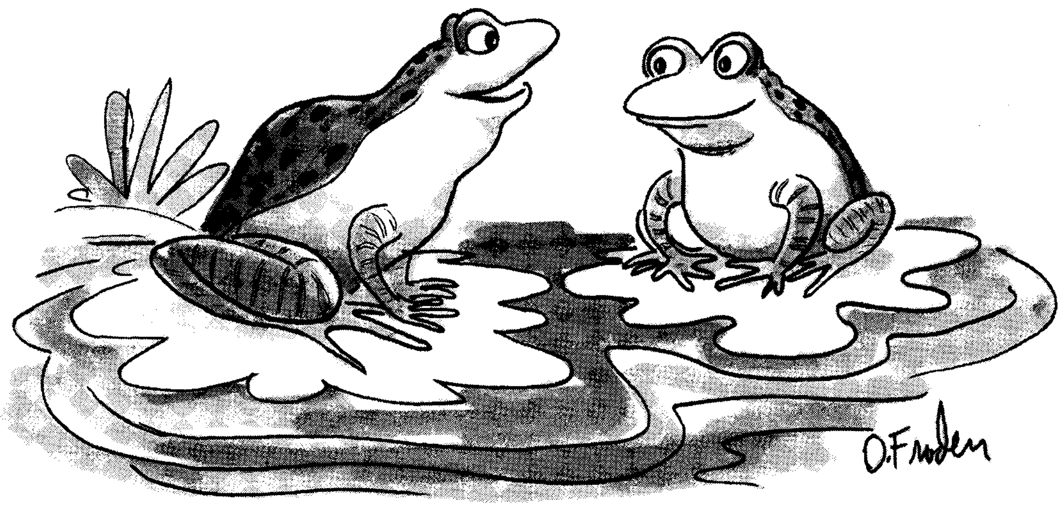
Good hand. Back to the car. Did Mr. Badillo think the speech had gone well? "If you pick one issue and just talk about that, at least they get some idea of how you think," he said. "I thought Blumenthal really blew it—he wasn't saying anything at all. I've been running for mayor since 1969. I went to Congress not as a career congressman but to see what kind of help the cities could get from the federal government. I found out—not much. I think I've touched all the bases you have to touch to be realistic about things. The great thing about running for mayor is that if you win, you have a great opportunity to help the city, and if you lose, you have a great opportunity not to have to be mayor."

4. Abe

Jim Ward is a press aide in Mr. Beame's campaign organization, and at six-forty-five last Monday evening he was heading downtown in a rented car to meet Mr. Beame at the Fashion Institute of Technology, on West Twenty-seventh Street. Mr. Ward is a professional campaigner, and he has spent a lot of time in recent years working in West Virginia, where he picked up an interest in country music. He is a middle-aged man. He has dull-red hair and a little beard, and he was wearing a yellow turtleneck sweater, a plaid coat, and black-framed bifocal glasses. On the way downtown, he talked about a country song he has written, called "The Ballad of Buffalo Creek." "I got a singer named Johnny Rocker to record it," he said. "It put me out about five grand. This guy Rocker is a fantastic singer; in fact, I would say that he is the Caucasian Ray Charles. But the song never really got off the ground."

Mr. Ward arrived at the Fashion Institute of Technology at about seven-ten, and Mr. Beame arrived with his nephew Steve Beame, who serves as a campaign aide, about twenty minutes later. Mr. Beame was dressed in a blue suit, a blue shirt, and a blue tie. His tie had small patterns of light- and dark-blue squares on a dark-blue background and was secured by a tie bar. Mr. Beame is sixty-seven years old. He is a small man with gray hair, which he parts neatly in the middle. He is, of course, city comptroller. He was the Democratic mayoral nominee in 1965, when he lost to John Lindsay. Mr. Beame says he wants to be mayor now to cap his long career in public life, and he likes to make it clear that he, in contrast to the other candidates for the Democratic nomination, has no political ambitions beyond the office of mayor.

Mr. Beame and his nephew and Mr. Ward stood together, slightly apart from the crowd at the Fashion Institute. In front of them were three tables of champagne glasses; around them were exhibits of photography, of interior design, and of fashion illustration. Mr. Beame never made his way at all deeply into the crowd of people who were drinking the champagne and looking at the exhibits, but from time to time someone from the crowd came up to him. After about ten minutes, Mr. Beame left. He put on a coat and a gray fedora, and got into his car,



"Jeepers creepers, where'd you get those peepers?"

which was a rented Chevrolet, and not his official limousine; he refuses to use his official car when he campaigns. On the way to his next stop, a dinner at the New York Hilton given by the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, Mr. Beame talked about his campaign. "By and large, I have no problem on the recognition factor," he said, in a moderate, measured voice. "I make it a practice never to have anyone telling people to shake my hand. I rarely offer my hand at all. When people offer their hand, then I take it. It is a completely different gesture when they offer their hand."

Mr. Beame's car arrived at the New York Hilton at seven-forty-two. Inside the hotel, there was no large gathering immediately in evidence. Mr. Beame asked if the Hilton was the right hotel, and then called the banquet manager on a house phone to check. He and his nephew and Mr. Ward were alone for a few moments in the large, dimly lit lobby of the ballroom. Then the certified public accountants' dinner was found, and Mr. Beame went in to take his place on the dais. "Abe is the absolute paragon of the certified public accountant," Mr. Ward said. "He makes very few overstatements." Mr. Beame didn't speak at the C.P.A. dinner. The master of ceremonies did introduce him, however, and he got a good hand. "I'll tell you an angle on Abe that will help balance off the C.P.A. angle," Mr. Ward said to a reporter. "That is a love he has for this city. I guess he's the last of that kind. He feels a sense of gratitude."

Mr. Beame left the Hilton at eight-twenty-nine, putting on his coat and his fedora, and his car set off for Queens, where a Beame storefront campaign office in the Lefrak City complex was having its opening celebration. On the way, he talked about some of his achievements and about some city-government practices he opposes. He talked about what he called "piggyback interest" (the city's paying more interest than it has to, in order to expedite a project), about his successful effort to control the hiring of outside consultants by the city, and about his efforts to raise the city's credit rating. Mr. Beame talks with measured exactness about financial issues, but he gets annoyed if anyone suggests he is not at home with important social issues. "It burns me up when people say that I only care about money," he said. "The comptroller's job in this city is unique in the world. As a member of the Board of Estimate, I am involved with many social issues."

Mr. Beame arrived early for the storefront opening, and instead of going in at once he had his car pull up to the curb and waited for the appointed hour. He talked about what he liked best about New York. "I like the beaches," he said. At nine-fifty-five, he went into the storefront. Michael Lazar, head of the taxi commission, introduced him. Mr. Lazar said the turnout in the storefront was a tremendous tribute to Abe Beame and an answer to those critics who had characterized Mr. Beame's campaign as lacklustre and apathetic. Then, for the first time that evening, Mr. Beame spoke. First, he thanked a couple of his associates. Then he put his glasses on and read the names of other supporters from a list he had. "I want to acknowledge these others. I hope you don't mind, but I owe it to them," he said. Then he said that it was a pleasure to come to Queens and that he spent a third of every year in Queens—at his beach house, in Belle Harbor. Then he said he was going to give the city the best administration it had ever seen, because he didn't have one eye on the city and one eye somewhere else. He said that New York was a ten-billion-dollar business, and that the mayor should be someone who knew how to run that big a business. "General Motors wouldn't put someone in who didn't know the business," he said. Then he said he would put five thousand more policemen on the street over a two-year period.

Mr. Beame left the storefront soon after his short speech was over. He put on his coat and his fedora, and his car set off for the meeting at Young Israel of Forest Hills. He arrived at Young Israel on time, but the meeting was far behind schedule, so he had to wait for a while before he got a chance to speak. While he waited, he sat very still on the stage. When it was his turn, at last, many people in the audience were getting ready to leave. He mentioned in his speech his fight against the out-of-town city consultants and his fight for a better credit rating. He mentioned his office's report on drugs in the public schools, and he announced his police plan. "I'll take this step right away," he said. "I know where to find the money. My opponents don't know where to find the money." Mr. Beame then ran into a little trouble over the Forest Hills housing project. He explained the project he supported—a smaller project, for senior citizens and veterans, with screening of applicants by a board of trustees chosen from the community. People in the audience asked why he couldn't just scrap the whole thing. "I'm not going to change my position," Mr. Beame said, a little out of sorts.

The Young Israel meeting was Mr. Beame's last stop. His speech was the last speech made there, and the auditorium emptied after he finished. No one in the auditorium seemed much excited about Mr. Beame, and no one seemed to perceive any threat in him.

"It's a hopeless cause," one woman said as she left, referring to the housing-project fight.

"Vote for Beame," a younger woman said to her. "At least, he's for the teachers."

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD

SPACE is subject to time. The garden I recall was an oblong, twenty by fifteen yards, perhaps; the garden I remember was more than twice as long as the morning shadow of the almond tree and as wide as America; it contained a sweetbriar, a city of reversed flowerpots, a central prairie where bird food was scattered in winter, a Gloire de Dijon rose, a rubbish heap, two paths, and a group of white lilies, where I had to stand on tiptoe in order to get my nose adjusted to the heart of the scent and smudged with pollen.

There was a dark path and a light path. Along the light path ran a low dividing fence, and beyond the fence was the neighboring garden and Mr. Scudamore. I suppose the neighboring garden was the same size as ours, since the houses were identical; but it seemed commandingly larger because Mr. Scudamore gardened so earnestly and kept down the weeds and tied up annuals and always called flowers by their botanical names. Our cat visited his garden pretty regularly—cats prefer a nice clean tilth to scratch in—and when circumstances compelled, Mr. Scudamore and my father would converse without bitterness across the fence. The rubbish heap was at the end of the dark path, which began as a narrow arched passageway where the dustbins stood, continued on under a high containing wall, and was shadowed by a row of black poplars growing at a higher level in the builder's yard beyond. Horseradish grew here in morbid profusion, but not much else.

It was on the rubbish heap that I transcended existence. It was higher than usual, augmented by the garden debris of late summer. A bundle of old peasticks had been thrown there. I climbed it, and trod on the peasticks, and heard them snap under my feet, and felt the rubbish heap sidling as I moved. I stared at the wall, and the poplar trees rustled, and the rubbish heap became a raft, and the ocean where it floated directionless was all around—and I left myself and was gone.

I don't remember what it was like being gone. I remember being startled back by a voice from the house calling me in because it was my bedtime. It was like the raw agony of recovering from frostbite.

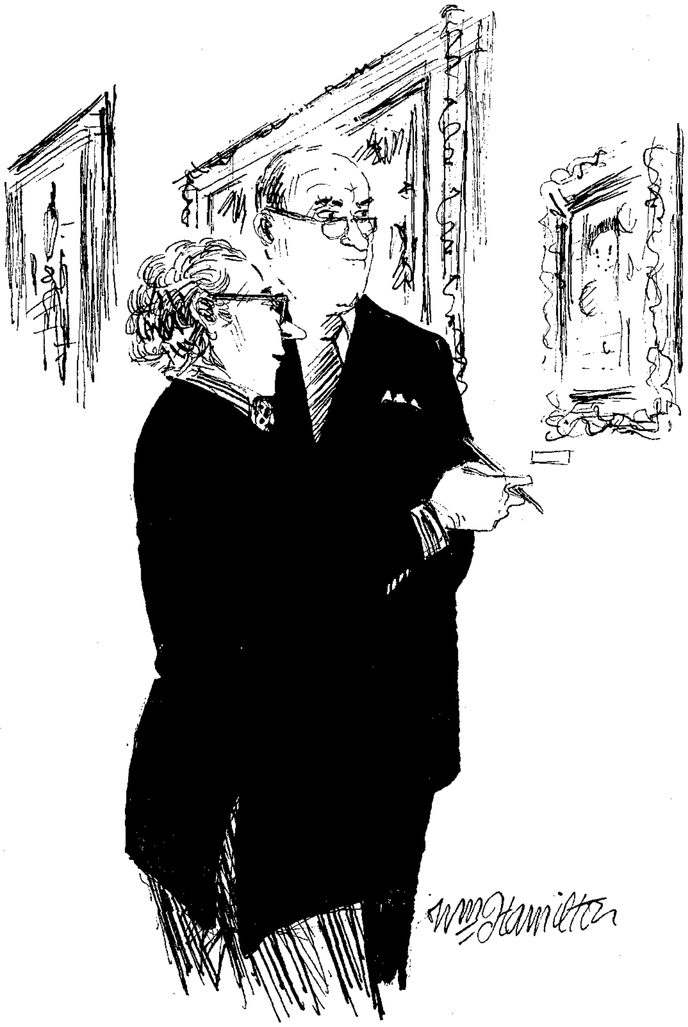
I BELIEVE it is exceptional to have had only one experience of this sort of thing during a whole childhood. But I was an unimaginative child—solitary and agnostic as a little cat, and mistrusting other children to a pitch of abhorrence, as cats do. Adults, if unfamiliar, often had charms. There was, for instance, Major Beldam—an unforgotten brief garden ornament.

Major Beldam was, as my mother's fashion magazine would have put it, a simple confection in red and grey. His face was red, he wore a suit of grey flannel—baggy and rather grubby. His pale-blue eyes were bloodshot. He was a large heavy man and walked with a limp. He had a grey walrus moustache. He owned a small unprofitable estate in Dumfriesshire, called Wolfshawes, and during the greater part of the year he lived there, supporting life on porridge and whiskey, reading *The Field*, and singing "Annie Laurie." This I learned when I was older and have no warrant for the truth of it. All I knew at the time he came into the garden was that he made a yearly trip south to watch cricket matches at Lord's and, as we lived conveniently near London, invited himself to stay with us—which my mother resented and my father encouraged, laying in more whiskey, addressing him, *Scotice*, as Wolfshawes, and trying to water down my mother's resentment by saying that Wolfshawes had no harm in him, and wasn't a classical scholar, and called a snapdragon a snapdragon, and hadn't got a wife with legs like a horse, and was in every way more congenial than Scudamore, besides being merely occasional.

As Major Beldam was busy all day with cricket matches, and as I had to be in bed by half past six, I knew him mainly as a loud voice and a heavy tread and the concomitant phenomena of my mother raising her eyebrows and the maidservants giggling. But cricket matches were not played on Sundays, and early one Sunday morning there was a thump on my night-nursery door and a husky voice saying, "I say, little girl—what's your name? Sylvie?—you shouldn't be in bed on a morning like this. Hurry up and dress yourself! Don't waste time on washing. It's a splendid morning—too good to miss." I wasted no time on washing. Outside my door was Major Beldam with a finger to his walrus moustache. "Come on out," said he. "Sh-h-h! Not a word."

It did not seem a moment for the front door. I led him down the kitchen stairs and out by the back door, past the dustbins and so into the garden.

The garden had that brand-new look of early morning. The morning had the unmistakable reserve of a Sunday. I allowed Major Beldam his coup d'oeil. Then I began to show him round. Calculating my effects, I began with the dark path and the builder's yard; halting him among the horseradish I pointed out



"Now, this, Mr. Kingsley, is Paul Klee. In Klee you see everything one looks for in modern art: rapid capital growth, sound long-term prospects, and excellent relative liquidity."

FOR SALE
Alan Dunn

"But suppose all of Washington decides to return to private life?"

• •

the exact spot by the hepaticas where my two dormice lay buried. As there was nothing to say about the rubbish heap, I said, "This is the rubbish heap," and showed off the flower-pots and detached a few snails for him to look at. The snails did not keep him long; when he had replaced them we turned sharply to the left, past the hop vine growing on the Wilbrahams' wall, past the Gloire de Dijon, and turned once again into the vista of the light path and the view beyond the dividing fence. Here I repeated to him a poem our cat had composed, in a rather "Moab is my washpot" tone, about the Scudamores' garden. Then we came to the almond tree, and the lilies, and the kitchen window, where I picked him a sprig of sweetbriar to rub in his fingers.

It seemed to me that I had earned my reward. It was disconcerting when Major Beldam exclaimed, "Now let's play at desert islands!"

Condescending to his childishness, I replied, "Let's."

"The first thing to do," said he, "is to build a fire to frighten away crocodiles." Limping about the garden he collected twigs and stalks and tufts of dry grass and an old bird's nest, and supplemented these by raiding the dustbins and coming back with a quantity of straw bottle cases, potato peelings, newspaper, and a handkerchief full of cinders. With these additions he laid a fire in the middle of the central prairie. Bypassing that nonsense about crocodiles, I said, "Let's cook something. Wait till I get a frying pan." I came back with the frying pan and some dripping and a kipper which was lying about in the larder serving no useful purpose. Major Beldam charged the frying pan, settled it in, and lit the fire, which went out. He knelt down, relit the fire, and puffed. As he knelt down, he groaned, and between the puffs he continued to groan. Without a shade of compassion, but seeing my reward almost within my grasp, I said consolingly, "Does it hurt, your poor leg?" He said it hurt like the devil but couldn't be helped. I didn't want philosophy, I wanted certainty. Tuning my rapacity to tones of dovelike concern, I asked if I might see it. He looked astonished but touched. Rising from his knees with more groans, he rolled up a grey flannel trouser leg over a hairy calf and displayed a varicose ulcer. I gazed. I made small moans of sympathy. And Major Beldam said I was a kind child, and rolled up more trouser leg to display the ulcer to better advantage.

Unwatched, the frying pan heeled over. The kipper and the dripping spilled into the fire, which blazed up. Wreaths of kipper-scented smoke rose into the morning air, crackles and splutterings broke the Sunday silence; and a window was thrown up with a bang and Mr. and Mrs. Scudamore leaned out and saw Major Beldam in the posture of a martyr, exhibiting his leg to my enraptured gaze. . . . A moment later, a matching window opened, and my parents saw Major Beldam, etc. But as they also saw the Scudamores seeing it, they refrained from comment. And remarkably little was said about it afterward.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

THE BISHOP'S ROBE

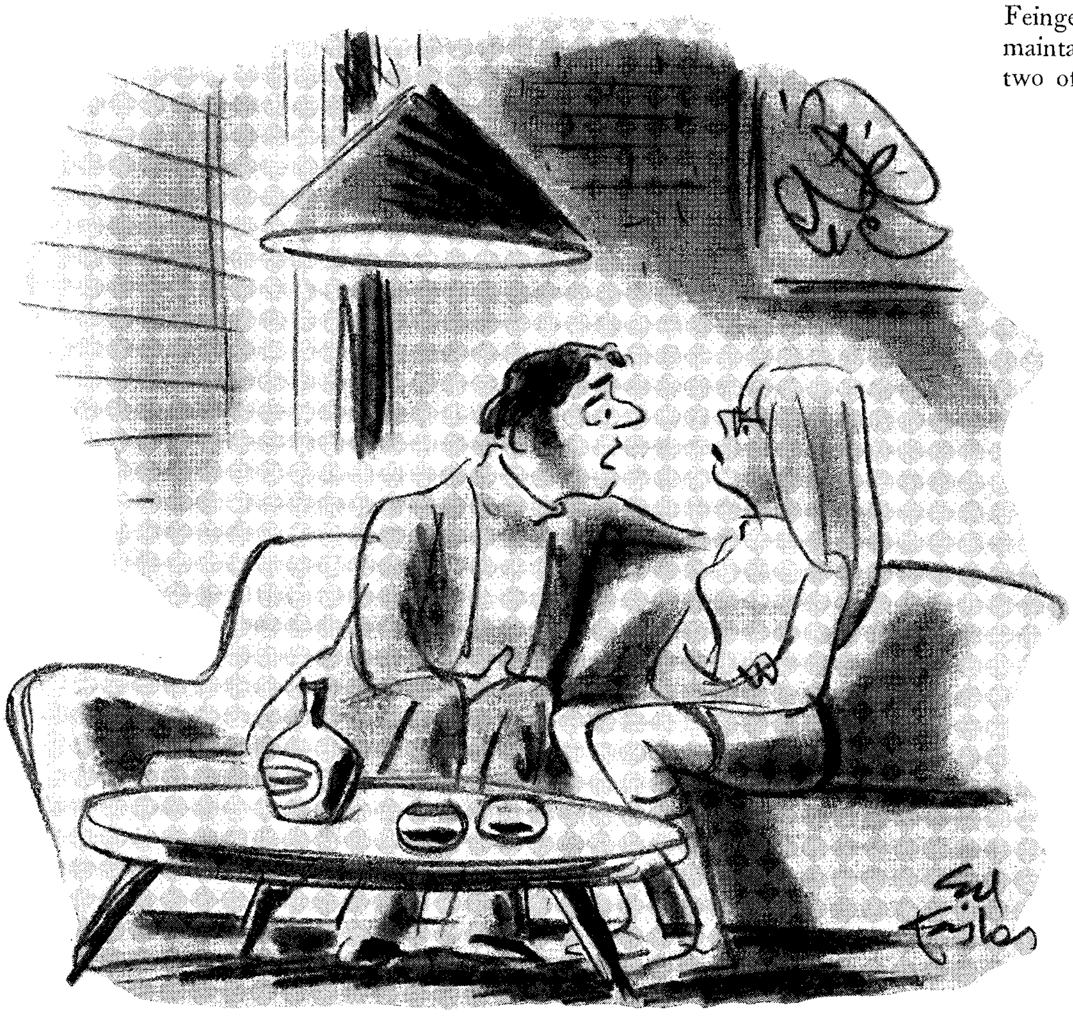
JACOB GETZELLES was the editor of a publishing company founded by a millionaire named Bernard Neihaus, mainly for prestige. He had made a fortune in real estate and other businesses. The company published not more than five or six books a year on Judaica—mostly translations from the Hebrew. Jacob Getzelles had been ordained by the Hebrew Union College, but he never became a rabbi. For some time he taught Hebrew in a small college in the Middle West. Then for years he had a position in a philanthropic organization in New York. Those who knew him joked that Jacob Getzelles's only talent was eating lunch with his boss. Jacob was a little man with dark skin, round, reddish cheeks, wavy hair without a sign of gray, though he was over sixty. He had a broad nose, curled brows, and brown eyes that sparkled like a child's. It was rumored that in his youth he had affairs with women. A few years after his marriage, his wife died of cancer and he never remarried. At that time he became the editor of Bernard Neihaus's publishing company.

Bernard Neihaus did not publish books like other publishers. He played with them. First he had to fall in love with the original text. Then he spent a lot of time finding the proper translator. If the work was to be illustrated, he made a long search for the right artist. Bernard Neihaus was as small-statured as Jacob but blown up like a barrel; he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. Eating lunch with Bernard Neihaus was a lengthy affair. All business decisions were made at these heavy meals. The doctors warned Neihaus that his blood was almost all cholesterol, but Bernard would say, "There is no cholesterol. The doctors invented it."

The day after his seventy-ninth birthday, Bernard Neihaus had a heart attack and died. Whether it was the fault of the cholesterol no one ever learned. Shortly afterward, his sons liquidated the publishing company and Jacob Getzelles was jobless. But the powers that took care of Jacob Getzelles sent him Bessie Feingevirtz, the widow of a hotel builder. She was the ex-president of an organization formed to help students in Palestine, and a hotel builder in her own right. A few years older than Jacob, she had a nose like a ram's horn and the voice of a man, and ever since her own hair had fallen out she wore a red wig. After her husband's death, Bessie was on the verge of marriage a few times, but the candidates withdrew, complaining that they could not put up with her despotic character. However, Jacob Getzelles was used to complying. When they were married, Bessie boasted that at her first meeting with Jacob she told him, "Jacob dear, you will be my husband." And her husband he became.

In the beginning, they talked of reviving the publishing company—Bessie had a yen for culture and famous people. But she soon learned that Jacob lacked the initiative to be a publisher. Besides, publishing could eat up hundreds of thousands. They talked and planned to no purpose, until they finally decided that the best thing for them would be to spend the balance of their lives somewhere in California. Sam Feingevirtz left no children, and Bessie maintained that she had enough for the two of them to live in luxury even if they reached the age of one hundred and twenty, and she could leave a nice penny for charity besides.

First the couple took a five-month around-the-world trip. Then Bessie began to look for a home in California. She soon found what she wanted: a richly furnished house with a garden and a double garage in the Hollywood Hills. As always, Bessie had come across a bargain; a week after the papers were signed, she was offered a large profit over what she had paid for the place.



"I must know, Cynthia. Do you really care about our relationship or are you just trying to work up an article for 'Ms.'?"

MOVING to California was difficult. It took a long time to get things the way Bessie wanted them. When that was done, she had time to devote to Jacob. She had decided that Jacob should write a book and also collaborate with her on her autobiography, which would describe her first years in the Polish town of Pishnitz, her coming to America, working in the garment shops, studying English, marrying Sam Feingevirtz, her activities in the organization where she became president, and her struggle with the jealous ladies who finally forced her resignation. Bessie had worked out a rigid schedule for when and what Jacob should eat, when and what type of clothing he should wear (she liked silk shirts, gaudy ties, velvet jackets, and pompon slippers), and for the hours of his work. But in California Jacob became lazy and apathetic. He yawned, dozed. He developed writer's cramp and a tic in his left eye. On their honeymoon trip Jacob had written Bessie a love poem every day. He had told her anecdotes about writers, translators, the celebrities he had met, funny stories about Bernard Neihaus and his whims. But now Jacob turned silent; Bessie had to pull words out of him. The garden around the house needed a man to tend it, but Jacob showed no interest in gardening. He walked around in his bathrobe all day long and neglected to go to the barber. In Los Angeles and its suburbs to drive a car was essential. Bessie ordered Jacob to take driving lessons. After the third lesson the instructor called Bessie and told her, "I am sorry, but it is hopeless. Your husband would kill someone on his first trip."

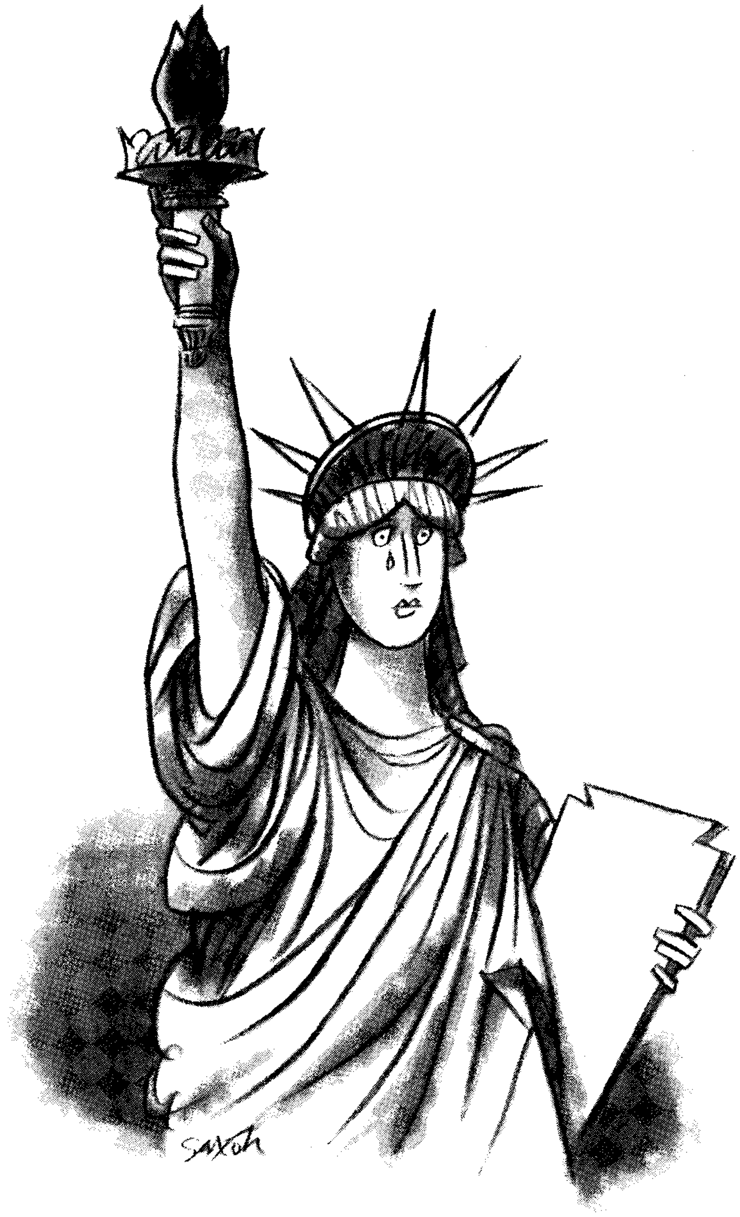
Bessie began to consider divorce, but then she met Phyllis Gurdin, a Jewish woman from Philadelphia, the widow of the spiritualist Bishop Thomas Delano Gurdin, who perished in an airplane crash. He had left his wife a house not far from Bessie's. She was a hypnotist, a medium, a wonder healer, an expert in reading tarot cards, and the head of a group that spoke in tongues. An intimate friendship sprang up between the two women. Some of the trees in Bessie's garden developed a blight that resembled spiderwebs, and Phyllis Gurdin recommended a spray as well as a special prayer that kills fungus. Bessie grew warts on her chin, and Phyllis gave her a potion and an incantation to make them wither away.

After a while Phyllis Gurdin invited Bessie and Jacob to a service of those who speak in tongues. This took place in Phyllis Gurdin's parlor. She kissed all the men and women as they arrived. The parlor filled up with men with gray hair and women with dyed hair. Phyllis Gurdin had a dark face, black eyes, bushy brows. She wore thick-lensed glasses. Her hair was colored a bright orange. On her upper lip she had a white fuzz. For the service she wore a white robe and a red turban. Phyllis Gurdin led the congregation in the singing of hymns. She danced and the congregation danced with her. The singing became louder. They danced in a frenzy, clapped their hands, cried out words of praise to God, to Jesus, and to Phyllis Gurdin. Suddenly they began to shout words that Bessie had never heard before. This was not a language but gibberish: sounds like "charopakitcichi," "hatchomarumbi," "leptchocalduku." All eyes radiated joy. Men embraced women. Women embraced men. A drummer drummed. A trumpeter blared into a trumpet that had a huge horn. They screamed, jumped, shook, and went into a state of exaltation. Bessie watched in astonishment. Was this madness? Sorcery? An orgy? A bacchanalia? Bessie became hot. She drank no liquor but she felt drunk. For years she had suffered from arthritis and varicose veins—now her feet became strangely light.

Suddenly Bessie, too, began to hop, clap, and yell in a language she did not understand. Was it Greek, Persian, Tataric? Had a dybbuk entered her? The floor rocked under her feet. The walls turned. Bessie heard herself scream, "Mutchiefalkosy! Sappolachia! Rinchiehoppler! Saltalafonta!" She was overcome with love for the whole crowd, as if they were all her brothers and sisters. She ran over to Jacob, who stood in the corner near the door, pressed him to her bosom, laughed, cried, and howled, "Katcharololshy! Poladumbka! Zakafier!"

Jacob started, smiled, and in a hoarse voice replied in a mixture of Yiddish, Hebrew, and Aramaic, "Pitchapoi! Yegar Sadussa! Otz koytzetz ben koytzetz!"

Bessie feared that Jacob might sabotage her spiritual rebirth just as he had her other plans and programs. In that case she was ready to go to Reno for a quick divorce. But this time Jacob coöperated. He developed a close relationship with Phyllis Gurdin. He sat with her and Bessie for hours at the Ouija board and helped decipher the messages that Phyllis Gurdin's control, an Indian who called himself Red-Eyed Chief, sent from the other world. Jacob and the two women laid their hands on a table without nails and felt it vibrate, clap out answers, and try to raise itself. He attended meetings of those who spoke in



NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

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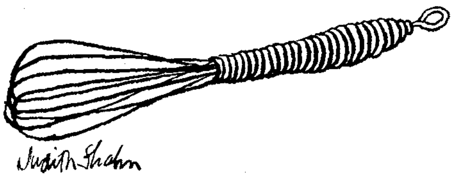
tongues and began to jabber a balderdash that astounded Phyllis with its bizarre consistency. She assured Jacob and Bessie that this was a language spoken on a planet beyond the solar system and that if a key to it could be found, humanity would gain an insight into the secret of the universe. Jacob was amazed to see that Bessie, who had formerly stinted, now became generous on a large scale. The congregation of those who spoke in tongues needed a church, and Bessie contributed a huge sum. Phyllis Gurdin was in need of a station wagon to transport the old and the crippled to meetings, and Bessie undertook the cost herself. Both women kissed whenever they met and called one another "baby," "darling," "honey," "sweetheart," "blessed soul," and such pet names.

Bessie, who on their trip around the world had been jealous and made scandals when Jacob so much as spoke a friendly word to a waitress, now demanded that he treat Phyllis like a sister—even closer than a sister. Bessie scolded him if he forgot to kiss Phyllis when she arrived at their house or left. When Bessie had to go to Los Angeles—she had a broker on Wilshire Boulevard with whom she conducted business—Phyllis prepared Jacob's lunch, consisting of watercress, mushrooms, long-grain brown rice, and yogurt. She reminded him to take his medicines and to rest after his meal. She told him of the sublime love that had existed between her and the late Bishop and described the most intimate details. At every opportunity Phyllis spoke about her Jewishness and said that she did *not* forget her origins. She fasted on Yom Kippur. She had a grandmother who immigrated to America from Russia and who never learned English. Phyllis used to speak Yiddish to her; she still remembered many words. Whenever she had to go East, she didn't fail to stop in Philadelphia and prostrate herself at the graves of her parents and grandparents and recite prayers in Hebrew and leave flowers. Once when Phyllis went into a trance, their spirits appeared to her, assuring her that they approved of her conduct and were prepared to welcome her when she passed over. Where they were, such divisions as Jew, Gentile, white, black, American, European didn't exist. All souls dwelled together, seeking spiritual development, ascending from mansion to mansion, and helping newly arrived souls to begin their spiritual habitation.

One evening Phyllis stayed at Bessie's house later than usual. The table vibrated, eager for levitation. Bessie and Phyllis had to apply force so that it would not rise to the ceiling. Under the table Phyllis's knee pressed Jacob's and he felt a tremor along his spine. The planchette wrote quickly and precisely, revealing mysteries and conveying greetings from many deceased relatives. In a trance, Phyllis announced that Jacob's mother was present and that she did not forget her beloved son; she watched over him from Heaven and interceded on his behalf. His mother spoke through Phyllis's mouth in a Yiddish mixed with English, calling him "*Yankele*, little dove," and kissing him with Phyllis's lips. Later on, the Bishop spoke. He announced in a deep voice that Bessie and Jacob's move to Los Angeles and their acquiring a house in Phyllis's neighborhood was not an accident. It was all arranged by the Heavenly Masters, because both Bessie and Jacob were destined to play an important part in the religious renaissance brought about by the merger of Judaism and Christianity—a new epoch in the Evolution of Redemption.

About one o'clock, Jacob became so sleepy that he could not keep his eyes open. Bessie and Phyllis helped him to bed, covered him, tucked him in, kissed him good night, and wished him blissful visions. He soon fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was still dark.



Judith Shahn

I AM A CAMERAMAN

They suffer, and I catch only the surface.
The rest is inexpressible, beyond
What can be recorded. You can't be them.
If they'd talk to you, you might guess
What pain is like though they might spit on you.

Film is just a reflection
Of the matchless despair of the century.
There have been twenty centuries since charity began.
Indignation is day-to-day stuff;
It keeps us off the streets, it keeps us watching.

Film has no words of its own.
It is a silent waste of things happening
Without us, when it is too late to help.
What of the dignity of those caught suffering?
It hurts me. I robbed them of privacy.

My young friends think Film will be all of Art.
It will be revolutionary proof.
Their films will not guess wrongly and will not lie.
They'll film what is happening behind barbed wire.
They'll always know the truth, and be famous.

Politics softens everything.
The truth is known only to its victims.
All else is photographs—a documentary
The starving and the playboys perish in.
Life disguises itself with professionalism.

Life tells the biggest lies of all
And draws wages from itself.
Truth is a landscape the saintly tribes live on,
And all the lenses in Japan or Germany
Could not focus on it.

Life flickers on the frame like beautiful hummingbirds.
That is the film that always comes out blank.
The painting the artist can't get shapes to fit.
The poem that shrugs off every word you try.
The music no one has ever heard.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

• •

He reached for Bessie, but it was a strange bosom that he touched. He listened and heard the snoring of two noses. Bessie awoke also. "Dearest, don't be afraid. It became very late and I didn't want Phyllis to go home. I insisted that she sleep with us because . . ."

Phyllis stopped snoring. "I will go to the sofa."

"No, Phyllis, my husband is your husband," Bessie said solemnly. "Jacob, be it known to you that we made a covenant tonight. We two are like Rachel and Leah, and you are our Jacob. Embrace her, kiss her, caress her. One sister is not jealous of the other. The opposite."

"I bought you from her for a bunch of mandrakes." Phyllis the scholarly paraphrased the story in Genesis. She spoke with a choked laughter.

Jacob Getzelles was silent. Passion he thought extinguished rekindled itself. "Am I dreaming?" he said.

"No, Jacob, my beloved, it's the truth." Bessie spoke in a tremulous voice. "Phyllis's husband, the Bishop, has chosen you. He materialized to us and said—"

"Jacob, his soul entered you," Phyllis interrupted. "You will take his place in our congregation."

The things that are happening to me, and in my old age to boot, Jacob thought, bewildered. He quivered, overwhelmed by the eternal masculine fear of helplessness. He hugged Phyllis and she pressed herself to him. He kissed her, and she bit into his mouth with such ardency that in an instant all doubts ceased. He was overcome by lust. Bessie was screaming, "Take her! Do her will!"

"Spouse, lie in my lap," Phyllis implored him.

"Bryson's not a Nixon man, but then he wasn't a Johnson man, a Kennedy man, an Eisenhower man, a Truman man, or a Roosevelt man, either."

• •

It was daybreak when Jacob silently left the bed. After lengthy murmuring and giggling, Phyllis and Bessie had fallen asleep again. Now Jacob went to the bathroom on shaky legs. The night of abandon was over and had left him with a weakness in his loins and a stabbing in his bladder. Jacob Getzelles had suffered from an enlarged prostate for years. With the help of massage and medications he had avoided an operation, but the doctor in New York had warned him that postponing surgery could bring about complications. Now he stood at the mirror—dishevelled, wrinkled, with a yellowish face. "Am I happy?" he asked himself. "Was I happier before?" He felt an ache in his head and in his knees. He went to the toilet to urinate but his urine came with interruptions, and in droplets. He said to himself, "It's too late for such blessings."

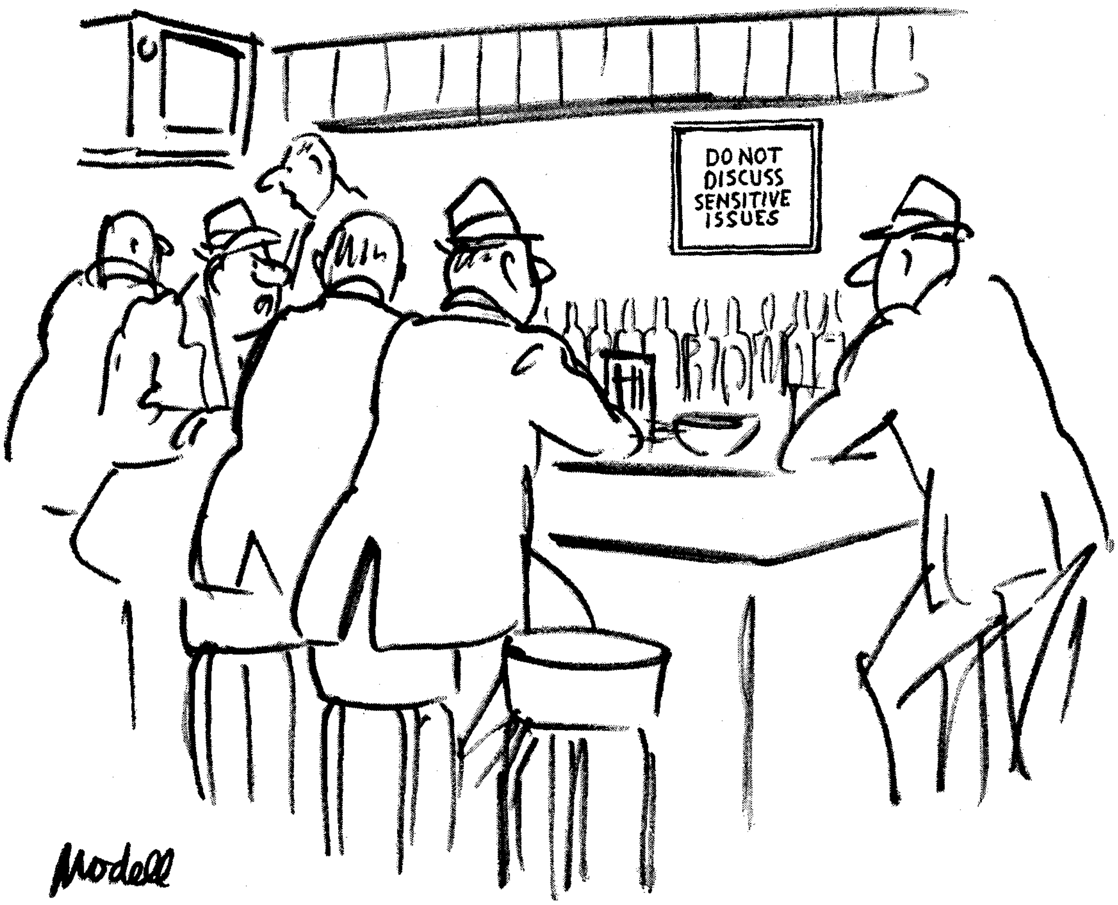
WHEN Phyllis Gurdin announced in the occult magazines that the spirit of Thomas Delano Gurdin had returned to Planet Earth and entered Jacob Getzelles, a Hebrew scholar, a philosopher, and a mystic, she expected many enthusiastic letters and visits from the Bishop's followers. But for some reason the tidings did not evoke a response. Even her own group remained skeptical. Jacob Getzelles had just undergone surgery and he looked emaciated. He did not resemble the Bishop in any way. Thomas Delano Gurdin had been tall and blue-eyed, had had long hair, spoke with a strong voice and in a Biblical style. He had a magnetic gaze. Jacob Getzelles was small and shy, and spoke English with an accent. He permitted Phyllis to be his mouthpiece, nodded meekly to whatever she said. The Bishop's robe, which Phyllis made narrower and shorter, and the mitre she put on Jacob Getzelles gave him the look of a schlemiel.

Actually, there was intrigue against Phyllis among the faithful. She had received money for the church and not accounted for it to the committee. She had signed a disadvantageous contract with a builder, and many of the congregation suspected that she had accepted a kickback. Her relations with Bessie, who had become a stock speculator and real-estate operator, were not becoming for a person supposed to have one foot in Heaven. Both anonymous and signed letters came to Phyllis in which she was called hypocrite, thief, embezzler, and Jacob impostor and a fraud. Someone reported the situation to the district attorney. During the afternoons when Jacob Getzelles lay down in his room, he heard Bessie engaged in long phone conversations with Phyllis, and it was not about the higher spheres but about interest, mortgages, credits. Phyllis did not stay overnight at Bessie's anymore, and Jacob Getzelles did not need to worry about his virility. It all ended in a fiasco. The ground where the church was to stand proved to be unsafe, and experts warned that in case of heavy rains the building could slide downhill. The sect's magazine accused Phyllis Gurdin of being a false prophet.

The summer was unusually hot. Most of the members of Phyllis's circle went to the Rocky Mountains or to the ocean to cool off. Others participated in occult conferences in Texas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. Some studied the laws of Karma and Nirvana in California in a vegetarian colony headed by a white-bearded guru. Days passed and Phyllis did not call. Bessie tried to get her on the telephone but there was no answer. Jacob could see that Bessie was sick from aggravation. She practically stopped talking to him. She spent her time smoking and scribbling figures. He never saw her eat. Jacob was also going through a crisis. Even though he had been operated on, he still had difficulty urinating. The doctor spoke of the need for additional surgery. Some time ago, Phyllis had brought him a valise full of books about spiritism, theosophy, astrology. Jacob read the works of Mme. Blavatsky, Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, Ford, and the bible of psychical research, "Phantasms of the Living," by Gurney, Myers, and Podmore. Although Bessie's house had air-conditioning, it was humid and Jacob remained in his underwear all day. He lay on the sofa, peered into the books through his sunglasses, and muttered to himself. The story of the man whose wife visited him while he was aboard a ship in the Atlantic, though she never left her home in the West, was certainly remarkable. Even if only this single case were true, all values must be reappraised. But was it true? It could have been a dream, a hallucination, or simply a lie. How many miracles were attributed to each little wonder rabbi, each fortune-teller? How many revelations did Phyllis receive each day?

That afternoon Bessie left the house without telling Jacob where she was going. Suddenly the door was flung open and she staggered in. "She ran away, the charlatan, the criminal! She locked the shutters and didn't even say goodbye. It's your fault. Yours, yours, yours!" Bessie cried out hysterically. "You were the one who led me to all *those maniacs and crackpots*. She has absconded with my fortune. I am left naked and penniless. Even the house no longer belongs to us. She hypnotized me into insanity!"

Bessie tore the book from his hands and threw it to the floor. She overturned the coffee table, which was heaped with magazines, and screeched, "What nonsense are you reading, burying yourself in this garbage? It's all lies. She's as much a saint as I'm the Pope. Her husband was a faker. It's all swindle! Bishop Jacob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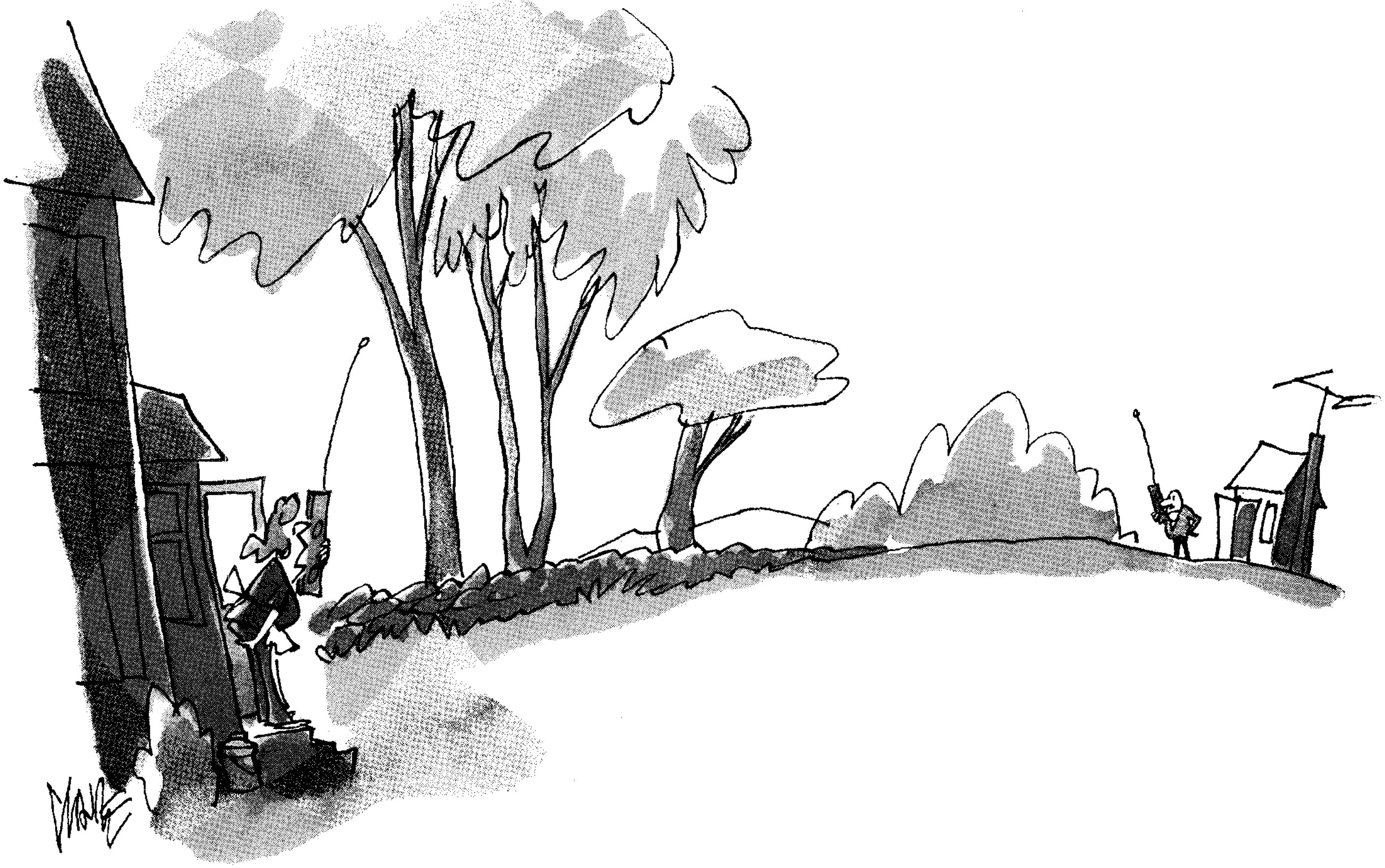

"I say the children have all left home now and you can move back in any time."

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Getzelles, my eye! Woe to my miserable life. Murderer!" The last word Bessie uttered in Yiddish: "*Rutsrach!*" She kicked the books, spat on them. "Where do we go now? God has punished me and taken away my reason. That witch bedazzled me with her sacred babble and phony love. A bandit, a racketeer, a gangster. I don't want to live anymore! Do you hear me or not?" Bessie moaned. "I want to die—this very minute." She clenched her fists and leaped at Jacob. Her red wig fell off and she stood with a bare skull from which only a few wisps of white hair hung down.

Something tore inside Jacob. "Be quiet. If we are going to die, let's die in a dignified way."

"There's nothing to live for. Everything is lost. Cursed be the day when I first saw your face and her face. She has made me a pauper. If *you* want to live, go to an old-age home."

"Bessie, I don't want to live."

"I'm going to the kitchen to turn on the gas."

"Yes, do so."

"Get up. I don't even have a cemetery plot. Let them throw me to the dogs."

Bessie ran over to the air-conditioning and turned it off. She grabbed the cushions and the cover from the sofa, and ran toward the kitchen.

Jacob followed her. How strange: for the first time he felt a sort of love for this wild woman. In the kitchen Bessie shut the door, locked the windows, extinguished the pilot lights, and opened all the jets of the range. Jacob gaped at her. He didn't realize it but the fear of death had left him. He felt like one of those astral bodies he had read about—weightless, submissive, yielding to a power beyond his choice. Is this how one dies, he wondered. But he wasn't even curious. He was a child, and Bessie was putting him to sleep. She spread the sofa cover on the floor and threw down the cushions. "Let's not die on the hard tile."

Bessie helped Jacob lie down. She stretched out near him and kissed him. Her face was hot and wet. "If there is a God or whatever He is, we will soon know."

"There is nothing there," Jacob replied, baffled by his own words. The telephone rang in the corridor and Bessie started. "Who can it be? Never mind." The phone rang for a long while. Then it became silent.

Bessie embraced Jacob. She asked, "Shall I recite 'Hear O Israel'?"

And Jacob murmured, "Not necessary."

Those were his last words.

The next day he and Bessie were found dead. Months later, when Bessie's lawyers in New York were settling her estate, it came to light that she was still worth around four hundred thousand dollars, in addition to the properties that she had turned over to Phyllis and that the lawyers were trying to reclaim.

"She certainly did not die from want," said one of the attorneys, a little man with a pointed skull, pointed nose, pointed eyes. "Why didn't she leave a letter?" As he spoke, he began to sharpen a pencil that already had a long point. The other lawyer, a big fat man with yellow brows and a flabby double chin, pondered awhile and said, "I have read scores of letters from suicides, but none of them ever told the truth." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Ruth Schachner Finkel.*)

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About 65 per cent of the non-Communist world comes from one company, the International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

How about that!

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

MAY 22

FOUR months after the Vietnam cease-fire, hegemony over Indo-China is tipping more and more toward the Communist side. In Cambodia, before long, a "government of national union," which would include native Khmer Communists, and would have no choice but to accept the continuing presence of North Vietnamese troops, will probably evolve out of the current chaos. In Laos, a division of the country that would give the Communists full control over three-quarters of the territory and a third of the population, as well as an equal voice in the over-all government, should soon be agreed upon, while Hanoi's forces will continue to dominate the eastern border region along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. In South Vietnam, the prospects are for a long political struggle interspersed with military offensives by both the Communists and the Saigon government, but, whatever the outcome, the Communists are almost certain to retain their hold over the northern third of the country and over many of the regions that border Laos and Cambodia and front on the Gulf of Siam. In effect, what is emerging is a new political map of the Indo-China peninsula, consisting not of the previous four areas but of five: North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and a Communist-dominated central zone—a long, narrow stretch embracing eastern Laos, eastern Cambodia, and the northern and western portions of South Vietnam. The local governments that are formed in this zone, and eventually, perhaps, in the rest of Cambodia and Laos, will inevitably gravitate toward Hanoi, and, through Hanoi, toward the Soviet Union and, to a lesser extent, China; South Vietnam will find itself politically and militarily outflanked.

This is scarcely what four American Presidents—Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon—have fought and bargained for over the past two decades, nor is it what the American people, irrespective of their opposition to or bewilderment about the dirty and destructive war, have sought or foreseen. Certainly such an outcome of two Indo-China wars, with a third war quite possible, has not been worth the expenditure of between one and two million Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian lives as well as more than fifty-five thousand American lives and approximately a hundred and fifty billion dollars. All this could have been avoided by the neutralization of Indo-China, perhaps even under some form of independent Communism akin to that in Yugoslavia—a solution that could have been conceived and carried out nearly three decades ago if we had tried to strike a deal with Ho Chi Minh, as various people familiar with the area suggested at the time. Such neutralization would have avoided frightful misery and destruction. At present, it is doubtful whether any more rewarding form of "stability" will ultimately develop in Indo-China, and whether, as Prime Minister Lee Kuan-yew, of Singapore, and others have suggested, one by-product of the long, debilitating war has been time justifiably bought for creating stable independent states in the rest of Southeast Asia. Singapore and Indonesia—the latter with half of Southeast Asia's population—have in fact begun to prosper, and Malaysia has recovered from political and economic crises of a few years ago, but it is debatable whether the "containment" of Communism in Indo-China, so maladroitly managed by the United States, has had any truly positive influence in any of these results.

What is hardly debatable is that Indo-China remains a holy mess today, and that what President Nixon calls a "decent interval" for South Vietnam to organize itself and avoid going Communist has so far shown no sign either of being decent or of being more than an interval. Both sides have constantly and flagrantly violated the cease-fire agreement reached in Paris on January 23rd between Dr. Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, and no matter how many more times the two men meet, as they have been doing in the past few days, to try to patch up the peace, events will proceed in their own fateful way. What has been described, in the odd lingo of the White House, as our "selective breaching" of the Paris agreements—it includes a resumption of reconnaissance flights over North Vietnam, the temporary cessation of mine-clearing operations in the harbors and rivers of that country, and two B-52 bombing operations over Laos—may yet result in further widespread heavy bombing. Nixon has insisted that bombing in Cambodia, where no peace agreement of any kind has yet been reached, will continue as long as the Cambodian government asks for it, and he has implied that a decision to renew bombing in North Vietnam will be based on the degree to which the North Vietnamese continue to violate the Paris agreements by sending large supplies of war matériel and fresh troops down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Nevertheless, the

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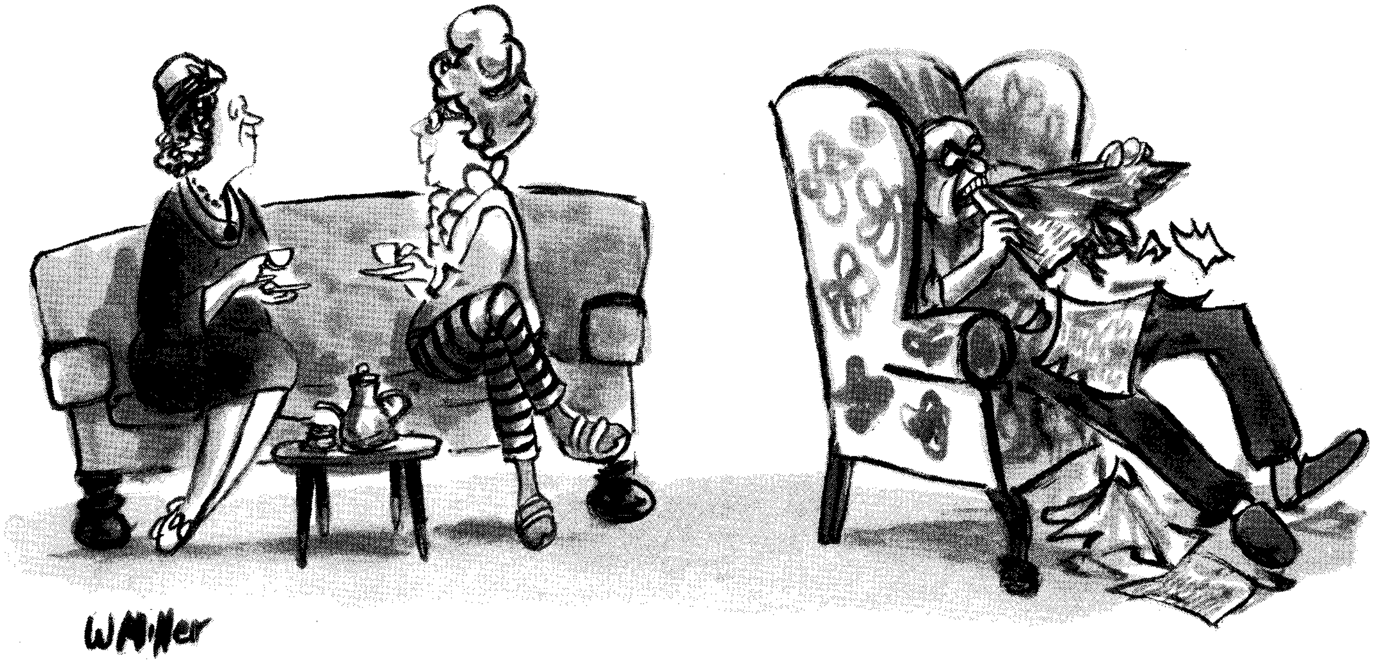

"Come July, it will have been a twenty-five-year honeymoon."

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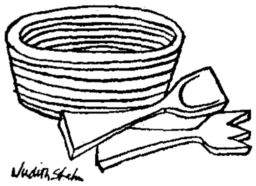
President's options are shrinking, and, no matter what is said publicly, the United States appears to be resigned to the indefinitely prolonged stay of at least some of the approximately two hundred and fifty thousand North Vietnamese troops now in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—provided that, as one American official put it, off the record, they don't "over-violate." Whereas a month ago the President might not have hesitated to send American bombers and fighters from Thailand and Guam back over both North and South Vietnam, or to increase the bombing schedules over Laos and Cambodia, the Constitutional confrontation in Washington has assuredly given him more reason to take thought. On the other hand, being Nixon, and unpredictable, he could still decide to follow through on his warnings and bomb some more to enforce his impossible dream of an "honorable settlement." But more bombing will solve no more than it has solved throughout the war.

THOUGH bombing may be momentarily "saving" the Cambodian government from collapse, that unlucky country shows every sign of becoming, historically, almost as unfortunate an adventure as the Watergate affair for President Nixon, who began our large-scale involvement with the ill-conceived American-backed invasion in May, 1970. During my most recent visit to Phnom Penh, it was apparent that, of the various parts of the Indo-China puzzle, Cambodia at the moment is the most confused and confusing. Over the past several months, the government forces have been subjected to increasingly severe Communist military pressure, and the reorganization of President Lon Nol's regime, following the April visit of General Alexander Haig, Nixon's personal envoy (now the White House chief of staff), is only the first, halting step in a belated effort to establish some order and obtain a cease-fire. It would be very difficult now to find a way of restoring Cambodia even to its status of four or five years ago, under Prince Norodom Sihanouk, whose overthrow by Lon Nol was a prelude to the 1970 invasion. Under Sihanouk—who may yet return from exile in Peking to resume a leadership role, if only for a time—the country was a supply base and haven for North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops, whose presence was sanctioned by a government trying to maintain a delicate balance between Communist and anti-Communist neighbors. Now whether such a schizoid nation can long avoid disintegrating further or going completely Communist is highly dubious.

Half of Cambodia's seven million people and two-thirds of its territory are under some form of Communist control or influence. The Khmer Communist insurgents and their North Vietnamese supporters, though they are far better organized and disciplined than the government's armed forces—estimated at a hundred and eighty thousand, only a relatively small proportion of whom are ready to fight at any given time—are by no means a unified force. Of a total of sixty Khmer insurgent battalions, made up of perhaps twenty thousand combat troops and nearly as many support elements—a possibly inflated figure, but one that reflects remarkable growth from three or four thousand three years ago—the predominant faction is under the general direction and supervision of some three or four thousand North Vietnamese and is led by three thousand Khmer cadremen who have been trained in Hanoi over the past decade. The North Vietnamese frequently serve as both military and political officers, operate the heavy-weapons systems, and furnish commando units in support of the Khmer battalions. Despite reports to the contrary, several North Vietnamese regiments, including two not far from Phnom Penh, and a sapper battalion are still assigned to help the insurgents when necessary. Another twenty-five thousand or so North Vietnamese in eastern Cambodia are directing their entire attention toward preparing operations in South Vietnam. And among the Cambodians themselves, in addition to the Hanoi-inspired insurgents, there are some regarded as pro-Soviet and some who are pro-Sihanouk and some who belong to independent offshoots of the old Khmer Serei movement, which the Americans covertly supported against Sihanouk during part of the time he was in power. Following a secret visit by Sihanouk to Cambodia in March (he claims to have been in the country more than a month, but the best evidence indicates that he may have been there for a week or ten days, venturing no farther south than Stung Treng, near the Laos border), the word has gone out to all insurgent forces to rally behind him. Getting them to do so may take a while, because Sihanouk has been absent from the scene for more than three years and because his alliance with Peking has alienated many of the insurgents, who are both anti-Chinese and anti-royalist.



Among the Cambodian insurgents, three names stand out—those of Khieu Samphan, who is Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of National Defense in Sihanouk's Peking-sponsored Royal Government of National Union of Cambodia, and two other officials of the underground government, Hou Yuon and Hu Nim. All three men were bitter enemies of Sihanouk when he ruled in Phnom Penh, and in 1967 it was reported that all three had been executed on his orders. At that time, according to later stories, these men escaped to Peking after hiding in the Chinese Embassy in Phnom Penh. They are said to have returned to Cambodia secretly sometime in 1971 or 1972 to take charge of the underground movement in the jungles. Now Sihanouk, in Peking, has designated them his "government's" representatives in Cambodia. A Cambodian physician who is an old friend of the three men is said to have travelled into the jungle to discuss a possible truce with them, doing so with the knowledge of Hang Thun Hak, who was Lon Nol's Prime Minister at the time, and to have carried back to Phnom Penh the first of several letters to Hak from Hou Yuon, who is Minister of Interior in the rebel government. Hou Yuon, it appears, expressed willingness to negotiate but voiced considerable skepticism about the sincerity of the Lon Nol government. He is said to have maintained that any settlement, to be effective, would have to be guaranteed by the United States, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China. One cannot help but wonder what the attitude of Hou Yuon and his two cohorts toward Sihanouk really is and whether they can wholeheartedly support a man who apparently once ordered them murdered. It is said that they and their insurgent forces favor neither an outright Communist regime for Cambodia nor some form of royalist Socialist government. (Sihanouk himself used to talk about a special form of Cambodian Socialism.)

Such conflicts only compound the difficulties faced by Lon Nol's new High Political Council, which took over in Phnom Penh at the end of April from a previous Cabinet, and consists of Lon Nol; his cohort in the coup against Sihanouk, Sirik Matak; Cheng Heng, the former Chief of State and now the new Vice-President; and In Tam, the former head of the National Assembly (early in May, it recessed for six months) and now the Prime Minister. Lon Nol was joined in this setup by the three other men only when—at Washington's strong behest—the President's unpopular and dictatorial brother, General Lon Non, who commanded one of the country's four Army divisions and who became the behind-the-scenes power when Lon Nol suffered a severe stroke two years ago, left the country. Lon Nol has now recovered about half his powers of speech and movement and has begun to visit troops again, but his popular support has waned; in an election last year, he only narrowly defeated In Tam. Lon Nol, who has never been a good administrator, is bound to have trouble getting the new council to function. (As President, he has only one vote but can cast another to break a tie.) It is an uneasy and mutually suspicious quartet, and the chances seem remote that it can curb the vast amount of corruption currently existing among Army officers, government officials, and businessmen; rally the demoralized and poorly coördinated soldiers (who get paid only irregularly, if at all); and, while doing all this, make effective contact with the various insurgent groups. The latest word is that Lon Nol plans a protracted trip to the United States for medical treatment, which will leave In Tam in a stronger position to deal with the opposing factions.

Even if one assumes that all this can be done, there remains the question of whether Sihanouk can or should be fitted back into the puzzle—whose pieces also include a number of other Cambodians now living in Peking. Of these, the one closest to Sihanouk is Ieng Sary, who is Hanoi's agent; Penn Nouth, a former Prime Minister, is considered acceptable by all sides as a negotiator, and he may eventually arrange with the new Phnom Penh regime—if it holds together—to have Sihanouk return in some capacity. Hanoi, in any event, remains the dominant influence in Cambodia, and, whatever arrangement may ultimately be reached by the diverse rebel elements and the government, the North Vietnamese will seek to assure the maintenance of their control in the eastern part of the country. And despite the Sino-Soviet differences elsewhere in Southeast Asia, Hanoi can expect the backing of both Moscow and Peking in this endeavor. The more independent-minded Khmer insurgents would undoubtedly be willing to make some sort of deal of their own if it would give them a strong voice in a coalition government. As for the North Vietnamese, they might go along with a truce arrangement that preserved their freedom of movement in the eastern parts of Cambodia adjoining Laos and South Vietnam—regarding this as preferable to their continuing to fight indefinitely, with the possibility of more American bombing, which the prospect of a full Communist takeover would make even more likely.

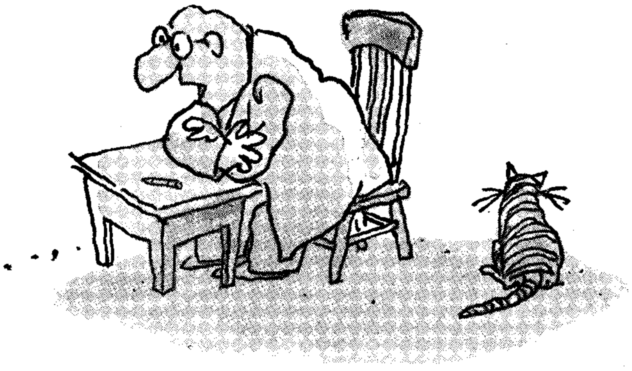
To any impartial observer, the B-52 bombing and the tactical air strikes mounted against Cambodia, mostly from the new Seventh Air Force base at Nakhon Phanom, in Thailand, can appear only as a cruel epilogue to the American participation in the whole messy conflict. It may be true, as Sihanouk recently said, that the bombing alone has saved the Lon Nol government from collapse during the past two months. The extent of our Phnom Penh Embassy's involvement in the attacks was disclosed in a staff report prepared by James G. Lowenstein and Richard M. Moose, of the Subcommittee on United States Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Initially, for five frustrating days, the Embassy refused to coöperate with them, maintaining that it played only a minor role in the air operations. Then Lowenstein and Moose forced the issue by cabling Senator Stuart Symington, and the two staff members finally learned that the Embassy plays a key part in the aerial effort, aimed chiefly at the Khmer insurgents. Though Embassy officials deny that civilians have suffered unduly, they have admitted that the maps they are using are several years old, and so could not possibly allow adequate identification of new or relocated villages, inhabited by Cambodian peasants who had fled earlier bombings. The attacks have averaged about sixty B-52 sorties a day, and there has been a daily average of a hundred and eighty tactical sorties. The Embassy coördinates these attacks by acting as a communications-relay point, with American officers there using a radio-telephone system that links the Cambodian general staff, the Seventh Air Force, and both battlefield command-and-control planes and forward air-control planes. The latter are directed by an area-control center in the Embassy in response to requests from the Cambodians or in accordance with tactical emergencies.

The Senate staff report concluded that "the United States had become far more deeply and directly involved than ever before in the conduct of the war in Cambodia, as well as in Cambodia's internal political affairs . . . [but] it was our impression that most Cambodians felt that it was now beyond the government's ability to do more than get out of the war, and that, indeed, they had no other choice." They qualified this, however, by adding that unless the Chinese and the Russians "consider it in their interest to take an active political role in bringing about a settlement, the war will probably continue as long as we are willing to defend from the air a Cambodian Army that does not seem to be able to defend itself on the ground." American officers privately acknowledge that we have done just about everything we can to help create a functioning Cambodian Army; one of them told me, "Cambodia's future survival depends entirely on its having good neighbors."

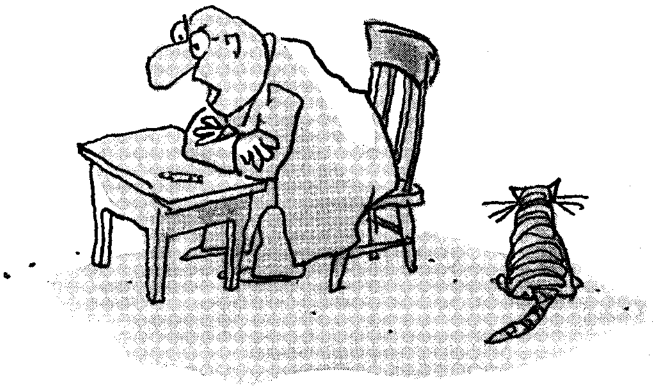
Despite the military outlook, it remains doubtful that the Communists want to capture Phnom Penh. Not only would American air attacks, if they continue, cause heavy casualties, but the Communists are probably not ready to administer the capital. Instead, the insurgents are doing all they can to cut off the city, which relies for its survival on large truck convoys that come in over the only major road from the port of Kompong Som, and on Mekong River convoys that arrive two or three times a month after running a gantlet of Communist shore fire. The insurgents seem more intent on capturing one or two provincial capitals—most notably Takeo, to the south of Phnom Penh—and on further disrupting and demoralizing the badly battered Cambodian forces.

If there should be outbreaks of labor strife or demonstrations by unpaid soldiers, rebellious students, or mobs of unemployed within Phnom Penh, the government might collapse quickly. However, although more than a hundred opponents of the government have been arrested and some three hundred have gone underground or fled to the insurgent areas, there was little or no sense of panic when I was in Phnom Penh. A gasoline shortage was creating long lines of cars at pumps, and there were almost daily electricity failures, but enough rice was on hand to feed the populace for two months, and restaurants were serving the usual good food and wine. The annual national deficit is running to about half the total budget, despite American and international-consortium aid, but the government was simply making up the difference by printing more money.

All in all, the Cambodians seem even more resigned and fatalistic than the Vietnamese. At the five-story Cambodiana Hotel, which Sihanouk built as a luxury establishment but which was never opened to the public, three thousand refugees have occupied the ground floor for many months, settling down in what were supposed to have been a sumptuous lobby and ballroom but are now places of bare, cracked stone and ramshackle enclosures rigged up of blankets and cardboard. These refugees are a lot better off than people in the countryside, where the bombers have forced villagers to move constantly from one place to another and have caused uncounted deaths and injuries. Phnom Penh seemed an odd sort of besieged sanctuary. As always, foreigners were gossiping around the swimming pool of the Hotel Le Phnom (formerly the



"I think,"



"therefore I am."

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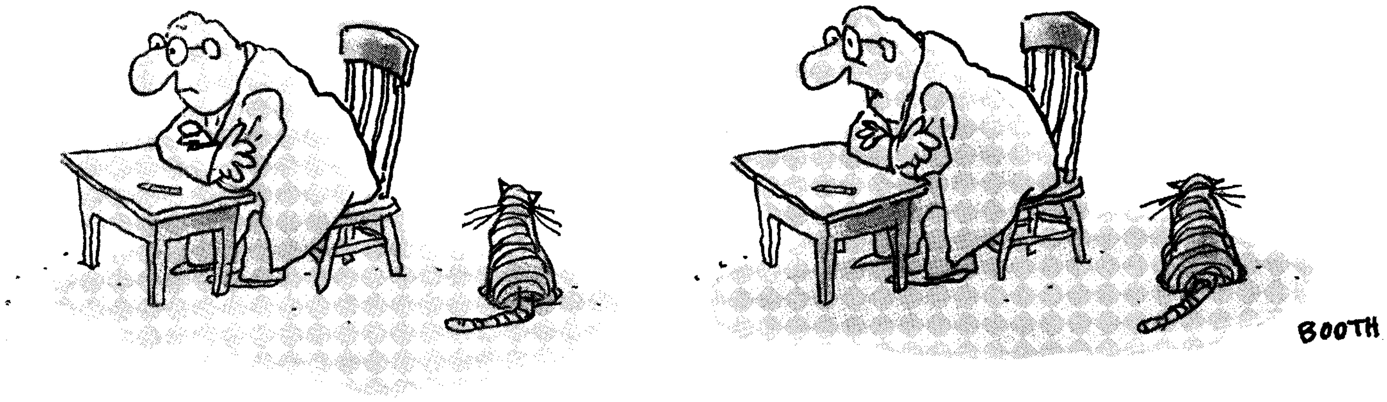
Royal), and cyclo boys were offering "nice girls," the early curfew notwithstanding. Indeed, there was a general atmosphere of business-as-usual—and, at times, a macabre carnival spirit, as when, after the Communists moved into several villages just across the Mekong from the city, many people turned out to watch American fighter-bombers dive and strafe. By the time the planes arrived, the insurgents, it was reported, were dug deep into bunkers or had hidden in the marshes beyond, and it was hard to tell whether the spectators, eating ice cream, were cheering the acrobatics of the pilots or the daring of the revolutionaries.

THE Nixon Administration's belated awareness that peace throughout Indo-China is not readily obtainable was expressed by Kissinger at a news briefing in Washington on May 3rd, when he acknowledged that "the day is very far off" when the parties to the conflict will live "with a consciousness of reconciliation," let alone in "tranquillity" or "harmony." If Cambodia is the most seriously threatened country at the moment, South Vietnam is locked in an even more complicated political, military, and social struggle, which shows every indication of continuing indefinitely. The cease-fire mechanism established under the Paris agreements of last January has been thoroughly paralyzed by the unwillingness of both the Communists and the government to compromise on any basic issue other than prisoner exchanges, which themselves are still far from complete and are the subject of constant recriminatory debates. It appears that neither side is prepared to take substantive measures to set in motion a rational or feasible election procedure. In fact, very little has been done to create the basic conditions for reconciliation—such as restoration of "democratic liberties" and "freedom of movement," which are two of the things called for in the agreements, and which should logically precede a political contest. On the contrary, though the mere presence of the largely ineffective International Commission of Control and Supervision, composed of officers from Canada, Indonesia, Hungary, and Poland, has helped reduce the level of military activity since the frantic early days of the post-cease-fire period, both sides give clear evidence of preparing for another round of serious fighting either this summer or this fall. It seems doubtful whether either Canada or Indonesia will remain on the commission very long, since the hope of "controlling" or "supervising" the two hostile sides seems vain; no one knows who might take their place if they leave. Meanwhile, the Poles and the Hungarians privately admit that their principal function is not to make the I.C.C.S. work but to support the interests of the Provisional Revolutionary Government and of North Vietnam and the Soviet Union.

The North Vietnamese, though they have not yet figured out how to deal with their serious postwar economic problems and simultaneously carry on their revolutionary ambitions in South Vietnam, have violated the peace agreement more blatantly than the United States has. Since the cease-fire, they have sent large amounts of modern war matériel, mostly Russian-made, across the Ho Chi Minh Trail or directly across the Demilitarized Zone or along the South Vietnamese coast. Of a total of fifty thousand fresh troops dispatched to the South since the first of the year, about thirty thousand are said to have arrived after the signing of the Paris accords. The trip down the Trail by truck now takes only a month, compared to three months in the years when most of it had to be made on foot; the traffic has recently dwindled, though. Mainly, some "special-purpose" political, technical, and administrative cadres are still trickling through, to supplement some three thousand who have arrived since the first of the year and whose assignment is to bolster the Vietcong leadership, which suffered heavy losses during the period of severe fighting. At least three hundred and fifty armored vehicles, mostly heavy Russian tanks, have come south since the cease-fire, and so have more than three hundred pieces of field artillery, including powerful 130-mm. Russian guns, which have a range of seventeen miles and are now emplaced only forty or fifty miles from Saigon, and a hundred and fifty 57-mm. anti-aircraft guns, also positioned in what Saigon designates Military Region III—the area surrounding the capital.

These are the armaments and men whose dispatch President Nixon has denounced as gross violations of the agreement. Hanoi has been totally silent about them, in keeping with its long-standing policy of refusing to admit that it maintains any presence in the South, but it has indirectly defended itself by countercharging that the Americans have sent half a dozen ships carrying arms and ammunition to the port of Danang, in the northern part of South Vietnam, since the cease-fire, even though no agreement has been reached on an exact interpretation of the controversial cease-fire clause allowing replacement by each side of war matériel that has been lost or worn out, on a "piece-for-piece" basis through three "points of entry," one of them being Danang. The Americans have replied to the accusation regarding Danang by asserting that, in the absence of implementation of the accords, they have kept complete records for the I.C.C.S. to go over whenever commission teams may be sent to the points of entry.

Privately, the North Vietnamese say that they have had no choice but to re-



"I think."

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spond in kind to the huge American shipments of arms to South Vietnam in the six or eight weeks preceding the cease-fire—a total of two billion dollars' worth—and that, lacking such equipment as the huge American C-5 cargo planes that brought most of these shipments in, they have had to bring in new matériel by slower, more conventional means. However one regards these arguments, there is no disputing the fact that both sides are getting ready for more action.

The North Vietnamese now have an estimated hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers in South Vietnam, and this force, plus the twenty-five thousand soldiers operating against South Vietnam from eastern Cambodia, twenty-five thousand main-force Vietcong elements, fifty-six thousand rear-service North Vietnamese and Vietcong supply troops, nearly forty thousand regional Vietcong guerrillas, and about a hundred thousand Vietcong irregulars, gives the Communists a total of nearly three hundred and seventy-five thousand armed men in South Vietnam. Political cadres come to approximately fifty thousand more. The Saigon government still has roughly a million men under arms, including regular and territorial units, plus perhaps three or four hundred thousand poorly armed members of the local self-defense forces. (Claims of a million armed self-defense men in the hamlets and villages are exaggerations.) Both sides have morale problems. The increasing dominance of the North Vietnamese over the Vietcong, which the latter have been resenting for years, is still a sore point, though the Northerners keep saying that from now on the Communist Southerners will have to do more to fend for themselves.

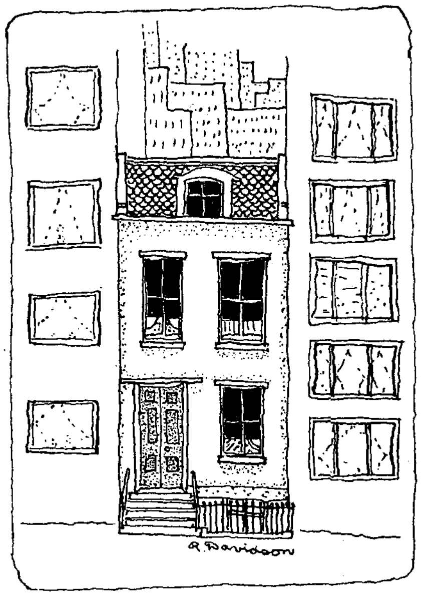
Considerable political and ideological confusion exists in the Communist ranks. One typically ambiguous Provisional Revolutionary Government directive urged "more military activity to support political positions firmly." In January, immediately after the cease-fire, when the Communists seized some three hundred hamlets and put up P.R.G. flags, hoping that I.C.C.S. teams would come by and recognize the hamlets as legitimate P.R.G. territory—something that never happened—a major directive ordered that the peace agreement be used to attain victory, and that armed force be resorted to only when necessary. By April, however, after the government had recaptured all of the disputed hamlets—and indulged in a good deal of land-grabbing and flag-raising of its own—the Communist attitude had begun to shift. Word went out to let the government troops attack first, and then "we will attack them in retaliation in various parts of the country." In contrast to the strategy during the 1968 and 1972 offensives, when towns and cities were the objective, one order this time said, "We will aim at capturing hamlets and villages only. We have learned that if we have a strong anti-aircraft system we will be able to capture new territory"—an indication that the Communists expect new air attacks of one sort or another.

The threat of such attacks emphasizes the danger of what a number of impartial observers fear could be an accidental outbreak of new, full-scale hostilities. The Communists seem intent on pushing the government into starting something. "If we attack our enemies, we will suffer politically," another directive said. "If we permit them to move into our areas, then counterattack, our political image will remain intact." With both sides obviously capable of renewing hostilities at any time, if not necessarily of sustaining them, and in the absence of any effective international machinery for avoiding or curtailing military action, the outlook is scarcely hopeful, and many observers expect what is called a "high point" of new military activity to occur between now and September. In view of the refusal of the North Vietnamese to withdraw any of their forces from South Vietnam—a move that no one should have expected—President Nguyen Van Thieu has no intention of reducing his own forces. So far, this has had only a minimal effect on the morale of his troops (desertion rates are down from about twenty thousand to about twelve thousand a month), but if heavy fighting does recur, the morale problem could become serious—and this is something the Communists are counting on.

Since the 1972 offensive, the Communists have made themselves far stronger in Military Region I, just below the Demilitarized Zone. They have built fourteen missile sites around the old American base area at Khe Sanh, several of them fitted with radar and awaiting the emplacement of Russian SA-2 missiles. The old American airstrip at Khe Sanh has been lengthened to take Soviet MIG-19s and perhaps MIG-21s, and a new, smaller strip has been built. At least six other Communist airstrips have also been built in South Vietnam, most of them near the Laotian or Cambodian borders. Thus, for the first time, full-fledged air war in the South could take place between the two Vietnamese sides. (The North Vietnamese, by refuelling en route, could send planes all the way to the Delta.) Any offensive that the Communists launched would almost certainly be aimed at consolidating their hold in Military Region I and separating that region from the rest of South Vietnam for the purpose of political bargaining. Hué would be a natural target, as it was in 1968, and so would Danang. New roads have been covertly built from the Laotian border toward both cities. A diversionary attack in Military Region II—the Highlands—and minor attacks in the Delta would probably be accompanied by another major attack in Military Region III, around Saigon. The main purpose of this would be to capture as much territory as possible along the Cambodian border and also to capture several district capitals and at least one provincial capital, such as Tayninh, to give the P.R.G. better leverage for future bargaining. Both the Communists and the South Vietnamese government seem to have accepted the fact that, for the time being at least, the areas held by the two sides will not be formally demarcated, with corridors of free movement created between them, as the Paris agreements stipulate. That neither the Joint Military Commission teams representing Saigon and Hanoi, provided for in the Paris treaty, nor the I.C.C.S. has been able to achieve this and that neither has been able to arrange for local commanders of the two sides to meet and arrange for truces and the disposition of troops are the two biggest disappointments of the broken peace agreements.

The greatest political disappointment has been the failure of the Paris negotiators for the P.R.G. and the Saigon government to organize a tripartite National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, supposedly composed of equal-sized delegations from the two opposing sides and another made up of so-called "third force" personalities approved by both. This was to have been done by April 28th, ninety days after the signing of the cease-fire, but, despite seven plenary sessions and an undisclosed number of secret meetings, very little progress has yet been made. At the eighth session, on April 26th, both sides presented last-minute programs, not so much to break the deadlock as to place the blame for it on each other. The Communist program, presented by Nguyen Van Hieu, the chief P.R.G. negotiator, consisted of six points that were basically a repetition of the original Paris accords, especially in respect to the freeing of all civilian prisoners and the restitution of democratic liberties. Once these things are done, Hieu said, the Council could organize "free and democratic elections" to choose a Constituent National Assembly, which would "work out a [new] Constitution and set up a definitive government in South Vietnam representing the aspirations and will for peace, independence, democracy, and national concord of the entire South Vietnamese people." After that, he said, both sides should reduce the numbers of their troops "in conformity with the postwar situation." The government's ten-point program, presented by its chief negotiator, Deputy Prime Minister Nguyen Luu Vien, was vaguer, and contained little that was new beyond a recommendation that elections be held on August 26th to choose "an organism to decide the political future of South Vietnam" and to determine "state institutions at both the national and regional levels." This "organism"—whatever that means—would "have full freedom of action with all options open." Once again the South Vietnamese demanded the prior withdrawal of all "non-South Vietnamese forces."

The chances that any elections in which both sides take part will be held in the foreseeable future remain negligible. Early in May, the government started holding new elections for village councils, and these will continue through the rest of the year. The Communists naturally claim that they are invalid. On August 26th, South Vietnam will elect thirty new senators—or half of the sixty-man Senate. The election for the larger House of Representatives is scheduled for next year. An attempt by Thieu to put his own restrictions on the Senate elections—by requiring that candidates must belong to recognized parties and that each such party must put up a large financial deposit—have just been defeated in the Senate, which encourages the hope that that body will retain some independence in the future, though the House is docile. Thieu is said to be willing to hold elections for a Constituent Assembly, but only on his terms, which, in addition to North Vietnamese withdrawal, include confinement of the Communists to the areas they now hold—mostly less populated ones, thus, as one American official put it, "giving them no more than twenty per cent of the action." Free mobility of voters is the still elusive key to the problem. If there is not a great deal of fighting, the Communists are counting on what they call "the appearance of peace" to inspire many urban residents and refugees to return to their native villages, many in Communist-controlled areas, over the next few months. Some movement of this sort has already occurred, and Saigon has responded by forcibly moving some villagers from contested or Vietcong-controlled areas into areas controlled by the government. The Communists, for their part, are handing out identity cards permitting people to enter their own old areas, and quite a few people now carry two sets of cards. As was the case throughout the war, the American-created hamlet-evaluation system, which is still being used by the government's district chiefs, gives a distorted picture of the total number of hamlets considered "secure" and exaggerates the degree of government control in the countryside. Far more accommodation with the Communists is actually taking place, particularly on the part of the Delta peasants, than government officials are willing to admit.



When they speak of "the long political struggle still ahead," the Communists have in mind this process of erosion of government support. They continue to regard Thieu as a transitional figure, and his cumbersome and corrupt bureaucracy as an asset for their side. His declaration in mid-May that he will reorganize and decentralize the government is regarded as simply another meaningless maneuver. However, the Communists are having serious organizational difficulties of their own. Finding new leaders to replace the many old-time cadremen lost during the war is a problem, and so is the tenuous relationship between the North Vietnamese, on the one hand, and, on the other, the leaders of the P.R.G. and the old National Liberation Front. There is evidence that the North Vietnamese are more determined than ever to see to it that the Party leadership in the South is controlled by the People's Revolutionary Party, the Southern offspring of the Laodong (Workers') Party in the North. There are also signs that Hanoi wants to reconstruct the N.L.F. and other front organizations in the South, which, they feel, have become slack and moribund or too willing to compromise with the government. It is admitted that Party discipline has weakened over the long war years and during the months of the uncertain cease-fire. These are all

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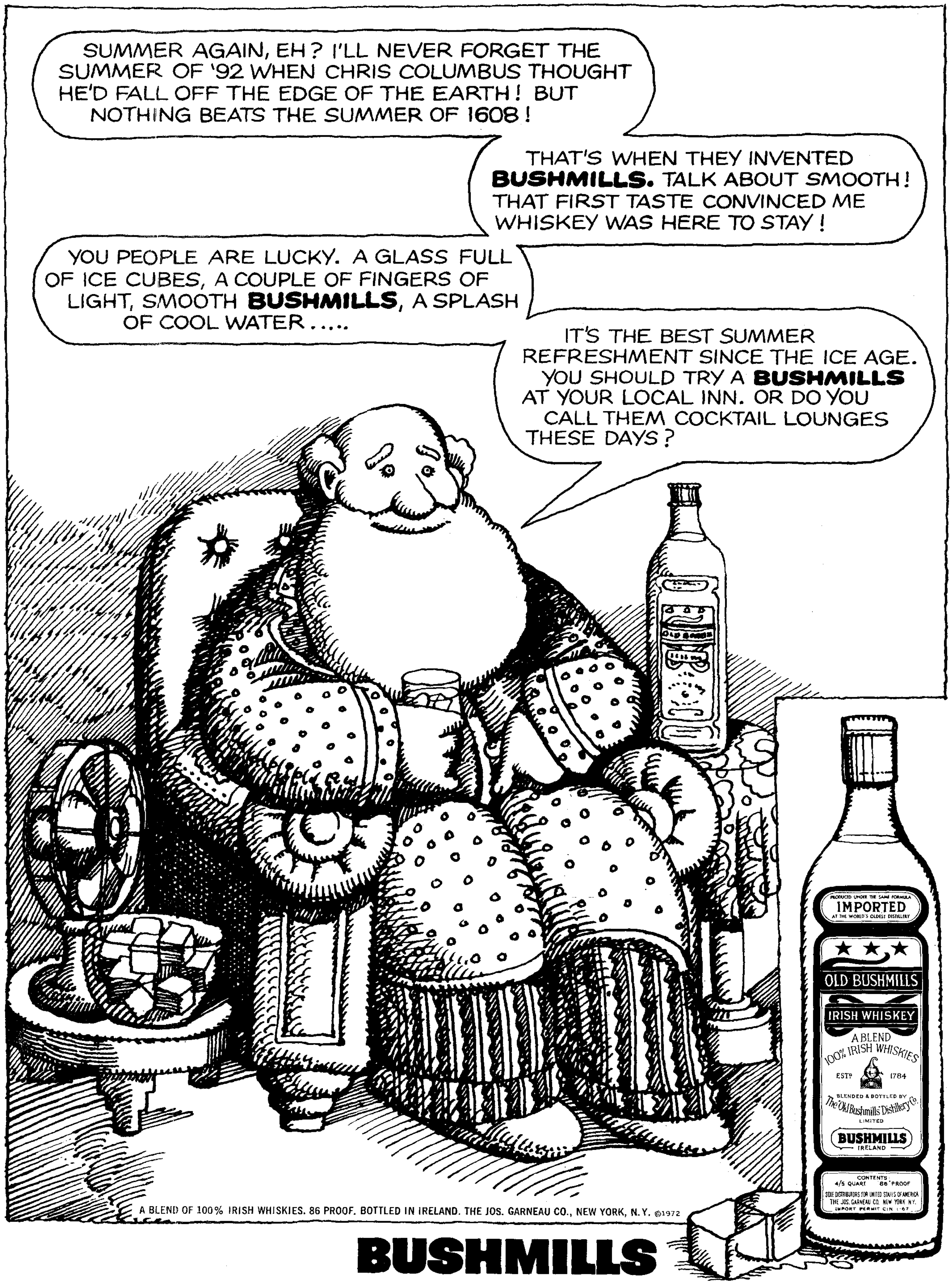
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reasons that the Communists are not anxious to have elections held soon, while the government, feeling itself in an advantageous position at the moment, wants the election process set in motion quickly. The Communists are especially intent on recruiting more third-force elements, including people who have been living in Paris and whom they regard as being generally more favorably disposed toward them than toward Saigon.

Hanoi, in the speeches of its leaders and in its official articles, repeatedly hails the "great victory" that has been won over the United States and the "reactionary neo-colonialist forces," but adds that the revolution is by no means over and has simply "entered a new phase." The Southerners will "still have to continue their struggle, studded with difficulties and hardships, against the new schemes conducted by the new imperialists and the reactionary forces," said a recent article in *Nhan Dan*, the official Party paper. The North Vietnamese seem increasingly concerned about the problems of financing reconstruction and providing for future military and economic aid. A Party pronouncement on May Day said, "It is necessary to link economic development to the consolidation of national defense and constantly increase North Vietnam's economic and military potential." Earlier, Premier Pham Van Dong had said, "Everything has to be built from scratch." What worries Hanoi is just how much assistance it can expect henceforth from the Chinese and the Russians. Wilfred Burchett, an Australian journalist who has had close associations in Hanoi for many years, recently revisited North Vietnam and found that "some diplomats believe that China and the Soviet Union will feel relieved if they are not obliged to participate in the main part of reconstruction after having already contributed considerably to the supply of war materials during the war." There was no hint, Burchett wrote, that if the United States gave North Vietnam reconstruction aid (a topic now, understandably, far back on the shelf in Washington) there would be any weakening of Hanoi's ties with the Soviet Union and China. While the ratio of Chinese aid to Russian aid is increasing right now, Burchett said, the North Vietnamese always "express their gratitude in mathematically equal terms," but "whenever the two countries are mentioned either in speeches or in editorials the Soviet Union is always mentioned first and called the pioneer of the Socialist revolution."

The South is just as deeply concerned as the North about the economic future. Its rehabilitation problems, though not its reconstruction problems, are as great as the North's—especially the resettling of millions of refugees and the provision of a million new jobs for the unemployed, who include war victims and veterans, men and women who used to work for the Americans, and young men no longer being drafted, and will in time include demobilized soldiers. To support its humanitarian and rehabilitation needs, and to finance its import programs and maintain a projected annual growth rate of between seven and nine per cent, South Vietnam is seeking about six hundred and fifty million dollars from the United States in fiscal 1974, or about twice what it received last year. The South Vietnamese are not likely to get all this, given the present mood of Congress, but if they can obtain half or two-thirds of it, the rest could come from other nations, particularly Japan, through a consortium arrangement that might be established following visits of experts from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund that are to take place during the next few months. The main difficulty at present is the rate of inflation, which is running at ten per cent and could easily double by the end of this year; prices are up twenty-five per cent over last year, as much because of world-market conditions as because of local ones. Foreign-exchange reserves have decreased by a third, to a hundred and fifty million dollars. There is one encouraging sign—a considerable increase in tax receipts. Investments are still sluggish, chiefly because of the uncertain military situation, but the Economics Minister, Pham Kim Ngoc, who accompanied President Thieu on his recent trip to America, believes there is reason to hope that by 1980 gross capital formation will more than double, from ten to twenty-two per cent, and that imports can be reduced by at least a third as production and investments increase along with tax receipts. However, unless there is, for example, a bonanza from offshore oil production—some thirty-two companies have so far applied for concessions—it seems unlikely that, as Ngoc also says he hopes, South Vietnam can become self-sufficient in eight or ten years.

THE problems of economic recovery and rehabilitation were readily apparent in the city of Danang, which I visited during a recent week-long trip through Military Region I. The

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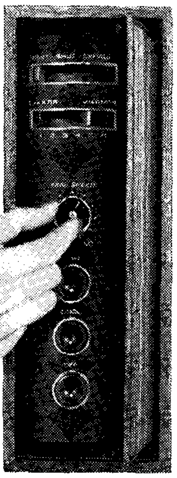

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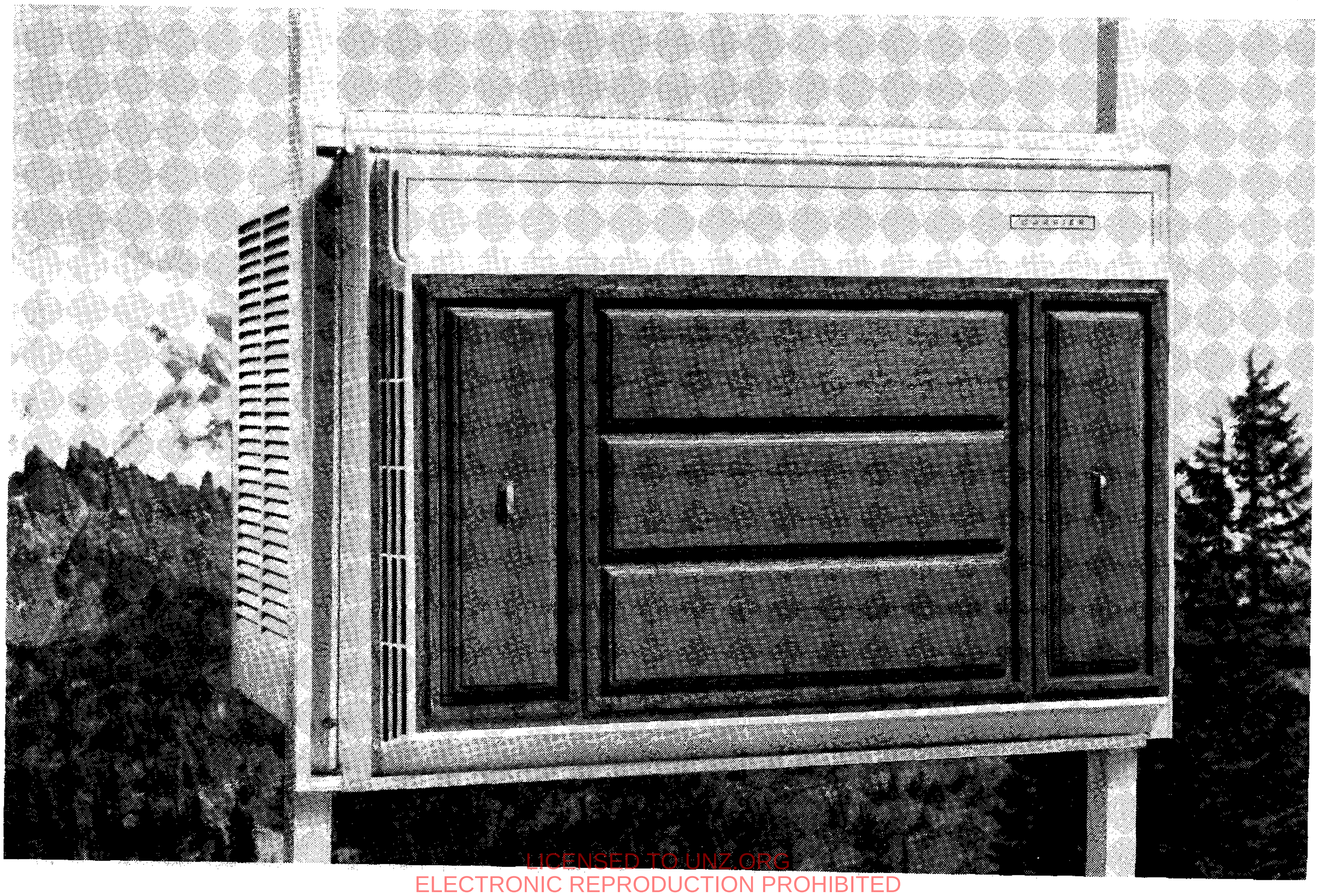
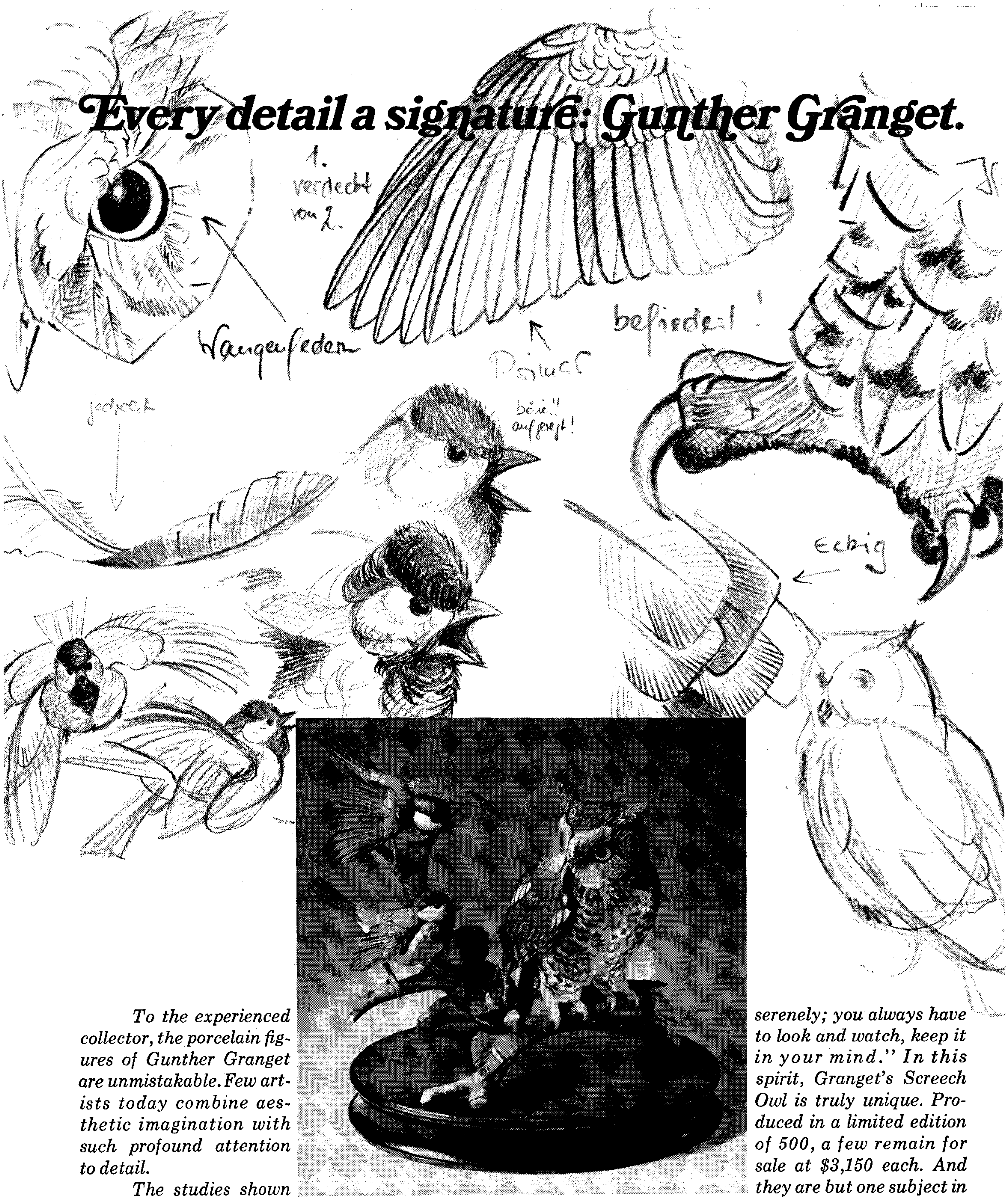


Every detail a signature: Gunther Granget.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city, whose population of four hundred and seventy-five thousand has been augmented by a quarter million refugees living in nearby camps, was much cleaner than it had been when the Americans were there, but virtually no business was being conducted in the shops, which were still filled with goods. With the help of American aid money, a small project had been started under which some of the unemployed were clearing out ditches and widening the sidewalks, but there was obviously not enough work for the majority of the wage-earning population; scores of men on Hondas were offering rides for one or two hundred piastres (the equivalent of twenty or forty cents). There seemed to be more activity in the surrounding villages, where the markets were busy, with farmers bringing in their produce despite continuing military operations. For instance, in the Dai Loc district, southwest of Danang—an area I have visited half a dozen times over the years, and one that has steadily been subject to Vietcong penetration and influence—the main street of a hamlet called Ai Nghia was jammed with people buying and selling. Government troops in jeeps and trucks were heading for the countryside to the south, where the Communists are especially active at night, coming down from the hills to collect rice and taxes. I rode back to the main highway over an empty road, through deserted, brownish, defoliated fields. On the way back up the highway to Danang, I stopped for a cool beer at the hamlet of Thanh Quyet, which the Communists attacked on January 28th, the morning the cease-fire went into effect. The people said that the Vietcong were still only half a mile away.

The following day, with Colonel Ha Mai Viet, the province chief of Quang Tri, I travelled by car to the completely destroyed city of Quang Tri. On May 1, 1972, it was captured by the North Vietnamese; on September 15th, it was retaken by the South Vietnamese with the help of American saturation-bombing attacks, and it has remained a vast pile of rubble. After weeks of argument, the I.C.C.S. had finally placed a team amid the ruins, in tents on the shore of the Thach Han River. This had been the site of prisoner exchanges a week before my visit, with seven thousand North Vietnamese soldiers crossing the river and, after receiving new uniforms on the Communist side, continuing north or heading west to rejoin new units coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. On the opposite riverbank, a hundred yards away, the North Vietnamese were flying P.R.G. flags over their own camp. Sporadic firing took place back and forth across the river, I was told, but none of it had been directed at either of the camps. No decision has been made about rebuilding the city of Quang Tri. "They ought to leave it the way it is and call it a national park commemorating the war," an American accompanying us suggested.

Along bumpy dirt roads to the west of a highway strewn with rusted, shot-up trucks and tanks and other war debris, the first of a hundred thousand Quang Tri Province refugees from the Danang camps who were scheduled to be returned to their former homes were being transported in big covered trucks. This marked the fourth time during the long war that I had seen such refugees returning home in this area, and, as in the past, I wondered how long they would be able to remain. They came—whole families of seven or eight, ranging from toothless infants to toothless grandparents—bringing their meagre belongings and a few "luxuries," such as cages of ducklings, to settle down again along the My Chanh River, threading through once lush but now barren or overgrown fields, which had been neglected for more than a year and would have to be completely replowed and replanted. The trucks deposited the people near where their bombed-out houses used to stand, and, until wood and tin roofing bought by the government with American funds could be dispatched, in a week or so, to build new houses, twelve or fifteen families were living together in large, hot tents. Despite having to start all over again, the refugees were happy to be back on their native soil, which, bombed and cratered as it may be, is one of the few enduring things of value in Vietnam today. The Vietnamese people's instinct for survival remains their most admirable and their most astonishing trait, and these people, if only they could be left alone, I felt, would somehow make do.

WHILE the Communists continue their clandestine political operations, the government continues its pompous, clumsy, and inefficient moves to organize the Democracy Party, headed by President Thieu and run by the province and district chiefs. The Saigon regime now claims to have set up Party chapters in all but two or three of the forty-four provincial capitals, in all the autonomous cities, in three-quarters of the villages, and in half the hamlets. But by imposing the Party from the top down, instead of starting in the hamlets and working from the bottom up to create some real political belief and trust, the government has, in effect, imposed a huge wet blanket on the population and stifled all legitimate discussion and opposition.

President Thieu, on being asked recently by an American official what he liked most about his job, answered, "My power." Then, asked what most inspired him, he answered, "I inspire myself." This sense of self-righteousness permeates the administration, which is dominated by a handful of men around Thieu, and will undoubtedly do more to cause its ultimate collapse than any other single factor—except possibly its corruption, which is so deep-seated that, in clinical terms, South Vietnam can be described as being in the tertiary stage of social paresis. The Democracy Party even seems to mock itself historically, for its flag, a red star against a yellow background, is the same as that of the Communist-run Vanguard Youth, back in the mid-forties—to which Thieu himself, in a brief flirtation with the old Vietminh, once belonged. Essentially, what the charade of this "party's" creation amounts to is an effort to force and frighten the people into signing their names to Party rolls and thus insure that whenever there is a vote for some sort of assembly or for the reëlection of Thieu as President, they will meekly go along with the government's wishes. Working in conjunction with an amorphous organization known as the Popular Front for the Preservation of Peace and Self-Determination, the Democracy Party is a coercive instrument, set up several months ago by the summoning to Saigon first of generals, then of province chiefs, and, finally, of as many village chiefs as could be persuaded to come. Each attending village chief was given a million piastres to finance preparations for the election and promised another million later with which to launch the Party organizational campaign. (Arguments immediately started among the village heads, who hoped to avoid being reassigned to insecure villages.) Important functionaries and national leaders, including the presidents of the four major universities, were forced to join the Party as "advisers," and local officials who were reluctant at first were "invited" two or three times—until the message got through that unless they joined, their careers might be in jeopardy. I talked to one unenthusiastic Party director during my trip north—a pleasant academician, who was dutifully organizing his Party chapter by professional groups (teachers, workers, doctors, and so on), and who openly admitted that his job was "to make people accept and sustain the policy of Presidential control of local government."

I also spoke with a number of leaders of what little functioning opposition, puppet or real, exists, in Hué, Danang, and Saigon. Two presumably harmless opposition parties have received government approval—the Freedom Party and the Social Democratic Alliance. The first is all but stillborn, and the second, headed by the labor leader Tran Quoc Buu, is beset by internal conflicts and government-created obstacles. Buu, formerly a supporter of Thieu, has become disillusioned, and says he may not go ahead with his attempt to legalize his party but just keep it afloat as a potential mass front to contend with the Communists when the real political struggle is joined. Buu's Alliance, based in Saigon, is composed of half a dozen splinter parties—mostly old-line nationalist ones—which spend much of their time fighting with each other or within their own ranks. In Danang and Hué, a similar grouping, calling itself Combined Action, is facing similar problems. The religious elements—the Buddhists, those Catholics who are not aligned with Thieu, and the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects—are more fragmented and ineffective than ever. "The Democracy Party itself will remain strong only as long as Thieu lasts," one of the Danang leaders told me. "When he's gone, it, too, will collapse." A Vietnamese friend of mine in Saigon says the Democracy Party is simply meant "to deceive Nixon and the Americans," adding, "It doesn't deceive the Vietnamese. Thieu is not as strong as he was when the Americans were still here." Another Vietnamese, whom I have known for ten years, told me, "The Party is an amalgam of various confused ideas inherited by Thieu from the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, with no clear-cut point of view. If it's an instrument, it's a blunt one." This man, like so many other friends of mine who have been active or semi-active politically for many years, has recently felt so frustrated and angered by Thieu's crude tactics

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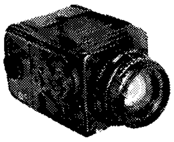

500 C

In 1962 NASA chose Hasselblad to be used by the Astronauts on manned spaceflights.

The first Hasselblad to go up was the 500C, aboard the Mercury Spacecraft Sigma 7. The camera has an 80mm Zeiss Planar f2.8 lens and 12-exposure magazine. All components are interchangeable.

The famous first walk in space by Astronaut Edward White, aboard Gemini 4, was recorded by Command Pilot James McDivitt, using a 500C.

NASA chose Hasselblad for the space program because of its legendary reliability, quality of results, ease of operation (Astronauts are not professional photographers) and scope as a photographic system. These same characteristics have made Hasselblad the choice of discriminating photographers on earth.

A Hasselblad camera is what you make of it. Snap on a super wide angle Zeiss Distagon 40mm lens, a 24-exposure magazine and an eye-level prism finder, and it becomes one thing. Switch to a Zeiss Tele-Tessar 500mm lens, a 70-exposure magazine, a pistol grip—and it becomes something else again.

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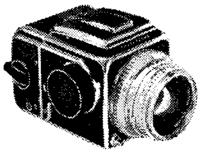
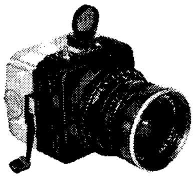


500 C/M



Super Wide C

For four years and eight manned spaceflights, the 500C was *the* Hasselblad space camera.

Then in 1966, a second Hasselblad was added. The wide angle Hasselblad SWC, with its 38mm Zeiss Biogon lens.

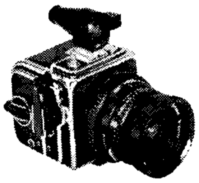
It made its first flight aboard Gemini 9, where Astronaut Eugene Cernan used it on his 2 hour space walk. During that walk the camera operated flawlessly in total vacuum.

An exciting glimpse of life inside the capsule was also made possible by the SWC, because of its sweeping 90-degree angle of view and great depth of field.

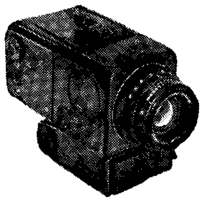
On earth the SWC is used by industrial, architectural, landscape and amateur photographers. The SWC allows them to work indoors and out, at extremely close quarters, with extraordinary sharpness from corner to corner and incredible depth of field (from 26 inches to infinity at f22).

News and sports photographers make interesting use of the unique features of the SWC by presetting it, snapping on 70-exposure film magazine, then using it to take grab shots when there isn't time to focus.

The versatility of the SWC is extended by the use of interchangeable film magazines and other components of the Hasselblad System.



Super Wide C

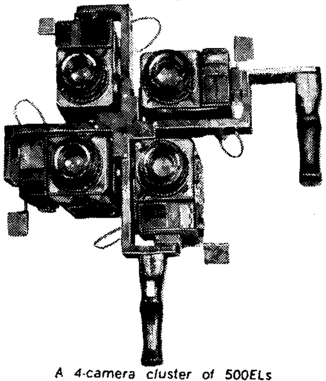


500 EL

Two and a half years later, in December 1968, a third Hasselblad joined the space program—the electrically-driven 500EL. The event was the flight of Apollo 8. Two 500ELs went along—one with an 80mm lens, the other with a Zeiss Sonnar 250mm lens—plus 7 interchangeable 70mm magazines.

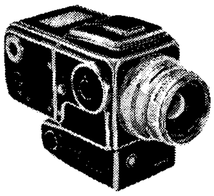
This was the first time that men journeyed from earth to orbit another world. The photographs from this voyage were essential in planning the forthcoming lunar landing.

The Hasselblad 500EL allowed more photographs to be taken with less effort, because no film winding was necessary. After each exposure the 500EL automatically readies itself for the next shot by advancing the film and cocking the shutter.

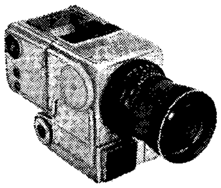


A 4-camera cluster of 500ELs used for scientific photography in space

This Hasselblad is the only electrically-driven 2¼" camera on earth. Because of its automatic features, it can be successfully operated from a distance, freeing the photographer from the camera and allowing him to work more with his subject. That's part of the reason why the Hasselblad 500EL/M has won the esteem of advertising and publicity photographers, as well as sports, wildlife, industrial and scientific photographers.



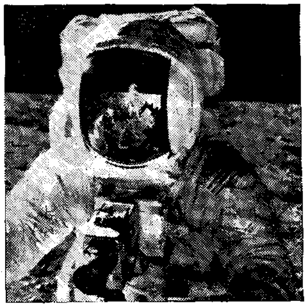
500 EL/M



500 EL Data Camera

But the first camera to be used on the moon wasn't the Hasselblad 500C, or the SWC, or even the 500EL. It was a fourth Hasselblad—the 500EL Data Camera, with Reseau plate and Zeiss Biogon 60mm f5.6 lens. A photogrammetric camera, whose tiny cross-shaped index marks appear on the negative, making it possible to measure distances and heights with great accuracy.

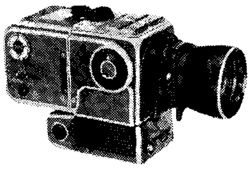
When Astronaut Neil Armstrong took man's first walk on the moon, on July 20, 1969, the Hasselblad 500EL Data Camera was there with him, attached to his chestpack.



The 500EL Data Camera proved so valuable that an earth version—the MK70—was developed and is the newest addition to the System.

The MK70 fills a need for a small, easy-to-handle photogrammetric camera capable of producing exceptional results. The MK70 is the ideal photographic tool for use in applied engineering and construction work, as well as for mapping, architectural, industrial and medical photography.

For a free copy of the 48-page Hasselblad catalog, describing all the different cameras and accessories of the Hasselblad System, write Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N. J. 07036. Other products: Bolex movie equipment, Hermes typewriters and figuring machines.



MK70

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that he has given up politics to go into business. Another says, "The more dictatorial measures Thieu adopts, and the more 'victories' the Democracy Party wins, the more isolated Thieu will become. In the long run, the only ones who will benefit from that are the Communists."

Before I left Hué, I revisited Thich Tu Dam, a Buddhist cultural leader with whom I spoke last year, in his small, delightful pagoda in a lush garden by a canal on the outskirts of the city. Of all the bonzes I have met in Vietnam, none has impressed me more than Tu Dam, whose broad view of the future of Vietnam remains philosophically optimistic. "Since the cease-fire, there has been less fighting, and people find it increasingly hard to accept the idea of war," he said. "A victory or defeat is so utterly futile. The older generation of North Vietnamese may want to go on fighting until its members achieve their lifelong goals, but they must sooner or later share power with younger men, who, now that the French and the Americans are gone, may not be so intent on prosecuting what the older leaders describe as 'the struggle for national salvation.' Moreover, times have changed internationally, and the Russians and the Chinese—the older brothers of the North Vietnamese—are changing their policies, too. Look at Mao Tse-tung—how different he is from five years ago. Are not the two Koreas and the two Germanys talking to each other? Sooner or later, all these changes will provoke an attitude of conciliation in Vietnam as well. Enthusiasm for war and a sense of hatred cannot continue forever in the South, any more than they can in the North. Here the old anti-Communist slogans are obsolete, just as the old anti-imperialist ones are. There is another factor as well—our attitude toward foreigners. After the destruction of Quang Tri, the South Vietnamese began to understand that the Americans did not love us for ourselves—that they were using South Vietnam to defend or further their own cause. By the same token, when the harbors of North Vietnam were mined and the country was bombed again, and the Russians and Chinese did not even break off talks with the United States, the North Vietnamese began to understand that perhaps their big brothers were more interested in pleasing the United States than in helping them. I do not know when a true spirit of conciliation will take hold, but it must come. The time must also come when new leaders appear among us who will be listened to, because they will

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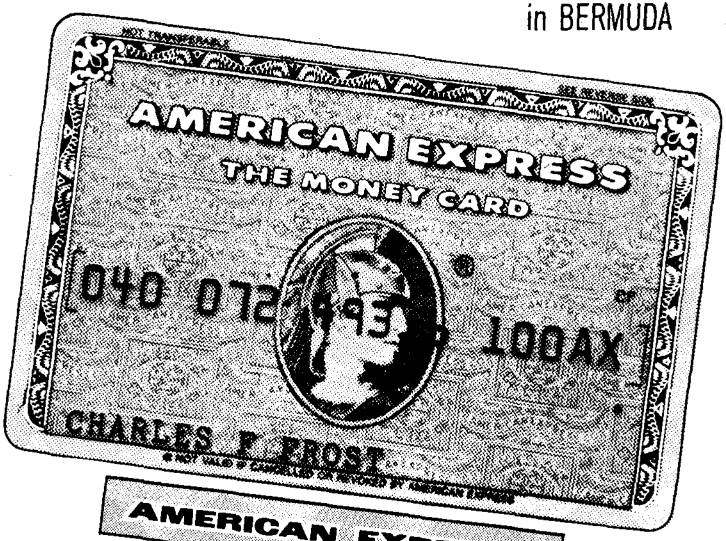

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be close to the people and really represent them. There will be a new competition—economic, cultural, and political—but it will be a healthy one, not one carried on with guns. The best thing that you Americans can do now is help reconstruct our country and repair the damage that has been done. You must no longer seek to divide us, and you must help the North Vietnamese as well. Only then can we achieve a progressive peace through conciliation."

I THOUGHT of what Thich Tu Dam had said when I visited Laos, my last stop on this Indo-China trip. In contrast to the other countries of Indo-China, Laos at this time is looking forward to a total political and military agreement among its conflicting elements. An Agreement on the Restoration of Peace and Reconciliation in Laos was signed in Vientiane on February 21st by representatives of the Vientiane government of Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma and the so-called Patriotic Forces of the Communists. Accepting the fact that there are "two zones and two separate administrations," the agreement calls for the creation of a new Provisional Government of National Union, composed of equal numbers of people from the two sides, and a Joint National Political Council, whose principal task will be to set up elections for a new National Assembly. Both Luang Prabang, the royal capital of King Savang Vatthana, and Vientiane, the administrative capital, are to be neutralized. A joint military commission, supported by the old International Control Commission—composed of representatives from Canada, India, and Poland, and set up under the Geneva Agreement of 1962 on Laos—is to supervise the administration of the military provisions of the new accords, and to enforce cessation of all military activity and the withdrawal of all foreign military forces within sixty days after the establishment of the provisional government.

There was little political progress in Vientiane for two months after the agreement was signed, because Phoumi Vongvichit, the chief Communist negotiator, had left Vientiane for Samneua, the Communist capital, in the northeastern part of the country, on February 23rd, when American bombers attacked Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese troops at Pak Song, in the south, because the Communists had allegedly violated the new agreement. On April 26th, when I was in Vientiane, Phoumi finally returned. Reports had been circulated that his

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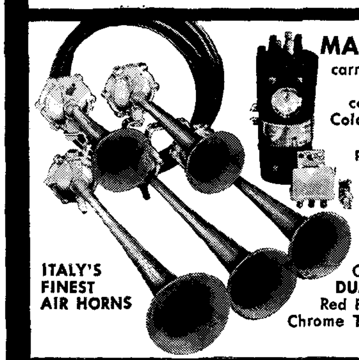

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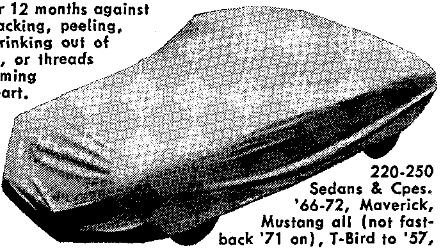

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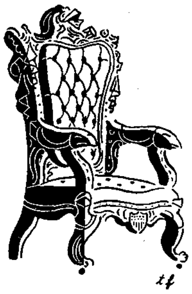
long absence was caused by factional differences within the Phak Pasason Patavat Lao—the People's Revolutionary Party of Laos—which had just surfaced publicly after having always been a covert organization. A more likely reason was the uncertain situation in Cambodia. Now, after Sihanouk's visit there, and with the reorganization of the Phnom Penh regime presaging talks with the Khmer insurgents, the Lao Communists apparently feel that they can move ahead to complete an agreement of their own with the Vientiane government. Foreign diplomats in Vientiane believe that, unless new snags appear, a provisional government can be formed in June or July—though it took fourteen months to form the last coalition regime, back in 1964. The dividing up of the Cabinet seats, while it may lead to disputes, is regarded as susceptible to compromise; Souvanna will remain as Prime Minister, and among the ministers and deputy ministers there will be roughly equal representation of Communists, neutralists, members of the present government, and right-wingers. Souvanna, a true neutralist, insists on carrying out both the letter and the spirit of what the agreement describes as "the independence, sovereignty, unity, and territorial integrity of Laos." He envisages a unitary state, with the two zones gradually eroding, to evolve into one. The Lao Communists want political and military matters to be settled simultaneously. They want the two zones firmly defined, and are seeking to create buffer areas between them and to establish a series of control points, to be monitored by the joint military commission and the I.C.C. In effect, they want a sort of demilitarized zone created between north and south, which, by connecting the various control points, will formalize the grant to the Communists of more territory—about eighty per cent of the country—than they were given under the 1962 agreement. They want this partly because they fear that once all the North Vietnamese troops still in Laos—there are about seventy thousand of them—withdraw, at least as far as the Ho Chi Minh Trail area (Souvanna, though he might protest that this is not far enough, will have no choice but to accept it), the numerically far inferior Pathet Lao forces, some twenty-five thousand in all, would have trouble defending themselves against the forty-five thousand government regulars and twenty-five thousand irregulars.



The members of the I.C.C.—especially the Canadians—see little hope for their future usefulness after their long, dismal experience here so far. At best, they see themselves as supervising the withdrawal from Laos of seventeen thousand Thai irregulars, sent here under American auspices, and the withdrawal eastward of those North Vietnamese—about twenty thousand—who have been fighting in behalf of the Pathet Lao. The American effort in Laos, directed chiefly by the Central Intelligence Agency and employing principally irregular Lao forces, will come to an end within sixty days after the new government is set up, and the total number of Americans still engaged in various pursuits in the country will be reduced from thirteen hundred to about six hundred, mostly economic- and social-aid and foreign-service personnel, except for perhaps thirty military attachés.

Souvanna has the King's full support in his approach to a settlement, but still faces trouble from right-wing politicians, who, for all their opposition to making a deal with the Communists, are, ironically, closer to them than to Souvanna on the matter of wanting a firm line drawn between the two zones. The rightists will seek to dominate the chief Ministries, such as Defense and Interior, and will put up a hard fight to retain control of the National Assembly. The fact remains, however, that the Laos agreement favors the Communists much more than that for Vietnam. They will have obtained a full coalition government in the heavily populated areas and will exercise complete control in their own large area, in parts of which they have been resettling peasants loyal to them for the past two or three years.

The maintenance of peace in Laos will necessarily depend, as it did after the 1962 agreements, on the major powers. Some diplomats recommend that a new multi-nation conference be held on both Laos and Cambodia, but whether or not this comes about, what the United States, Russia, and China choose to do will determine the success or failure of the new agreement. The Americans will, of course, continue to support Souvanna Phouma in his effort to create as much of a unified neutral nation as possible and to get the North Vietnamese to withdraw most, if not all, of their forces. The Russians are fully behind the Laotian Communists, who, for their part, look to the Soviet Union as their ideological big brother. When

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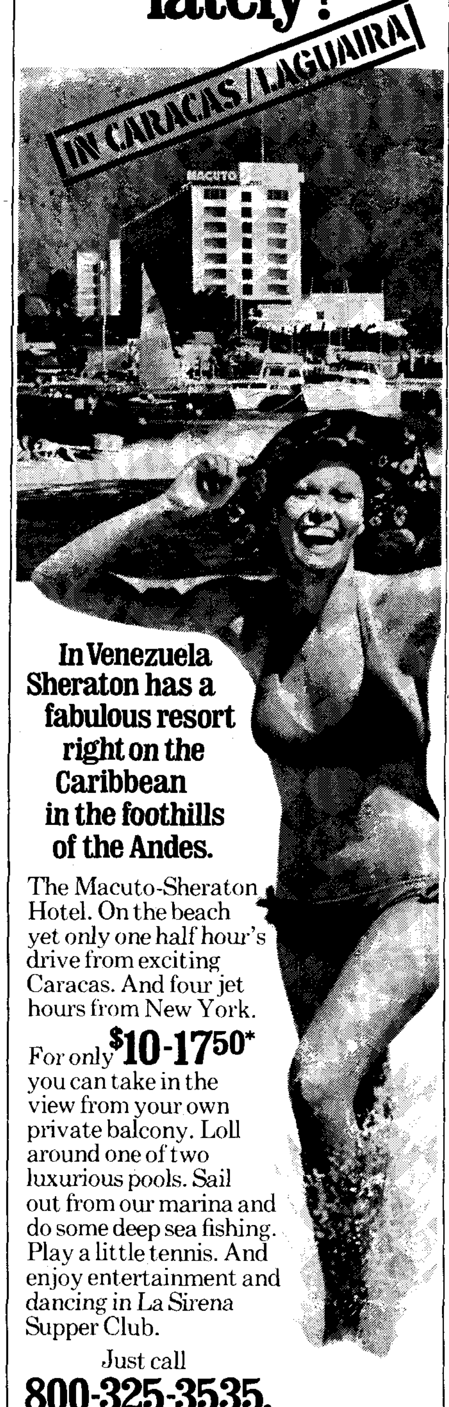

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the Lao Communist Party surfaced, for example, messages were sent to Leonid Brezhnev and to the Central Committee of the Laodong Party in North Vietnam but not to the Chinese—who have now formally recognized Souvanna as Prime Minister for the first time and who are playing their own game, as usual. They are still building or extending three new roads in northeastern Laos—two toward points close to the Thai border and one toward a point close to the Burma border. Their principal purpose seems to be not so much to pose a threat to Thailand and Burma as to assure the security of their own borders and to make certain that no one—most notably the Russians or the Americans—tries to influence the hill tribesmen in the northeastern area of Laos.

Peace in Indo-China will have to be indivisible if it is to be sustained. Whether the central area dominated by the North Vietnamese which I have envisioned becomes a reality and whether Hanoi strenuously pursues the unification of the two parts of Vietnam are questions that are secondary to the basic problem of halting, or at least limiting, hostilities. In my opinion, the immediate outlook is not encouraging, especially in Vietnam; Cambodia and Laos can more readily live with coalition governments—provided they are permitted to handle their own affairs, without North Vietnamese interference. The degree of North Vietnamese involvement in those two countries, and in South Vietnam as well, will depend on how much military support the Russians and the Chinese continue to give Hanoi. Both Communist powers, and particularly the Russians, seriously need long-term American technological aid and short-term American material aid. If they can be persuaded by Kissinger and Nixon, or by whoever continues what promises to be a prolonged dialogue, extending over the years, that their own paramount interests supersede the further military support of the revolution in Indo-China, then there may be a chance of limiting or stopping the fratricidal wars that have racked this peninsula for so long.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

12:20 p.m. Officer Patrick Sullivan said he had been informed that two men were sitting in a tree at the Farms railroad parking lot. Detectives George Webb and Roland Campbell investigated, said two people indeed were sitting in a tree, and suggested there was nothing really wrong with that at all.—*Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman.*

After all, it's spring.

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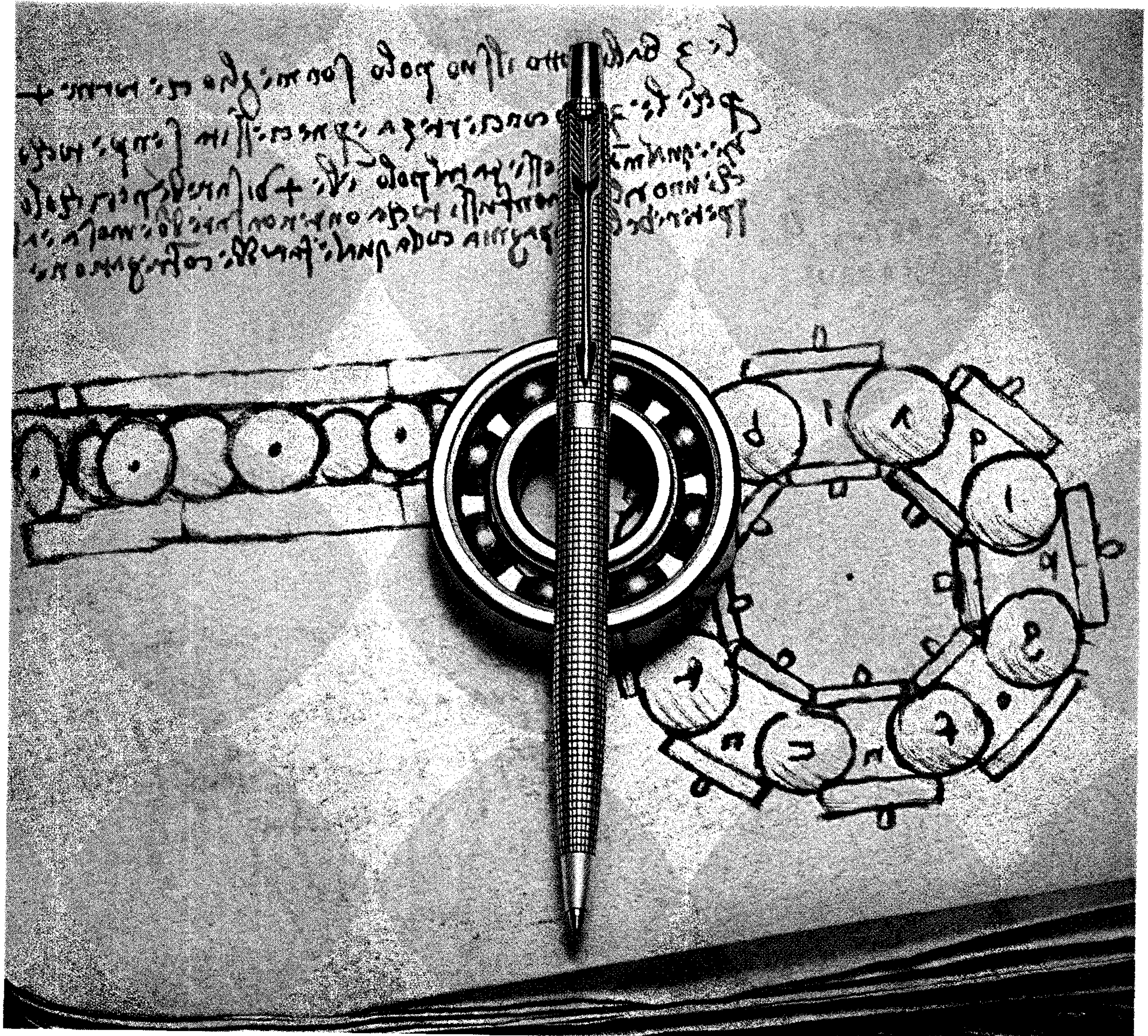
PARKER 75

Codex Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



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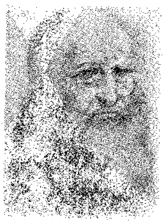

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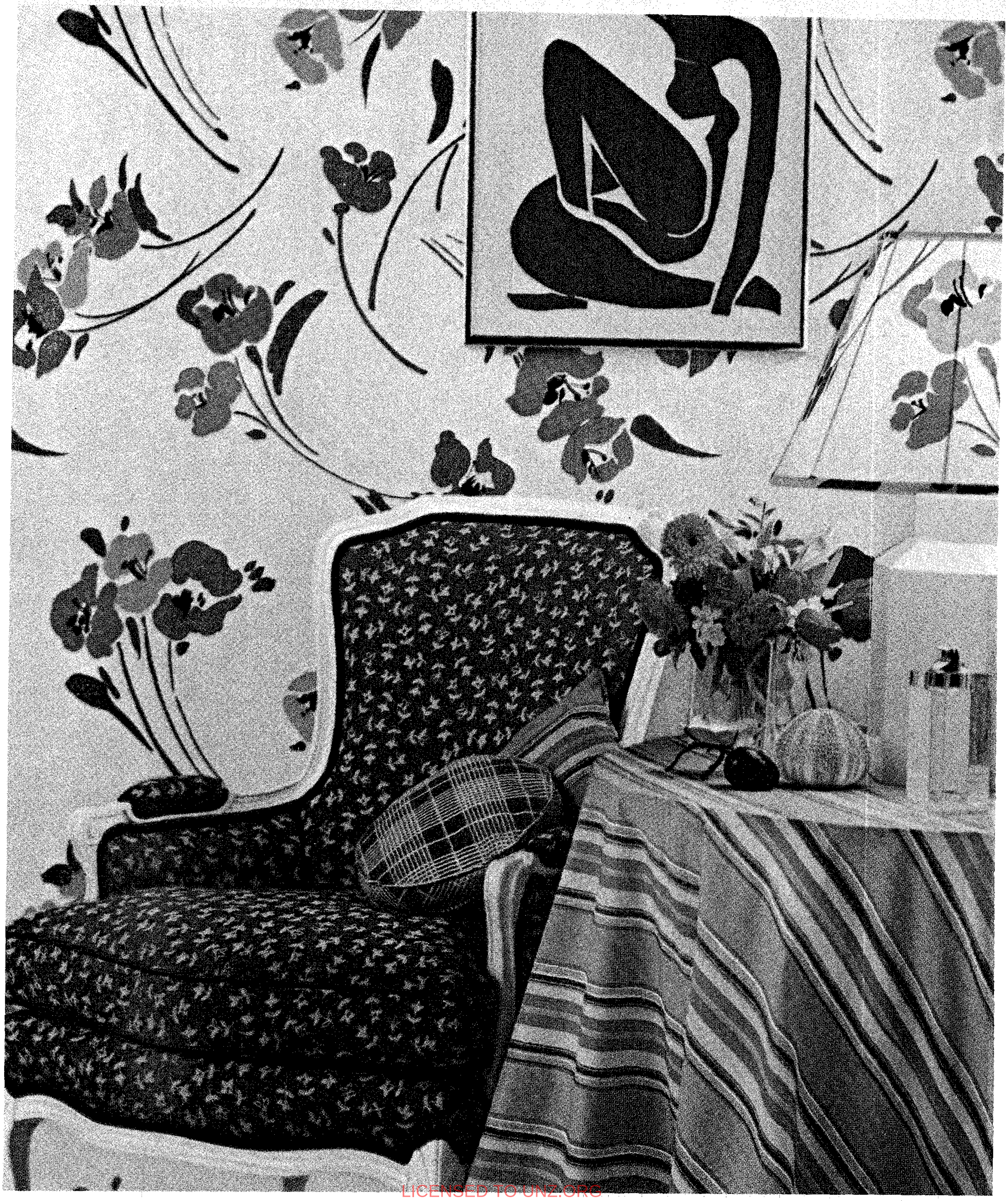

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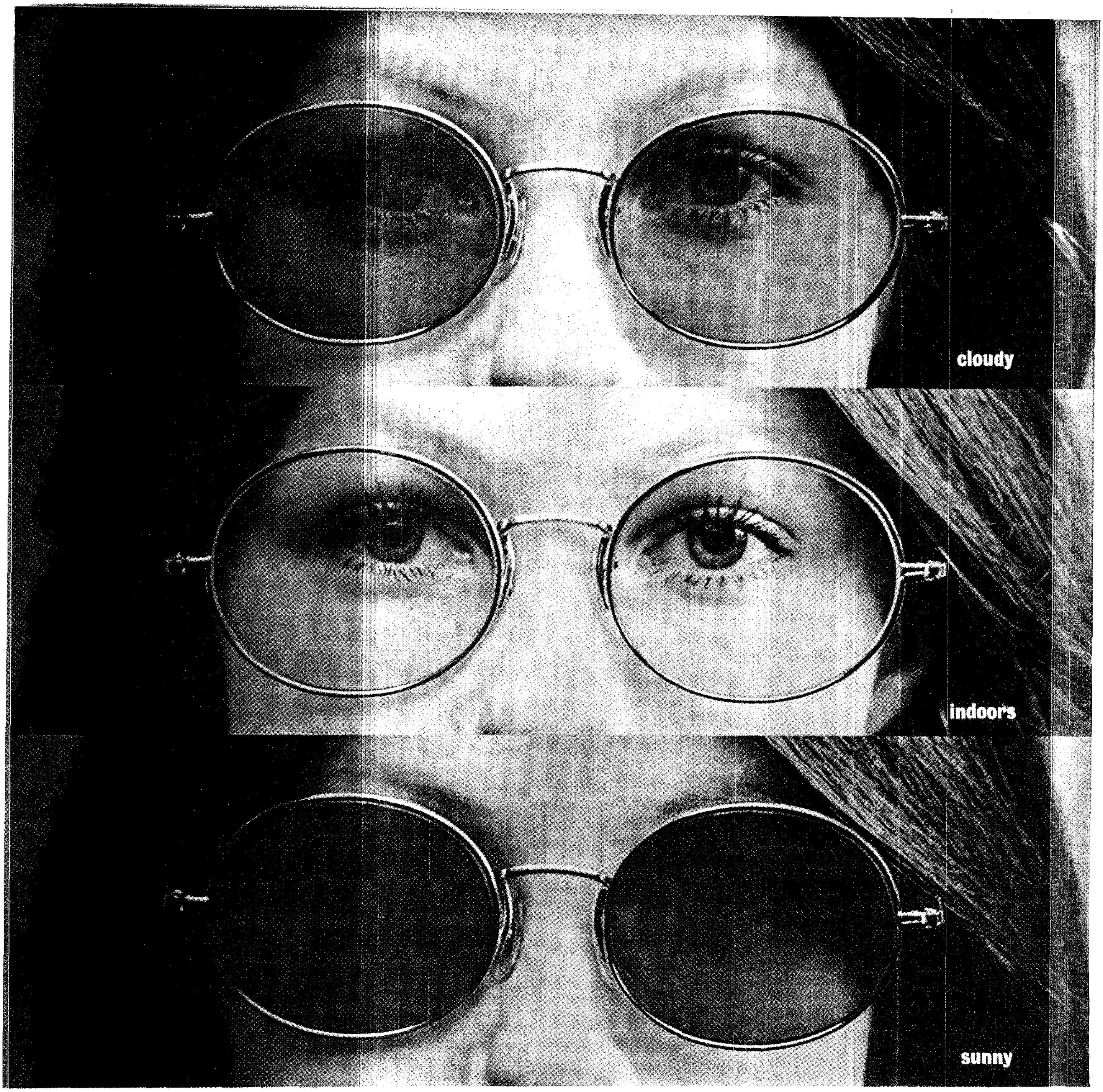

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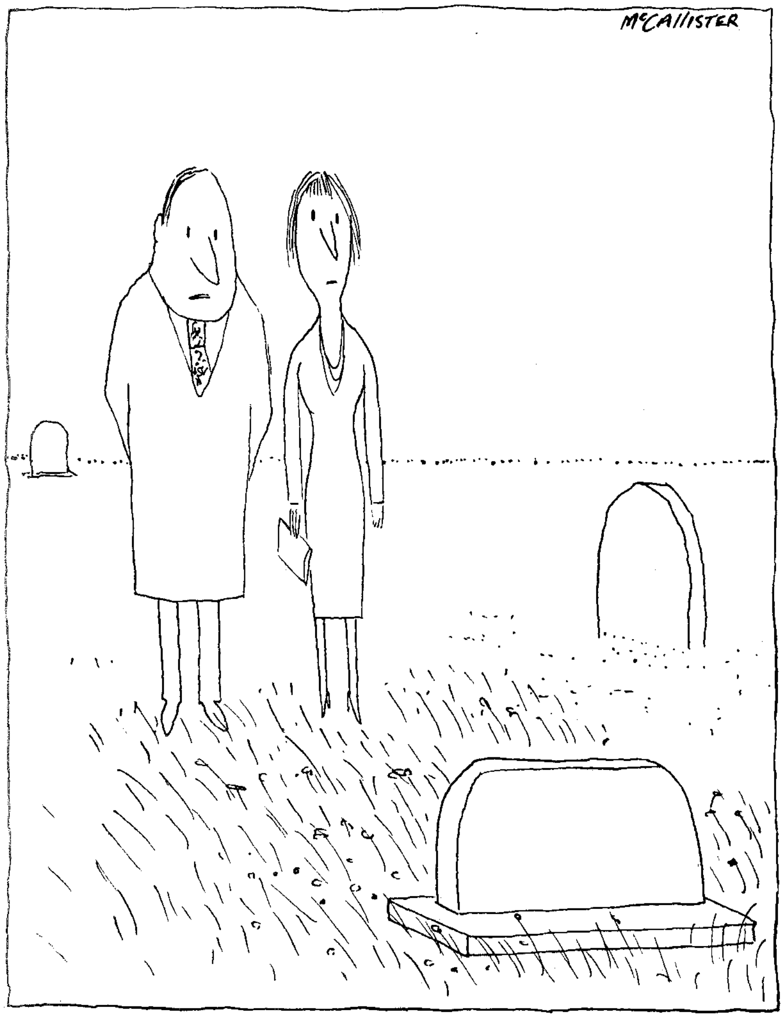
Noah and Nora

IT seems sometimes that nothing much has changed between couples, including human beings as well as giraffes, since the Ark floated around carrying its symmetrical toy universe. Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was written ninety-four years ago, and Shaw described it as if everything were altered by Nora's slam of the door on her husband and children. People for years have been writing of that slam as though it marked the end of cavalry and the beginning of tanks. The common sense of Patrick Garland's idiomatic film of the play, made from a script by Christopher Hampton, is that it asserts that nothing much has actually moved. Clever women like Nora are still suspect, and they still often resort to wheedling and childishness. It is still husbands and lovers who talk unabashedly about "my money," and wives and mistresses who talk about "my children." Women still stay quiet about what they have managed to save or earn, and society still concusses itself in a faint at the idea of the unfemininity of a girl's being the childless boss of the F.B.I., or Archbishop of Canterbury, or United States President. The Queen of England resorts to hordes of kids and corgis, hiding the hard work she does on a monarch's business and shyly leaving technology and fatuous jokes to the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Nora in this "A Doll's House" is Claire Bloom, playing the ravishingly interesting wife of a smugly ordinary Torvald (Anthony Hopkins). Nora feels it expected of her to be secretive about eating the confectionery he disapproves of. She has recourse to much public fuss about "my babies," about dressing the Christmas tree, about showing Torvald how cheap the children's presents are that she has bought with "his" money, though we see her working her guts out for nothing, and not being allowed the key to the mailbox, and hysterically dancing a wild tarantella with a tambourine to rouse her dozy Torvald, who plays the piano for her with the look of a hypochondriacal bank teller pretending not to hear a customer because of his ulcer while he slowly counts a pile of notes for the third time. In private, other men dote fiercely on Nora, in scenes full of the sensuality we take to be modern.

Plunged into tangled dilemmas about money and responsibility, Nora has often assumed the initiatives supposed to be exclusive to men. She has even forged a signature to take her ill husband on a trip to the sun, and is now slowly paying off the debt to Krogstad (Denholm Elliott), the blackmailer in the know about what she has done. Krogstad is dressed in pince-nez and mittens. He looks chilled to the bone with flabby evildoing. In his sadism toward Nora, there is a hint of loving her and of trying to undercut her presiding apparent stability with Torvald. His mouth slides uncontrollably to one side. He cajoles and threatens for puny rewards; he becomes her saturnine follower, avid for her strength as much as for the money he gets out of her. Her I.O.U. is a secret grip that he is damned if he is going to relinquish, because it represents his erotic hold on her. Dr. Rank (Ralph Richardson), scrofulous and lovable, congenitally odd, but made no one to be stared at owing to the absorption of Sir Ralph in the wounds and raptures of the character, is deeply in love with her. He is the most Chekhovian figure in the film: a constant visitor, welcome or not. When Nora's back happens to be turned on him, his head nods gently, like a tortoise's. It is a beautiful performance, peculiar and piercing. So is Denholm Elliott's—a marvellous study in the savagery of a weakling—and so is Claire Bloom's own, which grasps the modern point of the play without pushing it home. She is a fine, unswinging Nora, who lets the demonism of the plot rest in the text: a girlish woman full of softness and resolve who never cheats by anachronism. This is no Ms. (which in academe stands for "manuscript" and in English debs' argot phonetically means "miserable"). Patrick Garland's film serves Ibsen without making a to-do about women's lib. Its great points are the casting (including an exquisite Edith Evans as Nora's old nurse, handed down to her children), the brownish sets, and the director's and the adaptor's trust that Ibsen's natural sense of society doesn't need a nudge. The text in itself is enough to make the point of the stripping of male egocentricity in the plot. Nearly a century later, the play seems admirable for its stratagem of starting with commonplaces and only slowly calling them into question. Other and conventional playwrights, bound to rooting their work in exegesis rather than in character, would probably have ended in a quick reconciliation,



"Uncle Virgil, we're considering having you Astro-Turfed."

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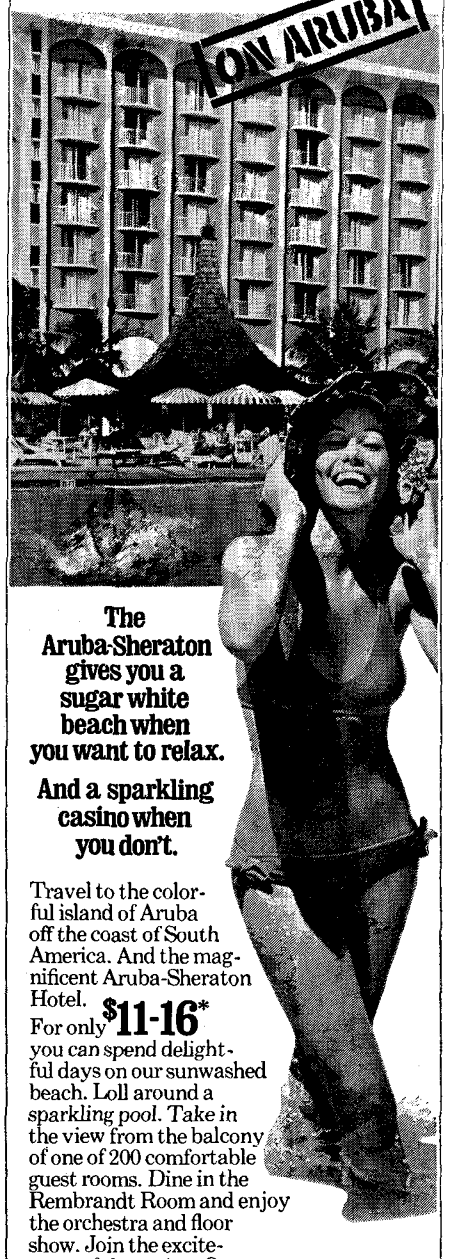

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with the dulled Torvald abruptly fighting for the domesticity that he might still have regained. But Ibsen's Nora sticks to what she has decided—probably lonely, swimming against the tide—and leaves her children with her tepid husband. It is a drastic ending, which makes the play idiosyncratic about its people, and always eloquent.

FRED ZINNEMANN's film of "The Day of the Jackal" is about a blond, bland hireling of the Organisation de l'Armée Secrète said to be of mysterious national origin, who has been paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to assassinate de Gaulle and promised a further two hundred and fifty thousand dollars when the job is done. The good-looking putative assassin is played by Edward Fox, who is as English as steak-and-kidney pudding. His quick-witted covers include a mixed stock of hair dye (applied in a way that makes you afraid it will drip off in a storm) and a nonchalant stroll away from the danger of discovery in his own hotel room into the nearby room of a red-haired Delphine Seyrig, who has hung "Ne Pas Déranger" on her doorknob but seems, all the same, terrifically pleased to see the strange fellow-guest in her bed. As well as expertise in hair coloring and assumed lechery in crisis, he has the dispassion to slug blackmailers and kindly landladies deadpan, and knows all about the technique of designing a brilliantly clever telescopic rifle; he then bargains for a good price for the making of it by an impressed underworld gunsmith, and imperturbably puts the complicated thing together. The Jackal has a mass of definably English and upper-class knowledge of car universals, of how to make conversation in dispiriting hotel lounges after dinner, of how to change the color and the license plates of a car without staining his hands, and of how to take a taxi languidly to a Turkish bath while police sirens are whistling for him all round Paris. Yet the film charmingly ends with "Certainly the chappie masqueraded as an Englishman, but he also masqueraded as a Dane, and a Frenchman. So there's no way of proving his identity at all."

The Jackal is the pseudonym of a dandily dressed mercenary who has already, the film suggests, quietly disposed of Trujillo and Lumumba and is now well on his way to killing the French hero, he himself being of an even more conservative and "My country, 'tis of me" nature than de Gaulle. (The tall man who plays de Gaulle is so like him that he must have come back from filmmaking every day quite indignant about the lack of salutes at home. If one had been married to this stand-in, the likeness would surely have made one scared stiff of his going to the supermarket unsurrounded by bodyguards of at least six foot seven.)

The Ministry of the Interior is in muted uproar, having detected the possibility of catastrophe. A plainclothes deputy police commissioner (Michel Lonsdale, speaking with a subtly broken accent to a roomful of men muddlingly talking in upper-class English) is assigned the job of finding the Jackal. Sex rears its head even here, not in any way you could call ugly: some high-up in the room, it is clear, has given private information about the Jackal to a luscious O.A.S. Mata Hari he is in love with. The official's admission is carried out with chivalry and terseness. He leaves the room at once, braced for a patriot's shame but still somehow crowned with manly honor and glory.

Fred Zinnemann has made a fascinating, admittedly foolish potboiler with admirable composure and lack of flashiness. None of the whip-cuts of "Z" here. The screenplay, by Kenneth Ross, is faithful to Frederick Forsyth's best-selling book in a way that interestingly points to one of the differences between literary rubbish and movie rubbish. Literary rubbish leans on the accretion of detail. Movie rubbish leans on surprise and shock, and on commanding a simpler admiration for the villain-hero, as in theatrical melodrama. The relatively quiet style of this film is typical of Zinnemann, however unexpected about its subject. He makes the stiff business go by mostly without your questioning it. The brilliant deputy commissioner, for instance, at a Cabinet meeting when thousands of police and frontier patrolmen all over the world have been alerted, suddenly claps his hand to his forehead to show the dawning thought that they have only two days to go before the Jackal is bound to strike. The table murmurs "rhubarb, rhubarb," or something, in its upper-class way. The President can't be gainsaid: in two days it will be the anniversary of the liberation of Paris, and de Gaulle will insist on the usual appearance in public. Stately faces around the table register shock. "The President will be rekindling the eternal flame at ten," says an imperial-looking minister. (Why does anyone need to rekindle a flame if it's eternal? But you feel no doubt that this is the way officialdom orates.)

Of course, the Jackal has reckoned on the President's stubborn courage, and he has commandeered a nearby upstairs window. (The likeness here to the John Kennedy assassination is rather sickening. Why not some tactic from the street?) His disguise is beautifully surprising. One thinks for a moment that the rifle shot is going to come at the special commemoration service at Notre Dame, and—being on the politically abhorrent side of the hero, owing to the nature of rubbish—you find yourself hoping that he is going to do the dreadful deed dressed up as an altar boy. "Certainly the chappie *masqueraded* as an Englishman . . ." What? The sharpshooter, who is a crack marksman, fails when the President, presenting a medal, leans down to kiss a veteran. Missed by a kiss. Only an Englishman, of all the named European suspects, would have unconsciously buried the knowledge that Frenchmen kiss honored men on both cheeks. This splendidly acted and directed piece of thrillerdom is, strangely, not reduced at all by knowledge of the truth about de Gaulle's death. It must be partly that knowledge, in fact, which makes the picture fanciful enough to be as entertainingly accomplished as it is. And it is the sustained gentleness of Fred Zinnemann's professional temperament that makes the picture a clockwork amusement to watch.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Another wholesale deletion was an article on an internal Food and Drug Administration memo released by Senators Abraham A. Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut, and Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington. The memo identified animal and human drugs that have been linked to cancer.

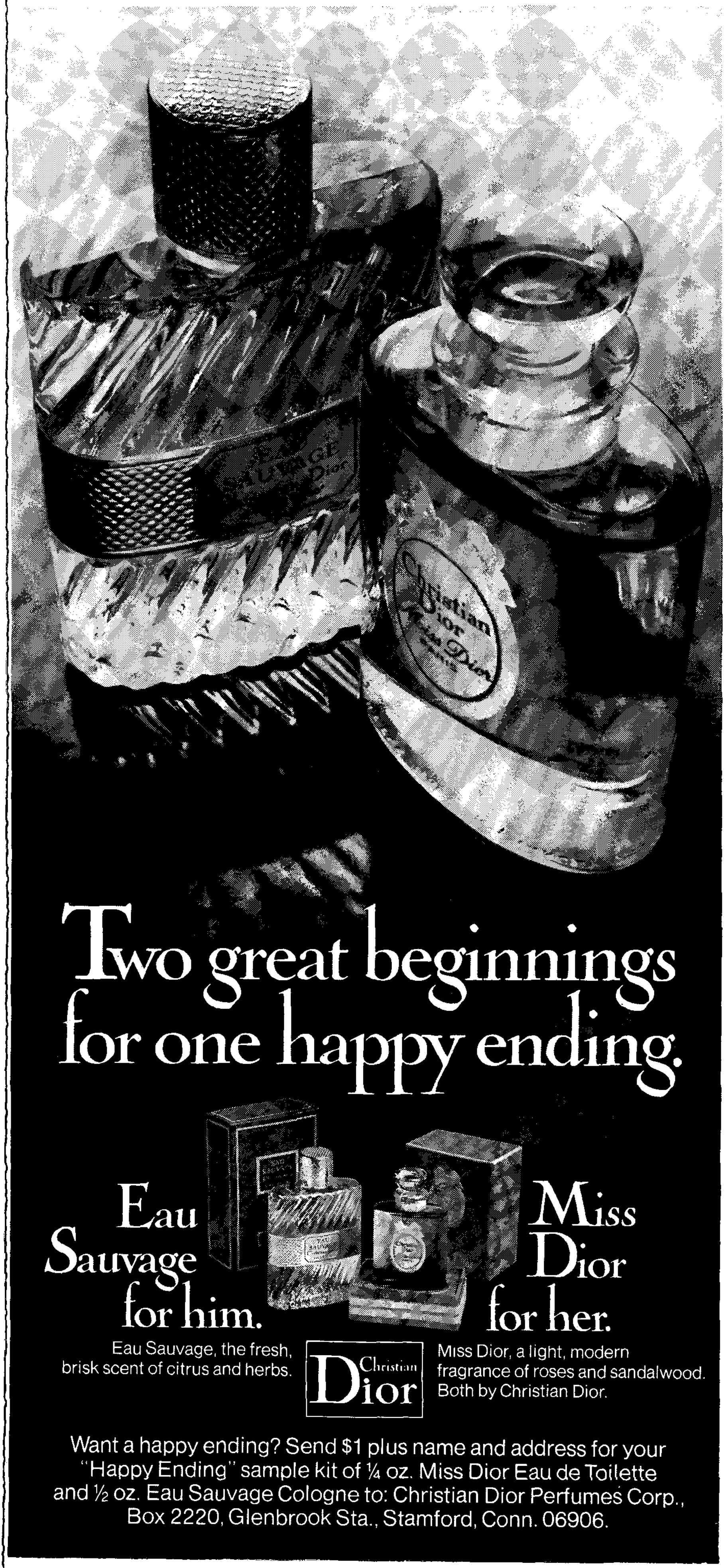
"I thought that the publication in large part infringed on poor taste and was vituperative toward the Administration," said Barry Locke, the agency official who ordered the cuts.—*The Times.*

Locke should *join* the publication—he's a natural phrasemaker.

•

Anybody who has studied Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" will immediately recognize the similarity between the plight of the Roman Empire in its heyday and the plight of major package goods companies today.—*Marketing/Communications.*

Our horizon is wide enough, thanks.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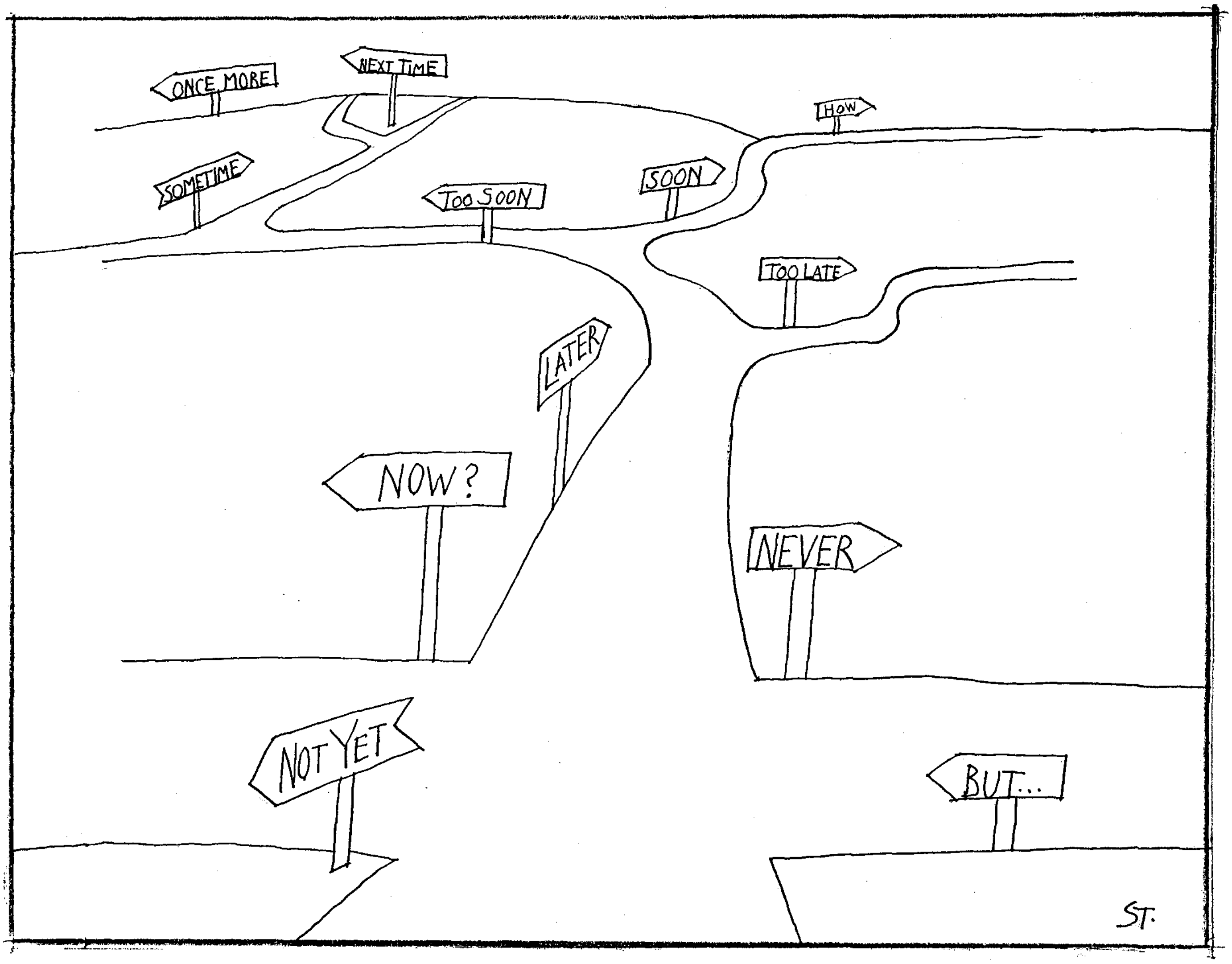
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

SALT

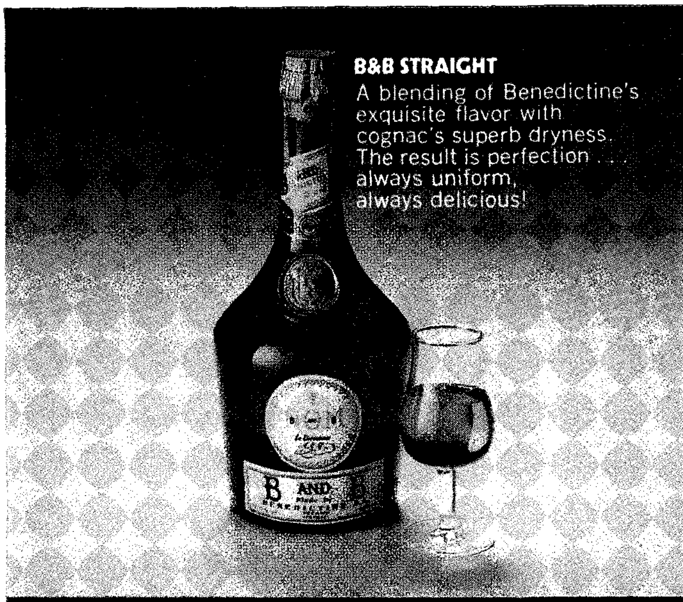
V—AT THE SUMMIT



THE fourth round of the strategic-arms-limitation talks (SALT) ended on May 28, 1971, and the American delegation went right to work preparing for the fifth round, which was due to begin in Helsinki on July 8th. The May 20th breakthrough achieved through "back channel" negotiations between Washington and Moscow established Washington's cherished simultaneity principle—that limits should be set on offensive and defensive weapons at the same time. It also dictated a whole new negotiating position. If words meant anything, both governments were bent on having a SALT agreement. A political dynamic had developed that would presumably push the talks along. That was new. The back channel would be kept open by the supreme political authorities, if only to prevent another deadlock. That also was new.

The gloom had lifted, but there remained considerable skepticism. The huzzahs for May 20th were muted by warnings thrown up by various knowledgeable Americans, including bureaucrats and Soviet specialists. Many of them felt that although it was useful and appropriate for Henry Kissinger to be negotiating privately with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin, Nixon should have remained offstage. In publicly committing his office and its prestige to a SALT agreement, as he had in announcing the May 20th understanding, he risked tempting Moscow to exact the greatest possible concessions. Nixon, after all, would be running for reëlection in 1972. Anxious bureaucrats feared that the Russians would raise the price of a SALT agreement once they had decided that Nixon needed it. Not long after the May 20th statement, a closely involved American said, "May 20th was unfortunate on two counts. It was too narrow in scope, and it got Nixon's neck out. It will be an uphill fight to amend or stretch May 20th. The Russians now assume that Nixon needs an agreement." (A year later, the same figure, no less closely involved, took a different line, arguing that Nixon had been right to involve himself publicly in the May 20th understanding. "The Congress and public opinion had to be prepared for a SALT agreement that would make a distinction between offense and defense," he said. "We knew that an ABM [anti-ballistic-missile] agreement would be in treaty form and permanent, while the agreement on offense would be less formal and of limited duration. May 20th was the first step in preparing people for that.")

Some of the wisest heads in Washington worried that Nixon had maneuvered himself into the role of supplicant—the worst of negotiating positions. They were unaware of two



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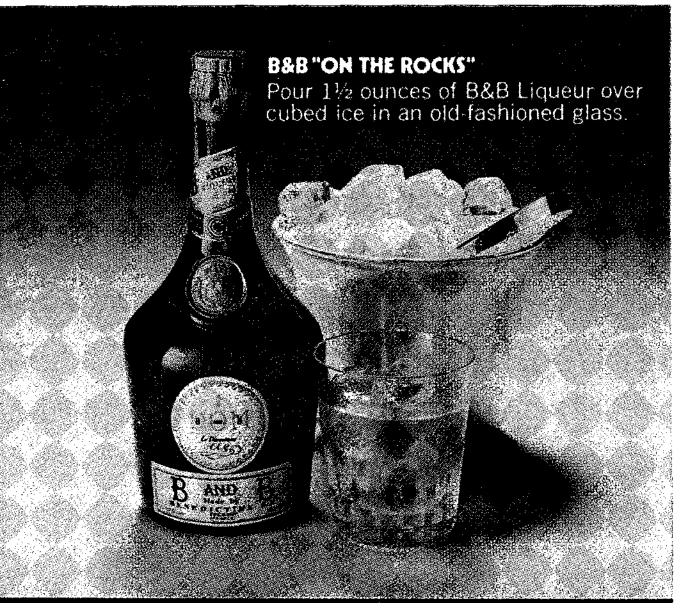

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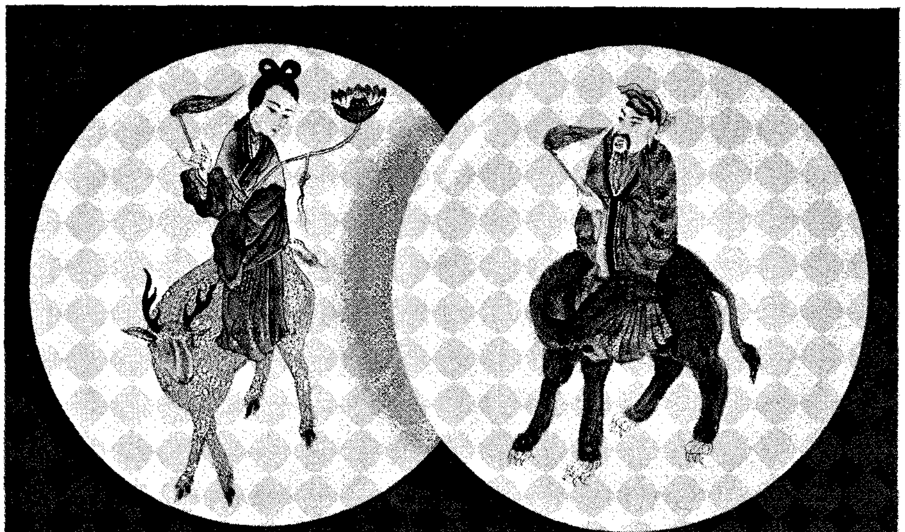

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critical elements in SALT. First, Americans know now, but didn't then—not, at least, with any assurance—that Communist Party chief Leonid I. Brezhnev had committed himself within his party to a policy of expanded negotiation and détente. Hence, in relation to *his* constituency, Brezhnev's prestige was perhaps no less involved than Nixon's. Second, Nixon and Kissinger had long since opened a back channel to Peking, and it, too, had become abnormally active. Soviet leaders must have been aroused by movement toward the liaison they most feared. Triangular politics had started.

As might be imagined, the immaculate secrecy of the May 20th affair irritated many people already chafed by Kissinger's tight grip on SALT. If SALT III and IV were the gloomy rounds, SALT V was to be the rancorous round—at least in Washington, where the task of erecting a new United States position around the so-called "parameters of May 20th" taxed, if it did not exhaust, the patience of nearly everyone. Some relationships were already damaged, and the summer of 1971 was to open fresh wounds, which only time and perhaps distance will fully close. Preparing for SALT V meant filling in the numerous blanks in the May 20th understanding. Some of the significance of the understanding lay in what it failed to say about some things and in what it failed to say clearly about others. It was hardly a legal document. A number of ambiguities remained. Nobody knew just which offensive weapons might be included in the simple freeze that had been agreed to. ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles) would be, but SLBMs (submarine-launched ballistic missiles) and strategic bombers were neither included nor excluded from the terms of the identical backup letters exchanged by Nixon and the Soviet leadership or from the Kissinger-Dobrynin negotiating history. Nor was there any reference to Washington's first priority—a sublimit on very large land-based missiles, like the Soviet Union's SS-9, which if equipped with MIRVs (multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles) would pose a threat to Minuteman, America's ICBM. Since the sublimit was basic to the United States position, the White House assumed that Moscow would regard it as an implicit part of the ICBM freeze. For those who worried most about the security of Minuteman missiles, the uncertainty on this point was disturbing. Another ambiguity turned on the Russian version ("*pri*") of the term "simultaneity;" it

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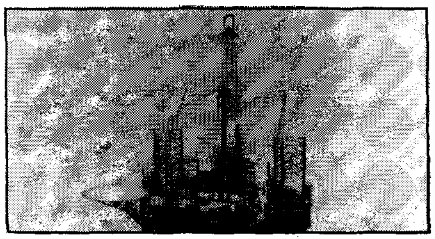
Six-month profits were up 20% over the previous year. During this period the company participated in the drilling of more than 140 wells, and more than 50% of these were productive. The company also is active in the Panarctic group and on tracts owned in the Athabasca tar sands.

Pace at Ashland Resources accelerates.

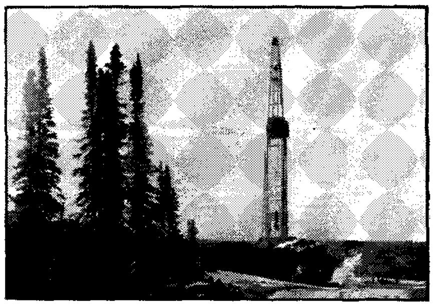
Six-month profits of Ashland Resources, whose operations include road paving and related construction, construction materials production and sales, and coal mining, were up 20% over the previous year. Components of this group include Warren Brothers Company, New Haven Trap Rock Company, and Arch Mineral Corporation – the latter a 44.8%-owned affiliate. Warren Brothers' current contract backlog is $214 million – a 30% increase over last year.

Ashland Chemical

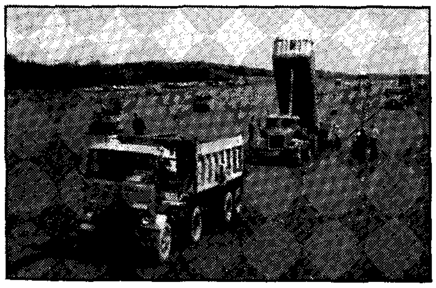
Ashland Petroleum



Ashland Exploration



Ashland Canada



Ashland Resources

A deeper look at Ashland Chemical.

Six-month profits for this division increased by 43%, and this follows strong sales and earnings growth achieved in 1972.

Ashland Chemical, based in Columbus, Ohio, was formed in 1967 to consolidate Ashland's investments and acquisitions in the chemical industry. It has 23 manufacturing plants and 53 major distribution and sales centers in the United States, and its overseas operations are conducted through four subsidiaries and 11 affiliates.

The division's units work together effectively even though wide diversity is represented in particular operations. Ashland Chemical is simultaneously a leader in the carbon black industry; manufacturer of resins for coatings, inks and many specialties; a key supplier of chemical products for the foundry industry; maker of a broad line of organic intermediates and many types of fatty chemicals; a petrochemicals supplier; and a nationwide distributor and reseller of thousands of chemical products made by others.

The company is an innovator as well. For example, this spring it announced that company researchers have unlocked the secrets of aminimide chemistry, developing a family of compounds that could have major impact on several industries. The compounds, which have potential for altering and improving products in those industries, may also bring about manufacturing changes. Commercial evaluation shows realistic promise for aminimides in the areas of tire cord dips, detergents, wool and textile treatments, cosmetics and coatings.

And expansion continues. Ashland Chemical will use facilities of its plant at Hammond, Indiana to increase fatty acids production. Products to be made at the new facility will be marketed to makers of detergents, fabric softeners, pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, shampoos and other related materials.

Viewing the chemical industry as a whole, the company expects that shortages of domestic refining capacity will increasingly be reflected in shortages of basic petrochemicals. However, considering the integration of Ashland Chemical and Ashland Petroleum, the impact of such a shortage on our marketing efforts should be minimal.

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had less force than the English word. Finally, it was one thing to accept the principle of "equality" in ABMs, quite another to achieve it; the Russian side was defending its capital city, while the American was planning to protect ICBMs at four different sites.

Those members of Kissinger's staff who worked on SALT felt that a limit on SLBMs should be worked out. Kissinger hadn't pressed for including SLBMs in the May 20th understanding. With the Russians trailing the U.S. in both the number (operational) and the quality of Polaris-type submarines, which were known in Washington as Y class, he feared that making an issue of SLBMs might produce another stalemate. Worse still, springing the SLBM issue on them might provoke Moscow into reviving the argument over America's Forward Based Systems, which consist mainly of aircraft based in Europe to counter Soviet medium- and intermediate-range ballistic missiles targeted on Western Europe. This issue was now happily on the shelf. Also, at this point Kissinger may very well have been prepared for a race in SLBMs, since a SALT agreement would certainly freeze the Soviet advantage in ICBMs. His staff felt strongly that the risk of proposing a limit on SLBMs was worth taking. It behooved the Administration, they felt, to maneuver the Russians into accepting as much as possible in this first phase of SALT, because the prospects for the second phase seemed (and still seem) less promising. A SALT agreement that permitted the Soviets to have six hundred more ICBMs than the Americans while allowing them to build their submarine force up to a level of eighty or ninety boats over the following five years might set off serious opposition in the Congress. Much better, argued the staff, to obtain a limit on both ICBMs and SLBMs.

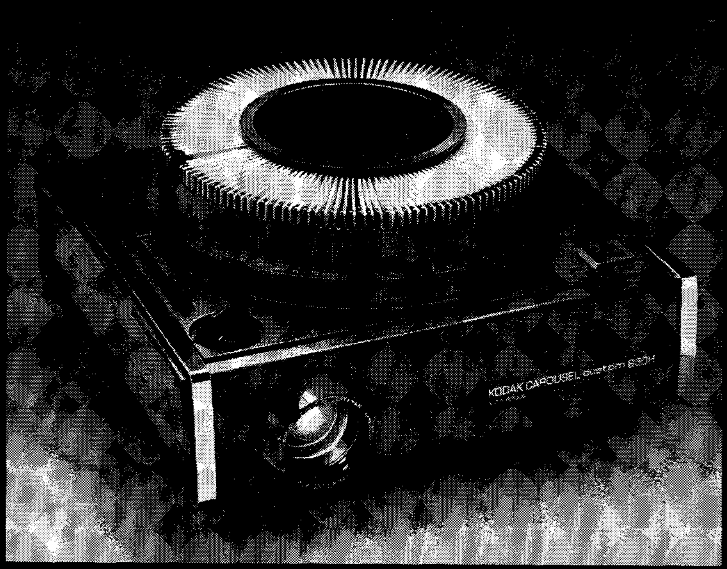
The SLBM issue was thrashed out in high-level meetings on June 18th and June 30th. The Soviets then had twenty-two Y-class boats operational and at least fifteen under construction, compared with forty-one United States Polaris boats operational. But the Russians were building nuclear submarines at the rate of eight per year and, if they chose, could have had a fleet virtually twice the size of the United States fleet in five years. Washington had no plans to increase America's SLBM force; in any case, the United States building capacity was fully absorbed in modifying Polaris boats to take the MIRVed Poseidon missile system. Since each Poseidon could carry from ten to fourteen warheads, America was in fact increasing the destructive potential of the submarines many times over without adding to their number. The State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency threw their weight behind the Kissinger staff. SLBMs, they felt, should be included. Gerard C. Smith, who headed both the agency and the U.S. SALT delegation, went beyond the staff, which was proposing to freeze the Soviet program at the magic number of forty-one. He argued in favor of stopping the Russians in their tracks and not allowing them to complete the boats they had under construction. Since they were ahead in ICBMs, Smith wanted to halt a dynamic Soviet program in an area where the United States still held a commanding lead. The White House—that is to say, Nixon and Kissinger—bought the staff argument. The United States would propose halting SLBMs on July 31st and allowing the Soviets to complete the boats under construction as of that date.

Kissinger's astonishing visit to China in July strengthened the bias of his staff in favor of pressing the Russians on SLBMs. With the channel to Peking now wide open, the United States, they felt, was in a remarkably good position to bargain with Moscow. At this point, the Joint Chiefs of Staff did not have strong feelings on the issue. That, too, would change. By autumn, the Chiefs were insisting so strongly on including SLBMs that any retreat from this position would have run the risk of losing their support for a SALT agreement. In any case, the critical decision was taken following the meeting on June 30th. A new SALT position was outlined in National Security Decision Memorandum 117, signed by the President on July 2nd. The White House, after swallowing hard, had decided to push for a limit on SLBMs. Moreover, the White House clung to this position even when it appeared that Moscow would never agree. It was one of the few SALT positions from which the White House was never to budge. In the weeks preceding the Moscow summit, indeed, the SLBM limit had become Washington's top-priority item and the toughest piece of bargaining in the back channel, where it was finally worked out.

Decision Memorandum 117 also proposed a freeze on ICBMs, as of December 31, 1971. Any new Soviet missiles that United States satellite photography did not establish as completed by that date would be banned. This was a bald effort to prevent the Russians from filling the huge new holes they were found to have dug in their SS-9 ICBM fields. In short, the White House was trying to hold Moscow to the existing two hundred and eighty-eight SS-9s and to head off deployment of something perhaps even more formidable. (No new holes were started after July—a circumstance suggesting that the Soviets were serious about a freeze.) Decision Memorandum 117 fell with a thud on the bureaucracy. The text had been prepared in haste ("in frantic haste," according to one participant), because of the pressure of other business—notably the still secret China trip—on Kissinger. In fifteen or so double-spaced pages, it laid out a number of wholly new positions, about which the unhappy SALT bureaucracy had scarcely been consulted. Several weeks of confused and often bitter skirmishing lay ahead.

The SALT delegation left on July 5th for the customary NATO briefing in Brussels, and would go on from there to Helsinki. At that point, Decision Memorandum 117 fell under a heavy attack from the delegation. Many of the positions were appealed. These included the language on radar limitations, definitions of "exotic" ABMs, and the question of how to ban such ABMs. The freeze dates were also challenged, with the delegation arguing that all Soviet missile construction—land-based and sea-based—should be halted as of September 30th. The delegation, if only for negotiating purposes, aimed not just at freezing the Soviet Union's numerical inferiority in submarines but at making certain that none of the new holes—there were ninety-one of them, twenty-five very large and sixty-six smaller—would ever house missiles. The appeals were reviewed, and another Decision Memorandum—No. 120, dated July 20th—was sent out. The delegation was conceded some points but was overruled on others, including the freeze dates. Rancor and confusion grew.

Washington's truly nasty problem was finding a position on defense—on limiting ABMs—that the various parts of the town could live with and that might be negotiable. To date, no other issue had created such contention, and in July and August it pushed the major figures in SALT to a new peak of bitterness. As if the ABM issue weren't complicated enough, each of them in his own way managed to make it more so. In Helsinki, the talks were devoted almost entirely to ABMs, not because the



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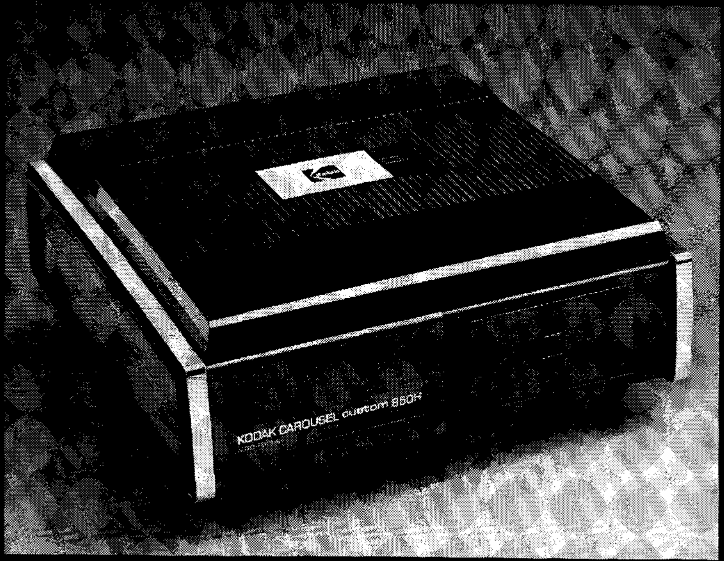

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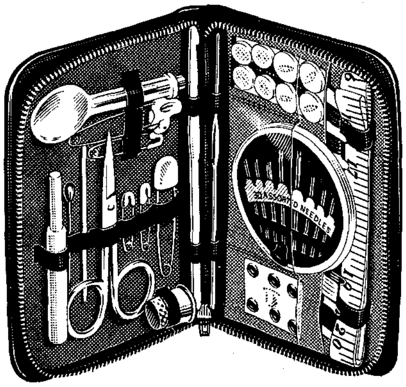

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Soviets were reneging on the "simultaneity" principle but because they were continuing to treat defense as the first order of business. Agreement in principle on ABMs would presumably clear the path for serious conversation on offense. The delegation went along with this approach, partly because it was unhappy with the United States ABM position and hoped to change it by one means or another. Soviet insistence on an ABM deployment solely in defense of each country's capital (an option known as National Command Authority) having been set aside by the May 20th understanding, the White House had *decided to build its ABM position around* Safeguard defense of ICBMs, a project already under way. The President, after all, was committed to the program; it had bargaining value, and there seemed no alternative. Most of the bureaucracy, one participant in the debate recalls, "was dragged along kicking and screaming." A novel formula was concocted, which became known as three-or-one. Each side could choose between defending its capital city with a hundred ABMs and defending its ICBMs at three separate sites with a total of three hundred ABMs. The first alternative represented what Moscow was already doing. The second represented essentially what the Administration planned to do. The idea was rather disingenuous, because by then everyone knew that the Soviets would not dismantle Galosh (Washington's name for the Russians' ABM defense of Moscow), as they would have had to in order to adopt the second alternative. In effect, the Administration was rigging a position that would have left the United States with three ABM sites, the Soviet Union with one. A case of sorts could be made for such a disparity: If the Russians were to have more ICBMs (and perhaps SLBMs), why shouldn't the United States have more ABMs to defend itself against them? Besides, the Galosh system, in addition to defending Moscow, afforded some protection to about three hundred ICBMs deployed within its operating area. This is called overlap, and American strategists fear and detest it. Overlap mixes area defense, which is unstable, with missile defense, which is thought not to be.

The case against three-or-one was more persuasive. In the unlikely event that Moscow were to agree to the proposal, Washington would be required to implicitly endorse a permanent Soviet advantage in offensive missiles. Nowhere in government were there people left to argue seriously that three Safeguard sites would have any strategic value, whereas a large Soviet ad-

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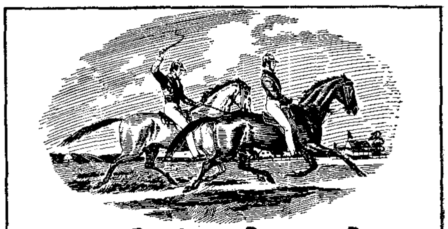

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vantage in ICBMs, especially if they were MIRVed, was a different story. The Pentagon would have relished the twelve-site Safeguard system originally planned but, by and large, was not impressed by the three-or-one deal—and still less by two-or-one, the fallback position. In brief, a two-or-three-site Safeguard system bereft of growth potential had some appeal but not much. Many argued that three-or-one was a poor idea because it was non-negotiable and merely delayed bargaining on issues of more concern to Washington, especially SLBMs.

A sensible alternative would have been to propose a simple one-for-one deal, permitting the Soviet Union to keep Galosh, and the United States its Safeguard site at Grand Forks, North Dakota, which by then was more than half completed. Besides being eminently negotiable, such an arrangement would have established parity in ABMs—a principle that Washington could use in SALT's second phase as a rationale for bargaining down the gap in ICBMs. Instead of urging this or some other sensible alternative on the White House, some members of the SALT delegation, backed by various parts of the bureaucracy, reopened the Zero option—a total ban on ABMs. Zero made sense in the abstract. If there were no ABMs, the question of cheating would virtually disappear: there would be no ABM radars to survey, no ABM tests to monitor; there would be no ABM hardware to move about, and thus fears of transportable systems would be nullified. The trouble is that Zero was never really an option. Admittedly, the Russians did mention it during SALT I, but they retreated steadily from the idea thereafter, always indicating that to dismantle Galosh was out of the question. Still, much of the civilian bureaucracy clung wistfully to the one option that could reliably excise the menace of ABMs once and for all. Most of the military felt differently, and preferred to have at least one site, whether National Command Authority or Grand Forks, as a means of achieving some operational experience with ABMs and as a platform, however flimsy, on which to build if a SALT agreement fell apart.

The SALT delegation's efforts, late in July and early in August, to revive Zero were met with stiff opposition from the Joint Chiefs and the Office of the Secretary of Defense. Suddenly the Pentagon was in full cry against all the earlier ABM proposals, and was urging a brand-new position. The dispute put the White House in an awkward spot. A meeting of the Verification Panel—a National Security Council committee that was handling all SALT issues—was called for August 9th. As always, Kissinger was in the chair. There were two subjects: Zero ABM and "exotic," or future, ABMs, around which another storm was brewing. One observer later said, "Henry took a tougher line than usual. He was very acid." The record supports this. Kissinger worried, he said, about having the greatest seminar on arms control in history and no agreement. Stiff resistance to Zero was expressed by David Packard, who was then the Deputy Secretary of Defense, and by Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. The State Department, represented by the Under-Secretary, John Irwin, aligned itself with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and backed Zero. Packard and Richard Helms, director of the C.I.A., felt that in trying for Zero the United States risked giving up leverage for bargaining on offensive weapons. Kissinger asked Helms if he thought Moscow would dismantle Galosh; Helms said he didn't think so. Kissinger had seen Dobrynin at least once between July 31st and the August 9th meeting; nobody doubted that their conversation covered the Zero issue. And though Kissinger doesn't discuss his back-channel talks, he said repeatedly during the meeting that Zero ABM was not consistent with the May 20th agreement. He seemed to suggest that Dobrynin, on behalf of Moscow, had ruled out Zero. The Russians, Kissinger finally said, must be told that now is the time to get the damn thing (May 20th) moving. The fight over Zero had come to an end.

Perhaps more important than disposing of the Zero issue was the discussion on August 9th of futuristic ABMs. Strictly speaking, these are not ABMs, because the interceptors would be not ballistic missiles but more esoteric devices, like lasers, charged particles, or electromagnetic waves. Within government, they are lumped together as "exotics." Though it would take many years—certainly more than a decade—to develop, test, and deploy any one of the exotics, heading them off was priority business. During the August 9th meeting, the State Department, the C.I.A., and the Arms Control agency all urged a ban on everything of an exotic nature. The Joint Chiefs opposed the ban, while the Office of the

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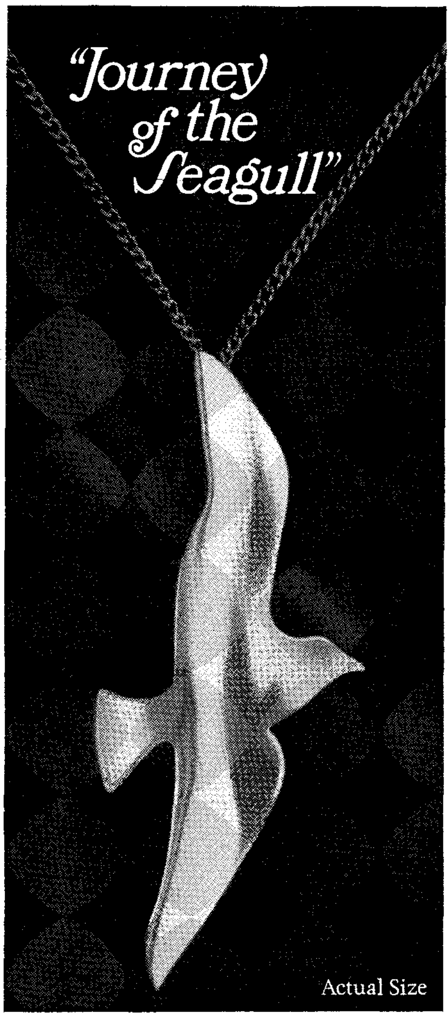

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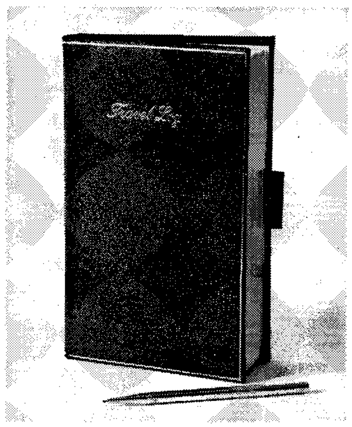
Secretary of Defense favored banning novel interceptors but not some of the related hardware, like sensors. The White House staff wished to ban everything except certain research and development; the staff reasoned that it would be wise to have some grasp of the technologies, in order to know what to watch out for. Officials of the Arms Control agency conceded that a research-and-development ban on exotics could not be verified. The discussion was about as arcane as one might suppose. The President's scientific adviser, Dr. Edward E. David, Jr., was called in, and imparted what one observer called a "Buck Rogers flavor" to the meeting. At one point, he unveiled the prospect of a "carbon-dioxide laser with a recirculating medium," in response to which Kissinger, doubtless speaking for everyone, confessed to knowing about carbon dioxide but about recirculating mediums not at all. The White House staff prevailed.

Three days later, on August 12th, Decision Memorandum 127 was issued. It reaffirmed the three-or-one ABM position, and added, rhetorically, that a ban on all ABM deployments "remains an ultimate U.S. objective and will be a subject for negotiations after we have reached an agreement on defensive limitations and an interim agreement on offensive limitations." Regarding exotics, Decision Memorandum 127 proposed banning everything except research and development on fixed land-based systems. It remained to convince Moscow that the great powers should remove exotic future threats to stability as well as the immediate ones.

The tempest spent itself quickly after August 9th. The disaffected had lost the day; signs of rebellion disappeared. Yet while the meeting had cleared the air, it couldn't efface the bitterness and tension that were agitating the conduct of SALT. The White House, confident again of its control, cared little—and, indeed, felt confirmed in its suspicion that on some issues the delegation was unreliable.

Compared with earlier rounds, SALT V in Helsinki was showing some progress, though not yet on major issues. The Soviets still avoided discussion of offensive weapons. They were reluctant to be diverted until some progress on ABMs had been recorded. The extravagantly complex ABM issue probably did require more attention, but the Americans were anxious to discuss offense—chiefly to insinuate SLBMs onto the agenda. For some time, they were stonewalled. Vladimir S. Semenov, the head of the Soviet delegation, protested vigorously that SLBMs had not been covered by the May 20th understand-



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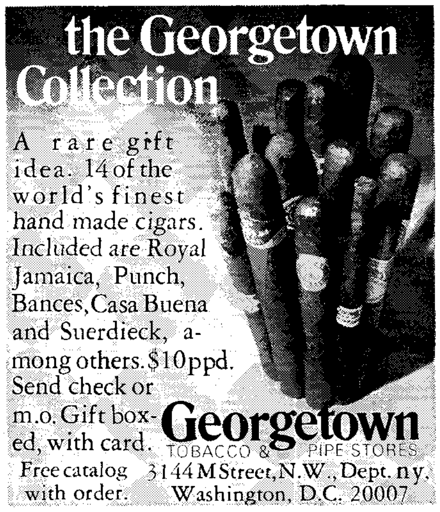

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ing. He was well aware that Smith had not been told beforehand about the understanding, so Smith informed him one day that he had read the secret correspondence relating to it, which did not necessarily exclude SLBMs. Semenov took a somewhat more subdued line on the SLBM issue after that.

Weeks before SALT V ended, on September 23rd, the Americans had fallen back from the three-or-one notion to two-or-one. Moscow, unimpressed, was insisting on parity. After toying with various concoctions, the Soviets formally counter-proposed a one-plus-one arrangement. It provided that they would have Galosh plus something else, while the United States would have its Grand Forks Safeguard site plus National Command Authority. The Americans said no, partly because they would not be ready to accept parity in ABMs until the link with offense was in place, partly because the offer revived National Command Authority, partly because of the offer's considerable ambiguity. Moscow's something else seemed to mean ABM protection of some portion of its ICBM force—something roughly equivalent to one American Safeguard site. The United States delegation immediately asked if the second Soviet ABM site would be situated in one of the SS-9 fields, east of the Urals. An ABM installation in this sparsely populated region would trouble Washington far less than one situated in an SS-11 field in western Russia, where it would provide a fair amount of area defense, especially if it were tied in with Galosh. This, again, is the overlap problem, which so disturbs nuclear strategists. A second Soviet ABM site in western Russia was therefore utterly non-negotiable. Yet, as SALT V ended, the Soviets were still refusing to say where the second site would be.

Despite some measurable progress, the events of the summer left a heavy deposit of despondency, frustration, and resignation—at least, within the American SALT bureaucracy. The military complained (as they complain now) that the Minuteman-vulnerability problem was being shortchanged. Bureaucrats in all departments worried that the link between offense and defense was still promissory. Some were disturbed because the last Soviet proposal hinted that the May 20th understanding hadn't really shelved National Command Authority. It also suggested something more interesting: the Americans, thanks to their patient exposition of the virtues of missile defense, as distinct from area defense, had sold the concept to the Soviet military. Moscow's one-plus-one proposal was a sign of

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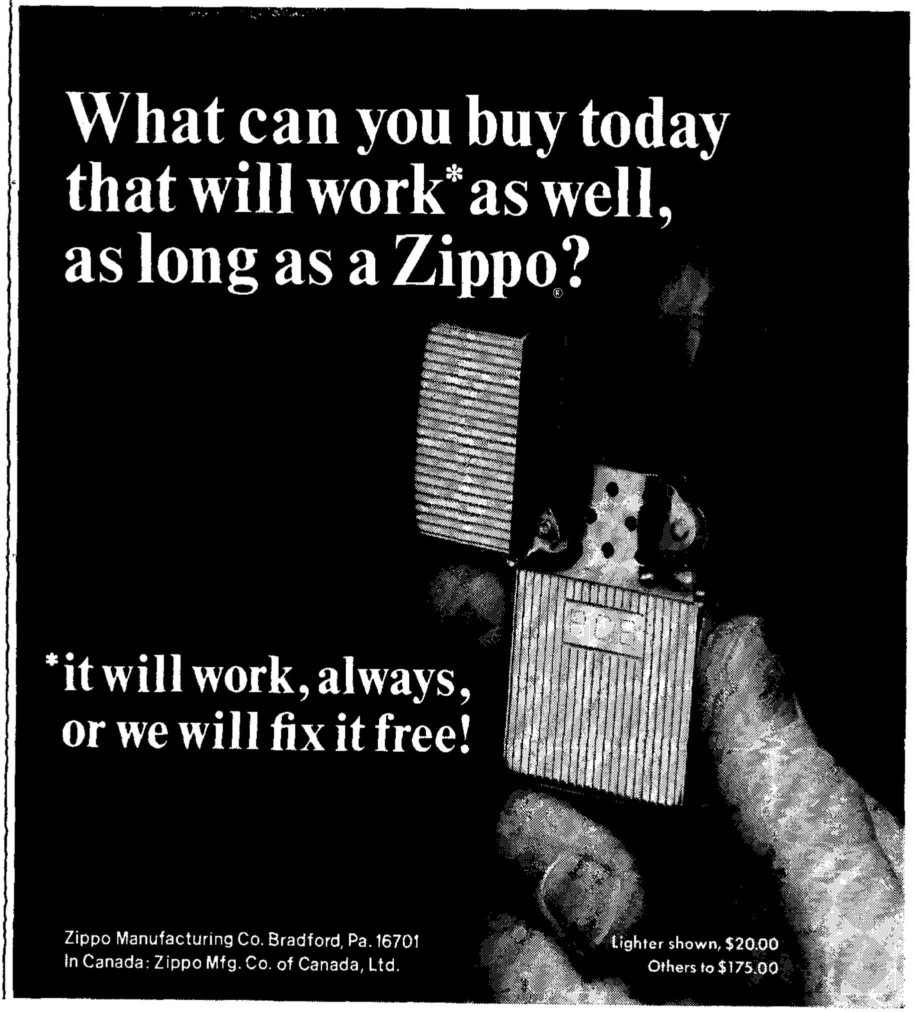
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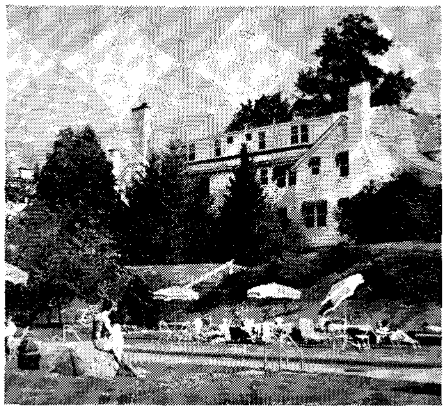

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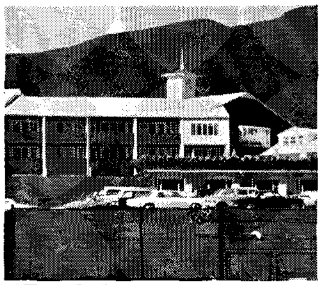

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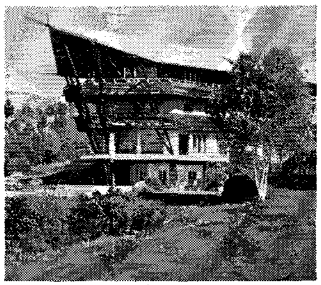

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this. The keen interest in ICBM defense suddenly shown by General Konstantin A. Trusov, a Soviet military delegate, and his fellow-officers in Helsinki was another sign. What's more, with Safeguard in declining fashion in the United States, both Americans and Russians had begun to discuss the merits of hard-site defense—that is, the defense of ICBMs with an ABM system (whose components, unlike Safeguard's, are designed solely for this purpose). All this was disturbing to those who hoped to choke off ABMs at a low, virtually meaningless level. It seemed marvellously ironic that after years of neglect the hard-site alternative came alive just as the great powers were moving toward an ABM treaty. Finally, SALT V proved again that in government, as elsewhere, ignorance breeds frustration and confusion. The delegations had been working in the front channel, but nobody doubted that the back channel was very much alive, as indeed it was. Nixon was in direct contact with Brezhnev, and now seemed committed to a summit conference in Moscow following the trip to Peking. His intention of crowning these "journeys for peace" by signing a SALT agreement was taken for granted. But just what the agreement would contain was a source of deep anxiety to skeptical bureaucrats, who suspected that Moscow would steadily raise the price as the summit meeting drew near. Nixon and Kissinger, they feared, had maneuvered themselves and SALT into a bind.

THE sixth round of SALT, to begin in Vienna on November 15th, would be a prelude—but to what? That was what many people in the government wondered. A divided Administration approached the resumption of talks nervous about where it had got to in SALT, how it had got there, and what would happen. The concern was general. Other Western governments complained that the White House was ignoring alliance problems in favor of the new triangular politics, which might produce little more than a bad SALT agreement and increased tensions, if not an open split, between Europe and America. "If Nixon is diddled and has to negotiate himself in Moscow, it would be terrible," one Washington-based diplomat observed. "Nixon is running a great risk." And Henry Kissinger, he complained bitterly, was "consumed by *la folie des grandeurs*." Many officials also worried aloud that a "soft" SALT agreement would erode the future United States bargaining position with Moscow. By this they meant that in return for very little the United States would have played its best cards. Some of the concern was well founded. Such traditionally primary concerns as relations with Europe and Japan had been eclipsed—for how long, no one could say—by summit diplomacy. The old conventions of realpolitik were ascendant. "Triangular politics" is a euphemism for a policy aimed at moderating relations with Russia and China by playing them off against each other. There would be no major concessions or movement on SALT—not, at least, by the Americans—until Nixon's February trip to China, which, among other things, would, to quote one official, "keep the Russians honest." It was a complicated game plan, as Nixon might have put it.

On October 12th, Nixon opened a news conference by announcing that the Moscow summit was laid on for May. Kissinger would soon revisit Peking, this time to work out a date and other details for the Presidential trip to China. He left on October 20th. The White House was betting that Brezhnev's interest in a successful summit matched its own—that from his point of view a SALT agreement would put China's role and Chinese pretensions in perspective as nothing else could. Nixon could go to Peking, but the major business on the East-West agenda could be performed only by the superpowers—in some cases, working with their allies. The Berlin negotiation offered a first, splendid example of spinoff from triangular politics. The four-power ambassadorial talks aimed at improving Western access to the city and formalizing its legal status had been stalled from their beginnings, in March, 1970. Then, in August, 1971, the Russians joined the Americans in pressing for marathon sessions, and by the end of the month an agreement was pinned down at the ambassadorial level. There is little doubt that Kissinger's first trip to China and Nixon's commitment to go there himself aroused Brezhnev to hasten the sluggish pace of his détente diplomacy. Few concepts are more detested in Moscow than that of a multipolar world.

As SALT VI got under way, in November, the United States SALT position was still not fully formed. Nixon and Kissinger were concentrating on the China trip and postponing big SALT decisions, their calculation being, of course, that a successful China trip would put added pressure on the Russians to be amenable on SALT. Progress in Vienna, under these circumstances, was good.

The delegations had quickly begun to draft language for a joint text on both the defensive and the offensive agreement. They had settled many of the minor issues and left brackets around the unresolved major problems. These included ABM levels, radar controls, the duration of the offensive agreement, the freeze dates, and the SLBM issue.

The plenary sessions had now been wholly superseded by a pattern of troikas, working groups, and working lunches. So-called mini-plenaries were used to record agreement, or agreement in principle, worked out in these other informal settings. With the plenaries all but scrapped, some Americans and Russians rarely saw each other. The stress was still on defense. The two sides were sparring, each seeking a one-site advantage in ABMs. The Americans had changed course and were arguing that both sides should simply complete what they had—a notion that would have left the Soviets with Galosh and the United States with the two Safeguard sites then under way. The Russians were pressing a different two-to-one arrangement, arguing that, besides Galosh, defending Moscow, they, too, should have one site for defending ICBMs. Their proposal would have left the United States with just the Grand Forks Safeguard site.

The Americans were fascinated by diverging attitudes on the Soviet side. General Trusov and the other military members of the Soviet delegation were becoming steadily more enamored of the American hard-site concept for defending ICBMs. Indeed, by then some of these officers were using the American term "hard-site" instead of a Russian equivalent. They had obviously learned a good deal about hard-site from their opposite numbers on the American side. The Soviet civilians, on the other hand, had still not given up on a National Command Authority arrangement. "They not only want us to have National Command Authority but seem almost insistent," said one American. "Why? Probably, they want to see Washington protected against accidents or what they call provocative attacks, and they feel that they know the Chinese better than we do. In any case, their suspicions of China are deeper and certainly more irrational than ours." Another closely involved American said, "They can't seem to understand why we are concerned less with protecting our leadership than with protecting a small portion of our missile force. They argue the point in terms of stability; leadership, they say, must be protected."

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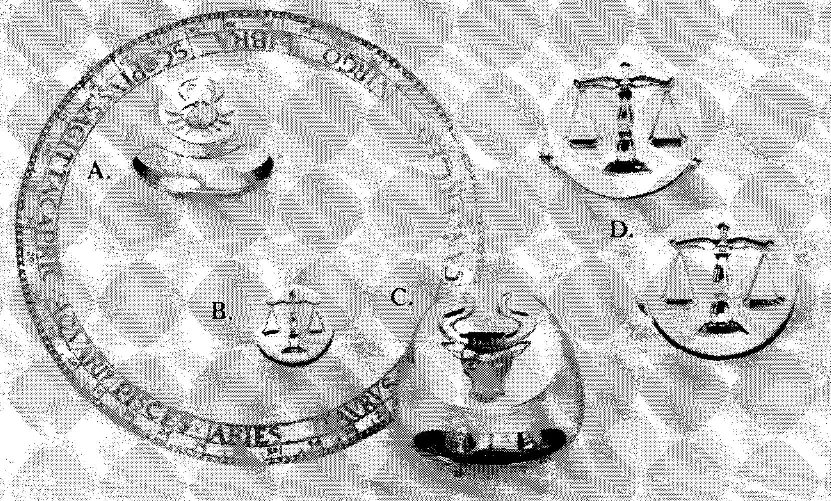

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would be left for an eleventh-hour White House decision, the delegation managed a major breakthrough near the end of January, 1972, when the Soviets accepted the United States position on exotic systems. Back in the summer, Moscow's attitude, as its delegation reflected it, had been sympathetic. Then, in the autumn, it hardened, probably under pressure from the military bureaucracy. Washington was accused of injecting an entirely new issue. Moscow would not agree to a ban on any future defensive systems except those that might be space-based, sea-based, air-based, or mobile land-based. The United States delegation persisted and was rewarded. Fixed land-based exotics would also be banned. The front channel had produced an achievement of incalculable value.

By now, much the most sensitive issue was whether SLBMs would be covered. The Americans were proposing parity in numbers of boats and rough parity in numbers of "tubes"—that is, the launchers themselves. The Russians argued that the Soviet Union needed more boats, because of the heavy geographical penalty on its sea-based operations. The transit time of Russian submarines from port to their stations in North American coastal waters is very long. And the Russians don't have forward bases, like the ones the Americans have, at Holy Loch, Scotland, and Rota, Spain. The Soviet delegates—at least, the civilians—were poorly informed on their own SLBMs, as on other such matters. They didn't know the number of submarines they had operational and under construction. They didn't know that soon, given a construction rate of eight per year, their government would have more Polaris-type subs than the United States. So in January, 1972, more than two years after the talks had started, Gerard Smith took Semenov aside and gave him the relevant figures on Soviet submarines. The assertion of a need for superior numbers of submarines, however deeply felt, may have been a tactic designed to discourage the Americans on an issue to which Moscow never expected them to cling. In any case, the SLBM problem was well beyond the competence of the delegations; it was, par excellence, an issue for the back channel, and there it was eventually resolved.

The front channel fared better in coping with an older, less complex, but equally sensitive issue—the sublimit on very large missiles, like the SS-9. As SALT recessed briefly for Christmas, the Russians were still balking at the

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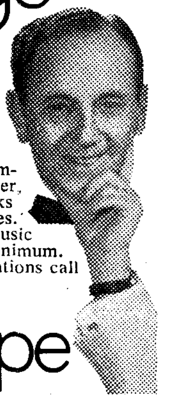

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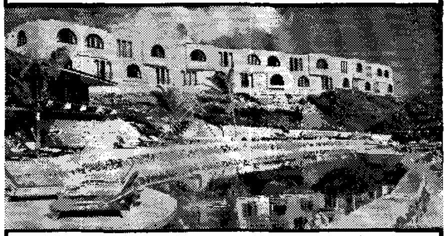

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sublimit and the Americans were still pushing, but without much hope. A failure to get the sublimit was among the gloomiest of prospects. Signing a SALT agreement bereft of this, his heaviest priority, could have cost Nixon the support of the American military, and perhaps other parts of the government as well. No one can say whether he would have taken the risk. Happily, Moscow removed it in January, in Vienna, by agreeing in principle to language that gave the Americans their sublimit. One may well wonder why the Russians accepted a limitation on their biggest missiles at that precise moment. Surely they were tempted to hold this concession for the tough back-channel bargaining that lay ahead. A reasonable guess is that they were sending the White House a signal. Nixon was now giving Moscow more to worry about than just his visit to China. Looking ahead to a SALT agreement that would leave the Russians with the greater number of offensive missiles, the White House began thinking in the autumn about improving American strategic forces and sharpening their "visibility," as one Kissinger staff aide put it. That meant spending money. In his new defense budget, Nixon sought an increase of one billion two hundred million dollars in spending on strategic arms. This, it should be noted, was the first time in years that Washington had raised the strategic-arms budget, in terms of constant dollars. As it entered an election year, the Administration was notifying the country and the world that neither a SALT agreement nor Soviet arms production would leave America lagging behind, or even appearing to lag behind. Much the largest part of the increase would be absorbed by the Navy's Trident, a submarine, not yet out of the design stage, that will carry new, longer-range SLBMs. The Soviet Union's submarines and the SLBMs they carry are already conspicuously inferior to America's. This is another—and unstated—reason the Russians sought a formal right to deploy more nuclear submarines than America. Finally, an even more ominous prospect loomed before the Soviet leadership that January. The Pentagon, preoccupied, as always, with Minuteman vulnerability, was pressing to keep open the option of hard-site defense. Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird had taken on the leadership of this enterprise, and was urging hard-site on both the Congress and the President. In mid-January, he told Nixon in a letter that he was "deeply disturbed about our SALT position," which he felt would leave Minuteman

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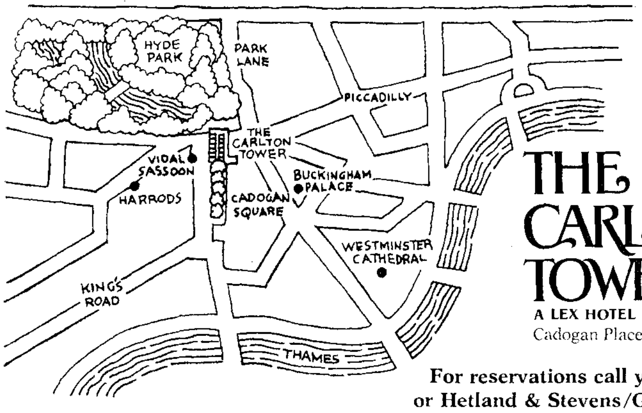

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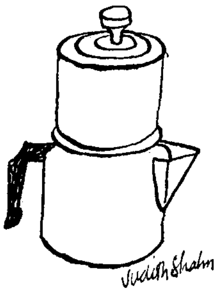
inadequately defended and hence make an agreement more difficult for Congress and the public to accept. The Pentagon wanted to write into the SALT agreement the option of deploying hard-site defense in three years. By now, some part of the Soviet military establishment was also very much interested in hard-site, and was doubtless applying who knows how much pressure on the leadership to do something about it. But Moscow's interest, as it had made clear, lay in setting a very low limit on ABMs. Hard-site defense would confound such a goal as nothing else could; an effective system would require numerous installations and thousands of interceptor missiles. Quite possibly, the Russians decided in January that accepting a limit on their big offensive missiles would lighten pressure on the White House to approve hard-site; this, in turn, would lighten pressure on Moscow to do something it did not want to do.

SALT VI ended on February 4th, with both sides looking ahead to the next, and decisive, round—above all, to the summit conference and a SALT agreement. Nixon was under pressure in an election year to obtain an agreement, to which he was personally committed. Brezhnev was under pressure to give more substance to Moscow's trumpet calls for détente, so that the dividends might start coming in. He and Nixon were spending some additional money on strategic arms, partly to impress each other, but each was hoping to discourage another round in the arms competition and the heavy spending that would go with it. Nixon and Kissinger were preparing to go to China. Dobrynin had just returned from a long trip to Moscow, where he was presumably given fresh instructions for SALT. With a successful China trip behind them, Nixon and Kissinger would reopen the back channel with Moscow. Kissinger and Dobrynin were expected to start negotiating the broad lines of a SALT agreement, with the delegations supplying precise language and otherwise filling in the blanks.



KISSINGER wasted no time. En route to China in February, he instructed his staff by telephone from Guam to prepare some precise recommendations on the major SALT issues. Their chief recommendation was to accept equality in ABM sites as a means of getting a Soviet agreement to limit both SLBMs and land-based mobile missiles. The staff felt that a good offer on ABMs would capture either SLBMs or mobiles, and possibly both. The delegation agreed that such an offer should be made but expressed doubt about whether Moscow would bend on SLBMs. Part of the staff urged a simple ABM proposal, leaving the Soviet Union with Galosh and the United States with the Grand Forks Safeguard site. Kissinger and other staff members seemed to favor a two-and-two arrangement, which would leave the United States with both the Grand Forks and the Malmstrom Air Force Base Safeguard site, and Moscow with Galosh and a single ICBM defense site.

SALT VII would begin in Helsinki on March 28th, so the United States had little time in which to work up a position. A meeting of the Verification Panel on March 8th was largely devoted to an inconclusive discussion of hard-site. The National Security Council met on Friday, March 17th, with all participants agreed that SLBMs should be in the agreement. The Joint Chiefs were by now very tough and very articulate on this point. By March 23rd, the White House had made its decision, and set forth its position in Decision Memorandum 158, dated that day. The Americans would propose equality in ABMs—specifically, the two-and-two arrangement—provided the Russians agreed to put SLBMs in the package. Otherwise, Washington would insist on a two-to-one arrangement, leaving the United States with a one-site advantage in ABMs (for whatever that might be worth). The delegation was given no fallback position. If the proposal met resistance, as was expected, Smith had instructions to return to Washington within three weeks to make new recommendations. He and the other delegates were not pleased by these instructions. They wanted fallbacks. They wanted to be able to conclude the agreement before the Moscow summit, so that Nixon would have only to sign it. Much of the government felt the same way. The White House had a purpose in denying the delegation a fallback position: it wanted to create an aura of "hanging tough on SLBMs," as one participant put it, since the Russians still doubted Washington's strength of purpose on this issue.

The delegation left for Helsinki the day after Decision Memorandum 158 was signed. Smith quickly made a number of minor concessions to the Soviet position. Then, acting on his instructions, he put forward the new American proposal linking ABMs and SLBMs. At that point, he had exhausted his authority and could only argue the case. The Russians were disconcerted by the unyielding American line on SLBMs. They had apparently assumed that Washington would drop the SLBM issue as the summit drew near. On Friday, April 14th, Semenov, Trusov, and Alexander N. Shchukin, the major figures of the Soviet delegation, were recalled to Moscow. The Americans were champing at the bit. They had nothing more to offer and, in any case, nobody to negotiate with. They cabled Washington on April 14th a recommendation to hold firm on SLBMs but to accept the Soviet ABM proposal called one-plus-one, first made back in September. It would allow the United States to keep the Grand Forks site and to build a National Command Authority system, while allowing Moscow to keep Galosh and to build one ICBM defense site. The Russians disliked Washington's two-and-two offer, because it would allow the United States to defend many more ICBMs than the Russians. The ABM agreement was to be a treaty of unlimited duration, with a standard provision for review at five-year intervals. The agreement on offense was to be an interim arrangement, but the parties were at issue on its duration. The Soviets had alternately proposed eighteen months and two years. The Americans couldn't agree among themselves. The Joint Chiefs, like the Russians, wanted the shortest possible interim agreement. The White House staff was urging five years. It would take the United States even longer than that to deploy any of the new weapons it was considering. More important, the staff argued, to accept the Soviet proposal would be to accept the near equivalent of an ABM-only agreement. The delegation, except for former Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul H. Nitze, favored three years; he wanted five. Like SLBMs, this was an issue for the back channel.

It was put about Washington that an important meeting, presumably on Vietnam, would be held at Camp David on a long weekend beginning Thursday, April 20th. Everyone, including most Cabinet officers and the White House staff, assumed that such a meeting had taken place until it was announced on Tuesday, April 25th, that Henry Kissinger had returned the day before from Moscow, where he had been negotiating with the Soviet leadership over the past four days. As usual, the secrecy had been immaculate. Kissinger had taken along his senior

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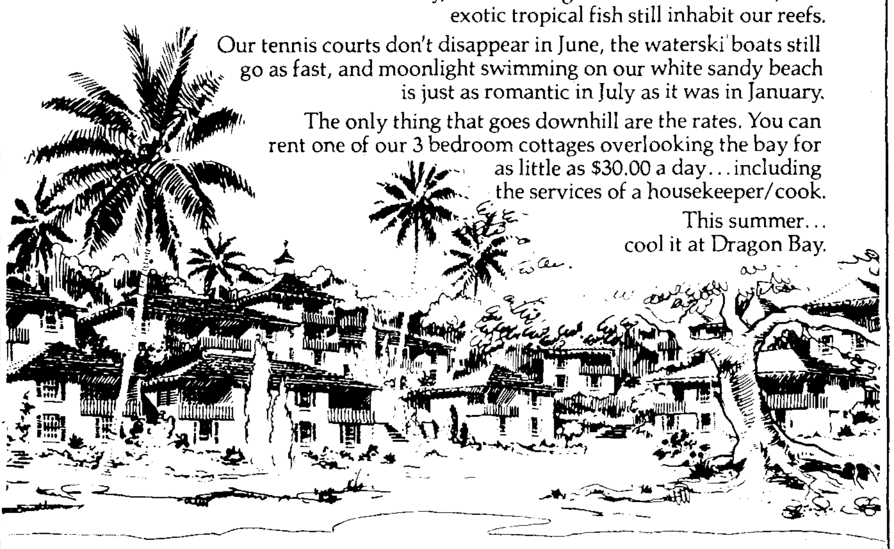

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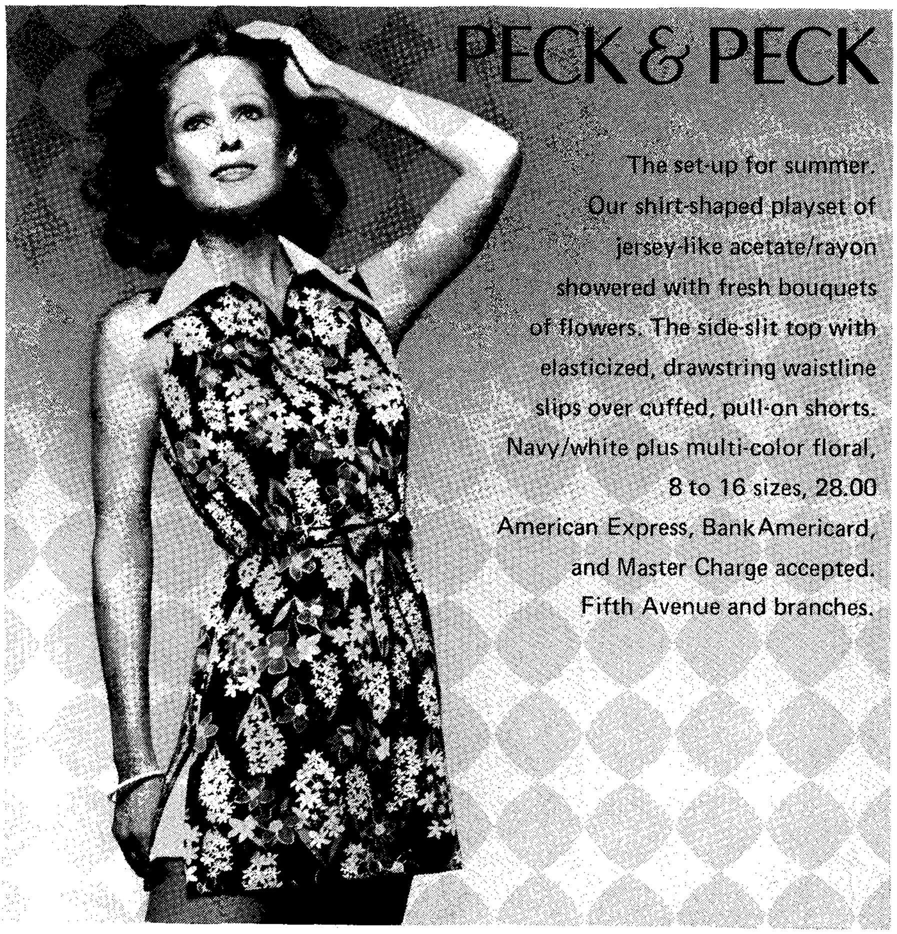

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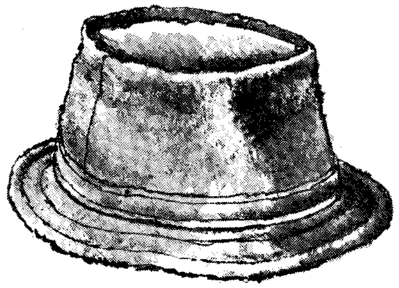

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deputy for the Soviet Union and Europe, Helmut Sonnenfeldt; his principal deputy for Vietnam; two other staff members; and Ambassador Dobrynin. Nobody, it seems, remarked the absence of any of them. The Camp David cover story worked so well that some people (including Smith, in Helsinki) tried to telephone Kissinger there.

Kissinger wasn't starting from scratch in Moscow. Besides his periodic meetings with Dobrynin, there had been about a dozen messages between Nixon and Brezhnev. Among other things, the trip showed a keen awareness on both sides that summit meetings are notoriously accident-prone. The Paris summit in May, 1960, fell to pieces on the wings of Captain Powers' U-2. Thirteen months later, Kennedy was greeted by Khrushchev in Vienna with a Berlin crisis. Johnson's Moscow trip was a casualty of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Now, in mid-April, 1972, the ground beneath Nixon's Moscow project began to tremble. Damage to four Soviet ships by American aircraft bombing Haiphong Harbor was protested, but mildly. Still, North Vietnam's spring offensive was going very well at that time, and Nixon, it was feared, might feel obliged to take steps that Hanoi's chief ally and arms supplier would find inconsistent with summitry. Fortunately, Vietnam was not the only major drama then playing the theatre of world politics. The West German Bundestag was moving slowly and with great uncertainty toward a vote on ratification of a nonaggression treaty with the Soviet Union. Chancellor Willy Brandt's majority in favor of the treaty appeared to be perilously thin. Brezhnev and his immediate colleagues wanted few things more than this treaty—seen as a stride toward broader Soviet access to Western European technology and commerce, and perhaps political influence as well. To cancel the summit meeting would be to risk losing both a SALT agreement and the treaty with West Germany. Diplomats in Moscow doubted whether the leadership would accept that risk, whatever happened in Vietnam.

In Moscow, Brezhnev took the initiative by presenting Kissinger with two memorandums—a three-page statement on offense and a one-page statement on ABMs. The statement on offense broke the back of the SLBM issue. Moscow would accept a freeze in return for numerical superiority in submarines and tubes. The now famous numbers were sixty-two submarines and nine hundred and fifty tubes, compared with America's forty-one submarines and six hundred and fifty-six

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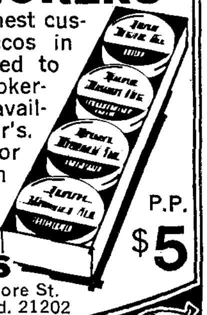

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tubes. Here indeed was something for Washington to chew on. Some of the language on SLBMs was vague and, if it were to be accepted, would require considerable negotiation. But clear profit turned up in a Soviet willingness to meet the White House preference for an interim agreement that would last for five years. The ABM statement repeated the one-plus-one proposal that Semenov had been pressing in Helsinki, and specified that no more than a hundred interceptor missiles could be deployed at any of the sites. Although Kissinger had no great difficulty with this approach, it, too, would require considerable negotiation in Helsinki. The statement ignored geographical constraints, and the Americans still insisted that the second Soviet site would have to be situated east of the Urals, well away from population centers. Also, the horrendous problem of radar controls was still far from thrashed out.

Kissinger's visit coincided with a sensational piece of news. On Saturday, April 22nd, the C.I.A. informed the White House and appropriate agencies of government that the Russians were preparing to test a new ICBM, larger than any other, even the SS-9. Washington now knew what Moscow intended to put in those twenty-five huge new holes in the SS-9 fields. The Americans also assumed that the new missile would eventually be MIRVed, and would replace the SS-9 force. Thanks to what seemed to be an improved launching technique (according to American intelligence), it was thought that the new missile might double the yield of the SS-9. On the following Sunday, a full and accurate account of the C.I.A.'s disturbing report turned up on page 1 of the New York *Times*, under the byline of William Beecher. This kind of bad news travels fast in Washington, though usually not quite that fast. Beecher's source was presumably no friend of the SALT agreement. Yet the new missile, if anything, argued for getting the agreement and freezing Soviet ICBMs at one thousand six hundred and eighteen—the number operational plus the ninety-one new holes.

A Verification Panel meeting was scheduled for Friday, April 28th. Smith, accompanied by a fellow-delegate, Lieutenant General Royal B. Allison, immediately returned from Helsinki. Kissinger's first task was to prepare the bureaucracy for a deal on SLBMs that he and the President had apparently decided to make along the lines discussed in Moscow. A question of no great relevance but some fascination arises at this point: Did Brezhnev spring the offer of sixty-two boats and

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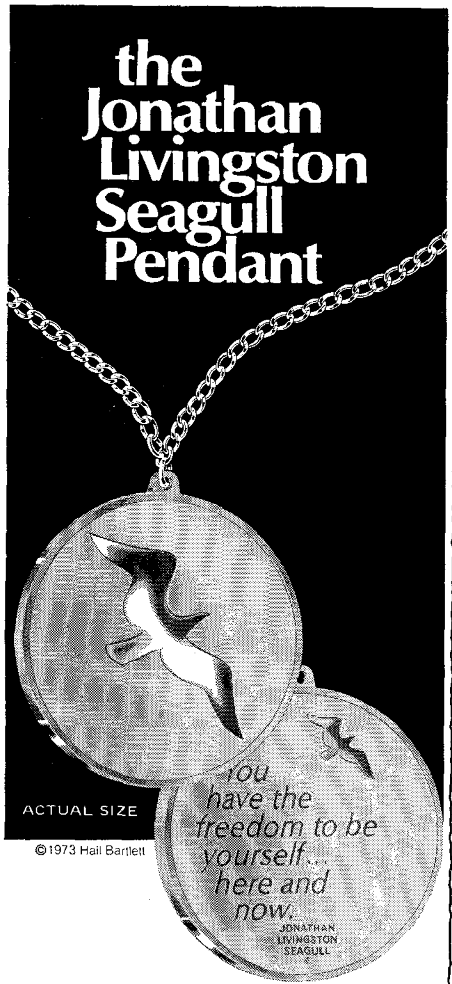
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nine hundred and fifty tubes on Kissinger? Or did Kissinger, plying the back channel with Dobrynin, suggest something similar and hence invite the proposal he got in Moscow? The question cannot be answered except, probably, by Nixon and Kissinger, who do not discuss back-channel activity. Kissinger and his staff had concluded before the April Moscow trip that the Russians, if they agreed to an SLBM deal, would insist on superior numbers. Analysts had already calculated that Moscow would need roughly twenty more boats than the Americans in order to keep as many on station. So there is the possibility that Kissinger invited the proposal. On the other hand, the figure nine hundred and fifty tubes made absolutely no sense to the Americans. Most Soviet submarines carry sixteen SLBMs; some are being equipped with twelve new and larger SLBMs. Mathematically, however, a total of nine hundred and fifty tubes cannot be achieved using any combination of twelve- and sixteen-tube boats. This may suggest that the Soviets know something about their SLBM program, or their plans for it, that United States intelligence has yet to learn.

The Verification Panel meeting of April 28th would be critical. "The problem was: How do you put into the front channel a deal worked out in the back channel?" said one observer of the meeting. Kissinger ordered up a paper for the meeting with estimates of the numbers the Russians *might* propose if they agreed to a freeze on SLBMs. The figure sixty-two boats turned up squarely in the mid-range of possibilities. Even for Henry Kissinger, this was playing the SLBM issue very close. As the Verification Panel met, only Nixon and Kissinger, certain National Security Council staff members, and some—probably not all—of the principals knew that Brezhnev had put forward an SLBM proposal with precise numbers.

At one point during the meeting, Kissinger and Admiral Moorer held an exchange that probably settled the SLBM issue, even if nothing was formally decided. Nixon needed the support of the Joint Chiefs for an agreement freezing Russia's numerical edge in both ICBMs and SLBMs. Moorer wanted White House support for speeding up the Trident submarine program. Trident, in a sense, was bait. The meeting soon established the Pentagon's strong preference for awaiting Trident's availability—in 1978, at the earliest—rather than building more Polaris/Poseidon boats. The Navy worried that not accelerating the Trident program could mean losing it in Congress. Kissinger asked Moorer how many submarines the Soviet Union could have by 1978 in the absence of an agreed freeze. The answer was at least eighty. Kissinger then made a number of points, among them the desirability of an agreement that would hold the Soviet Union well beneath the level of eighty submarines, especially if Trident could not be put to sea until 1978. The meeting soon adjourned, and was resumed, by a more restricted group, the following day. But the meaning of the Kissinger-Moorer exchange was clear to those who heard it: The Navy would have Trident, provided that Congress approved, and the President would have the support of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for an SLBM deal that would give the Soviet Union nearly half again as many missile-carrying submarines as America.

The climactic meeting was held in the President's office on Monday, May 1st. It lasted nearly two hours. Besides Nixon and Kissinger, the participants were Secretary of State William P. Rogers, Laird, Smith, and Admiral Moorer. Notes were taken by Major General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Kissinger's chief deputy. An outsider might have been confused by what seemed a reversal of roles. Admiral Moorer supported the asymmetrical submarine deal, while Smith and Rogers were dubious and seemed reluctant to formalize such disparate numbers. Smith especially disliked freezing the disparity for five years; three would have bothered him less. In any case, everything of major importance had been decided. Washington at last had a complete and negotiable SALT position. Within hours after the May 1st meeting, Decision Memorandum 164 was issued. It outlined an SLBM freeze, using both "Moscow numbers"—sixty-two boats and nine hundred and fifty tubes (even though the latter still made no sense). It also accepted the one-plus-one arrangement, thus aligning Moscow and Washington on ABMs. The front and back channels had merged. The contours of an ABM treaty and an interim agreement on offensive missiles had been accepted by both governments, and in Washington these contours had the support—or, in some instances, the acquiescence—of the appropriate agencies. These were contours, however. The complete *œuvre* would require a few more weeks of work. The delegations in Helsinki would perform the larger part of it; their principals would pencil in the last critical details.

Smith and Allison returned to Helsinki the day after the meeting in the President's office and immediately got down to business with the Russians. Much remained to be done. Although the ABM treaty needed attention, completing the interim agreement was now the problem. Washington had not yet abandoned hope for prohibitions on land-based mobile missiles and on silo modification. And there were other issues, of which the most intractable—and menacing—concerned the SLBM freeze. Washington agreed that the Russians could have sixty-two boats and nine hundred and fifty tubes, but not without paying a price; namely, retiring old missiles. In May, 1972, United States intelligence estimated the Soviet Y-class submarine force at between forty-one and forty-three boats, either deployed or under construction. The freeze on missiles was expected to hold the Soviet Union to that level; now it was proposed that only by "cashing in" old missiles and submarines could the Russians build toward sixty-two boats and nine hundred and fifty missiles. Thus, the new SLBMs would be replacements, not additional elements. Washington had counted about three hundred and ten vintage Soviet missiles, of which two hundred and ten were ICBMs and a hundred were SLBMs. Retiring them all could theoretically earn Moscow nineteen or twenty additional submarines.

The U.S.S.R. accepted the replacement condition but not the American calculations of its submarine strength or the American assumptions about which old missiles, or how many, would have to be retired. The equation was mind-bending, but not the issue. Washington was simply trying to maximize the number of old Soviet weapons to be retired, Moscow to minimize it. In Helsinki, the Russians abruptly laid claim to an SLBM program of forty-eight boats. This was from five to seven more boats than the Americans had counted. To accept the Russians' count also meant accepting the fact that they were that much closer to the magic numbers sixty-two and nine hundred and fifty, and would not be obliged to replace nearly as many old weapons in reaching these totals. American technicians called this the "free ride" issue. Rarely, if ever, before had the Soviet delegation quoted a precise number in discussing its country's nuclear weapons. Challenging the number given by the Russians was obviously difficult, since, as Kissinger said in a press con-

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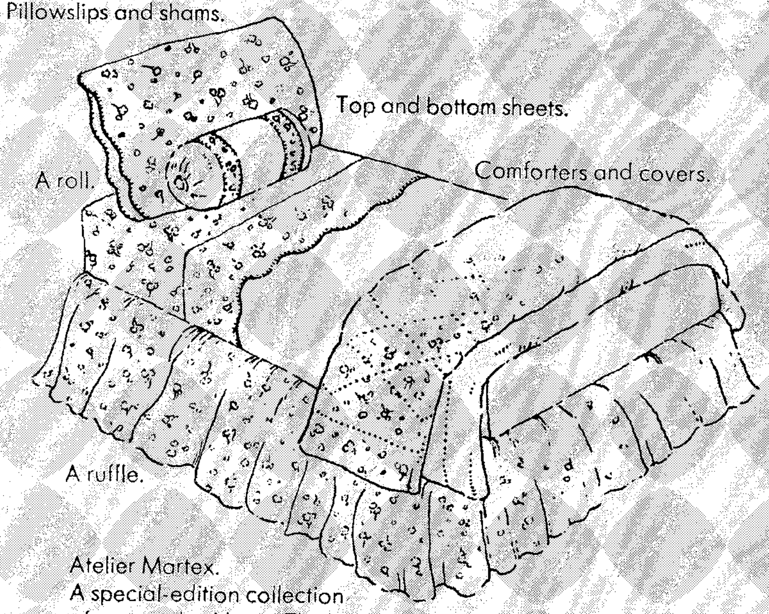
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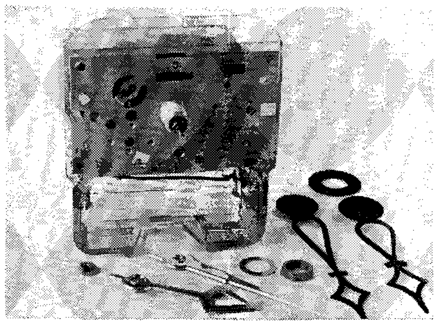

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ference in Moscow on May 26th, "they, of course, have the advantage that they know what it is precisely." The replacement issue had become the last major agenda item and was the last to be settled.

THE two weeks preceding Nixon's arrival in Moscow were tense ones for Soviet leaders. Brezhnev was under pressure—just how much no one in Washington can say. On May 8th, Nixon had announced that North Vietnam's coastal waters would be mined, which meant that they would be closed to Soviet shipping—an announcement that catalyzed what is thought to be the stiffest internal challenge to Brezhnev's authority that he had yet faced. During most of that week, nobody in Washington, whether in the White House or elsewhere, was betting that the Moscow summit would actually take place. The betting was the other way; most people expected a cancellation. Diplomats and others theorized that Nixon preferred a cancellation to the possibility that his Moscow negotiations would coincide with a dramatically worsening military situation in South Vietnam. As always, the details of Moscow's internal struggle were hidden. Cryptic press reports offered a few hints, but hard evidence appeared in the demotion of a senior and powerful figure, Petr Shelest, during an extraordinary meeting of the members and candidate members of the Central Committee three days before Nixon's arrival. Shelest was removed from the job of Party leader in the Ukraine and replaced by an old protégé of Brezhnev. Shelest is regarded as an ultra-hard-liner. Specifically, he is believed to have opposed both SALT and the treaty with Bonn—a judgment based chiefly on the tone and nuance of some of his speeches. Almost certainly, he opposed Brezhnev's proceeding with the summit after Nixon's May 8th speech. Although the scope and significance of the Shelest affair cannot be measured, Brezhnev had obviously won a major battle. His room for maneuver with the Americans was somewhat extended three days before Nixon's arrival when the West German Parliament finally completed ratifying the nonaggression treaty with the Soviet Union. Nixon may have embarrassed Brezhnev by mining the harbors of North Vietnam, but matters of more direct and lasting importance to the Soviet leadership were falling into place.

Meanwhile, the two SALT delegations were making progress on a number of problems, several of which they

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solved on Monday, May 22nd, the day the Presidential party arrived in Moscow. It was then that, for example, the Soviets finally agreed in principle to put their second ABM site east of the Ural Mountains. They rejected the language "east of the Urals," but Raymond L. Garthoff, a State Department expert on Soviet military affairs and chief adviser to the American delegation, and Nikolai S. Kishilov, chief adviser to the Soviet delegation, worked out a compromise (formally approved in Moscow the following day), which provided that each side's ICBM defense site must be "no less than thirteen hundred kilometres from its National Command Authority site." The distance from Moscow to the Urals is thirteen hundred kilometres. Also on May 22nd, the delegations settled the old issue of silo modification by agreeing that the size of ICBM silos could not be "significantly increased." This language offered little comfort to those in Washington for whom protecting Minuteman by limiting the size of Soviet missiles was a top priority. A nice surprise for the Americans turned up when the Russians changed course and agreed to ban all large ABM-type radars, other than the few allowed by the treaty. The Americans had been on the verge of writing off this goal by unilaterally proclaiming its desirability. That they got an agreement was due mainly to the persistence of Nitze, who had argued strongly against yielding. A ban on very large radars should reassure people on either side who suspected the other of plotting a clandestine ABM buildup. In any case, the SALT agenda had been cleared of the last in a procession of radar issues.

The silhouette of a SALT agreement, or agreements, was acquiring body and tone. As each item was disposed of, the delegations put it into the formal language of international agreement. Before Nixon and Brezhnev met, the delegations were well along with the drafting of the ABM treaty, the interim agreement, and a number of agreed interpretations.

NIXON and Brezhnev discussed SALT for more than two hours on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 23rd. They met again that evening and talked for three hours longer, mostly about SALT. At that point, they left the subject to their advisers, but they continued to keep in close touch with it. Kissinger, of course, briefed Nixon at every stage, and it is believed that his Soviet counterparts were reporting directly to Brezhnev. Negotiating for the Americans, besides Kis-

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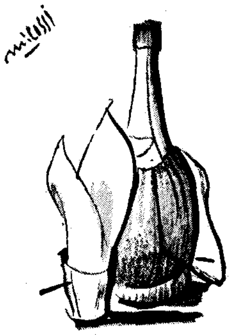
singer, were Helmut Sonnenfeldt, who had been with Kissinger on the April trip, and William Hyland, another member of the National Security Council staff, who works with Sonnenfeldt on Soviet and European affairs. A third staff member took notes.

The Russians fielded an impressive team. There were Foreign Minister Gromyko, Ambassador Dobrynin, and a man whom the Americans had never seen and hadn't expected to see, who did most of the talking on his side of the table. He was Leonid V. Smirnov, and, as one of the Americans put it, "he came right out of the blue." Smirnov is a Deputy Premier and a member of the Central Committee, but his real job is overseeing the manufacture of Soviet missile systems and other modern weapons. He is chairman of the Military-Industrial Commission, and quite clearly exercises a good deal of influence on the Soviet SALT position.

As the summit meeting began, the Russians felt that the only major SALT issue remaining was SLBM replacement. For the Americans, there were two additional issues: mobile land-based missiles and missile size. The United States wanted to ban mobile missiles and obtain more restrictive and precise language on missile size than had been agreed to in Helsinki. As in Helsinki, the Russians said no to banning mobile ICBMs. On Tuesday night, after some discussion of the issue, Nixon finally told Brezhnev that any deployment of mobiles by the Soviet Union would be regarded as grounds for abrogating both the ABM treaty and the interim agreement, and the matter was left there. (The United States delegation had said essentially the same thing the day before, in Helsinki.) The problem, of course, was that mobile missiles could not be reliably counted by reconnaissance satellites and would frustrate the verification process. The Americans fared little better in dealing with missile size, an issue that contained two persistent difficulties—silo modifications and the famous sublimit on very large missiles. The Russians did agree to embellish the restriction on "significantly increasing" silo dimensions by specifying that any increase would not exceed fifteen per cent. They were not conceding much. A missile of far greater power than any yet known could be placed in an SS-9 silo increased by fifteen per cent. As for the sublimit, language worked out in Helsinki probably assured adequate protection against any increase in the number of missiles in the SS-9 class, but it was nonetheless a bit vague and incomplete—lacking, for example, a definition of a "heavy" missile. The Soviets were determined to keep it that way, and they did. Still, any violation of the spirit of this language, let alone the letter, would probably oblige the Americans to withdraw from the agreements. Moscow understands that.



After Tuesday night, Nixon and Brezhnev turned to Vietnam and other more temporal problems, leaving the abstractions of SALT to Kissinger, Smirnov, and the others. The parties were well apart on the contentious SLBM-replacement issue. They had a long session on Wednesday, met again that night, and wrestled with the problem until four o'clock Thursday morning. They resumed Thursday evening, following a performance of "Swan Lake" at the Bolshoi Theatre. When this session—the penultimate one—broke up at three in the morning on Friday, May 26th, the issue was still unresolved. Some of the meetings were held in Gromyko's office in the Soviet Foreign Ministry, and others in St. Catherine's Hall, in the Kremlin. Smirnov was a tough and skillful negotiator, but he showed little sensitivity to the political stakes in the enterprise. Gromyko intervened often to prevent a stalemate. Unlike anyone else on either side of the table, Smirnov had a technician's grasp of the issue. Kissinger, Sonnenfeldt, and Hyland, though they were fully familiar with the ins and outs of SLBMs, are political animals. Kissinger's technicians—Phillip Odeen, Colonel Jack Merritt, and Barry Carter—were in Washington, and a steady stream of cables and phone calls passed between them and the Kissinger team in Moscow. Some of the calls were made on open lines from the Kremlin, for since the conversations dealt with Soviet submarines and SLBMs, the Americans felt that they could not reveal anything the Russians didn't already know; Hyland, in fact, took a call from Carter at the Bolshoi Theatre in the middle of the first act. Kissinger's staff in Washington had the job of preventing any erosion of support for the White House position within the government. With a seven-hour time difference between the two cities, and meetings in Moscow lasting into the small hours, a number of Washington bureaucrats found themselves working almost around the clock.

In Helsinki, the delegations, like everyone else, had been awaiting a breakthrough. Their joint drafts of the ABM treaty and the interim agreement were in place. Essentially, they had only to write a protocol to the interim agreement solemnizing whatever could be worked out on the replacement issue. An American plane had been sent from Moscow to bring the United States delegation back with the completed documents.

In Moscow, the dispute hung on two points: the number of SLBMs the Russians actually had and the number of old missiles they would be obliged to retire in order to reach the agreed totals of sixty-two submarines and nine hundred and fifty tubes. The Americans were clear and hard, saying, in effect, We've agreed that you will have more boats and more missiles, but not free. You must earn each new SLBM by retiring an old missile. Had Nixon and Kissinger been tempted to waver, the word from home might well have stopped them. The cable-and-telephone traffic from the White House reported solid opposition throughout the government to any major concession. Washington, in short, was "hanging tough" on the replacement issue, though well aware that the SALT agreements themselves hung in the balance. The Russians quietly dropped their claim to forty-eight submarines. Both sides, it appeared, wanted to bury the embarrassing conflict over the number of Soviet submarines. They shifted the argument away from boats to tubes (SLBMs), with the Russians claiming a total of seven hundred and sixty-eight either operational or under construction. Washington's estimate of their SLBM strength was six hundred and forty. Both numbers applied to "modern" SLBMs, deployed on Russia's Y-class submarines. The Russians also had some older submarines, known as G class and H class, both of which carried SLBMs of considerably shorter range. The more numerous G-class boats were diesel-powered and had a combined total of seventy SLBMs. The H-class boats were nuclear-powered and had a total of thirty. Agreement existed on a single point—that the two hundred and ten old Soviet ICBMs would be subject to retirement. Otherwise, disagreement was complete. The Americans insisted that the G- and H-class missiles also be placed on the retirement list; the Russians flatly refused.

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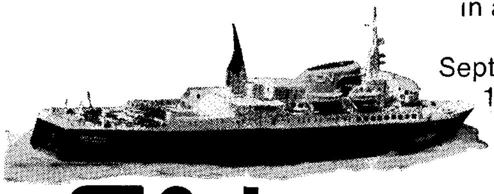

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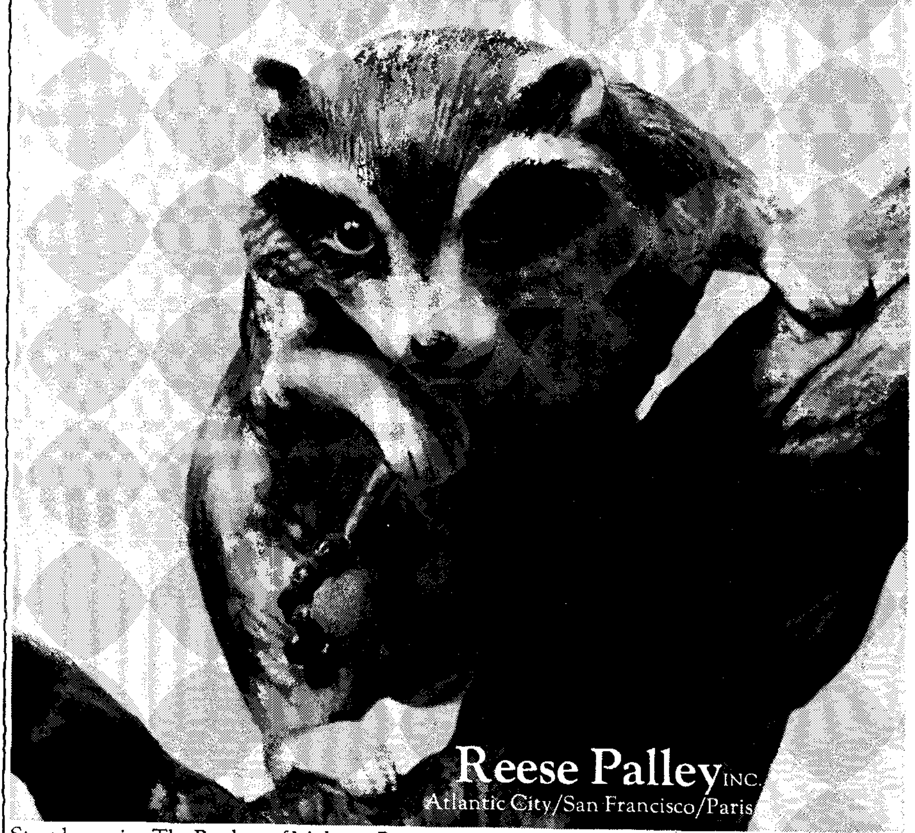

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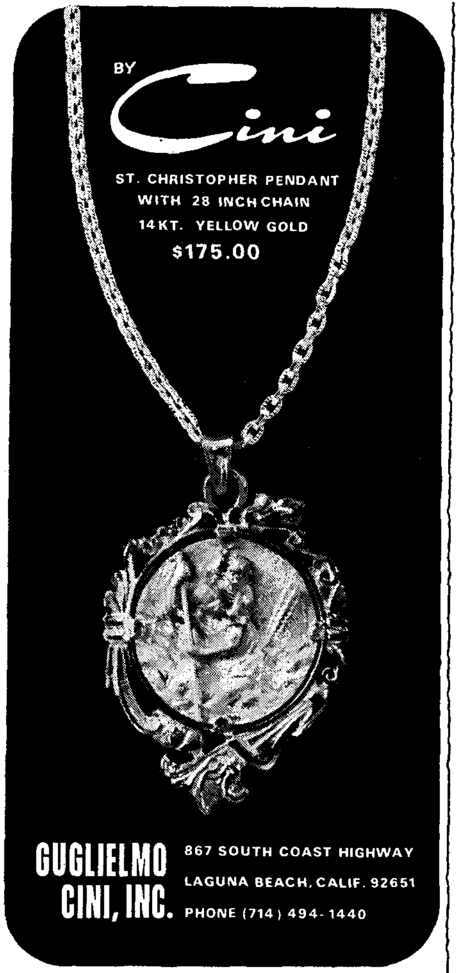

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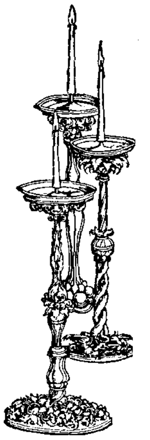

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gation," as some called it, went as far as it could go during the session ending Friday morning. Fortified by a stream of recommendations and admonitions from Washington, Kissinger offered a compromise, some parts of which had been discussed in Helsinki. Although lacking the virtue of simplicity, it was ingenious. The proposal arbitrarily split the difference between six hundred and forty and seven hundred and sixty-eight by settling on the number seven hundred and forty. This was called the "baseline" number—the point at which the Russians could start building toward the agreed maximum of nine hundred and fifty SLBMs, *provided* they retired one older missile for each new one. At first glance, the White House gambit seemed to give the Russians the better of it by splitting the difference in their favor. They didn't think so, though, and, obviously, neither did the Americans. The United States compromise sought to dispose of the thirty H-class missiles by including them in the seven hundred and forty, thus confronting Moscow with the strict choice of keeping these older weapons or replacing them. The G-class issue was treated differently. The proposal gave the Russians the choice of hanging on to these even older weapons, retiring them, or modernizing them. Any that *were* modernized, however, would count toward the grand total of nine hundred and fifty. Here the Americans were having it both ways. They expected the Russians to retire most of the G-class force in any case, since the boats were old and noisy and the missiles, as noted, were short of range. (However confusing all this may seem, it was only slightly less so to the experts themselves. After the White House party returned to Washington, several meetings of the Verification Panel were devoted largely to trying to establish exactly what had been agreed to on SLBMs and what, precisely, it all meant.)

At 3 A.M. on Friday, May 26th, it looked as if Nixon might leave Moscow without a SALT agreement. The issue that had built up around a hundred old Soviet SLBMs still eluded settlement. The Russians had accepted seven hundred and forty as the "baseline" number, but they were unwilling to mix their G- and H-class missiles into the brew that Washington had prepared. Nixon refused to budge, and seemed prepared to accept the consequences. Brezhnev must have perceived this, and must have been less prepared to accept the anticlimax of a failure on SALT. Early Friday morn-

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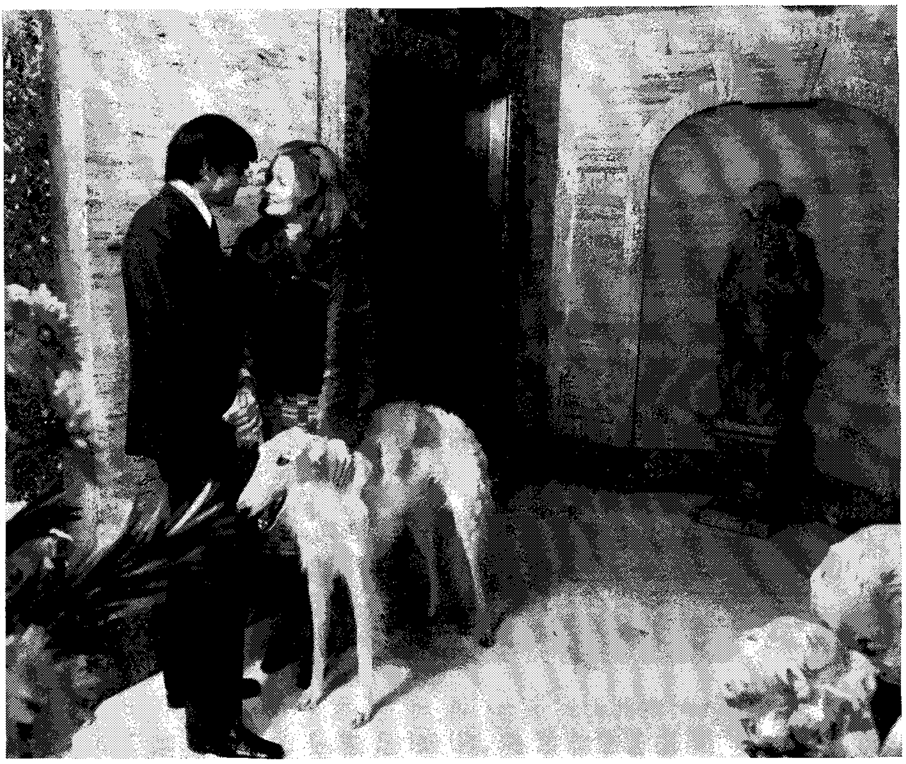
ing, Gromyko called a meeting for 11:30 A.M.

Shortly after the eleven-thirty meeting began, the Russians said, in effect, that everything was agreed to. The issue of the G- and H-class weapons would be settled on the American terms. They also said that the agreements would have to be signed that day. This seemed to amount virtually to a condition. The Americans didn't understand why Brezhnev was moving in such haste, and became worried that the two delegations in Helsinki would not have time to draft the protocol on SLBMs and get to Moscow in time for the signing ceremony, which was now scheduled for 5 P.M. It soon became clear that indeed this could not be done, and the signing ceremony was rescheduled for later that evening. The President was planning to hold a dinner at Spaso House, the American ambassador's residence, for his hosts at seven o'clock, and the Americans tried to gain time by moving the hour back to eight-thirty.

It was 12:30 P.M. in Moscow when messages reached Washington and Helsinki that the breakthrough had been made. The delegations were instructed to draft the protocol and get themselves and the completed documents to Moscow as soon as possible. Kissinger thought, as he said later in the day, that "it was the first time in the history of Soviet-American relations that joint instructions were sent to two delegations, so that no misunderstandings could occur, and where we were kept informed by the Soviet side about meetings going on in the Soviet delegation in order to speed up the drafting process."

The American delegation got the twelve-thirty message by telephone, but a written account of the SLBM settlement didn't reach it, by telegram, until two-thirty. The Soviet delegation got theirs much sooner. Garthoff, Kishilov, and Oleg Grinevsky, a Soviet delegate and a Foreign Ministry official, immediately began drafting the protocol and making the relevant section of the interim agreement conform to it. The delegations labored through the afternoon on agreed interpretations of some parts of the agreements. They left for Moscow as soon as the new material had been typed in English and Russian.

The signing ceremony was now scheduled for eleven o'clock that evening. The Soviet delegation accompanied Smith, Nitze, Allison, and Garthoff on the American plane, where, as someone put it, the last plenary—devoted to working out some of the



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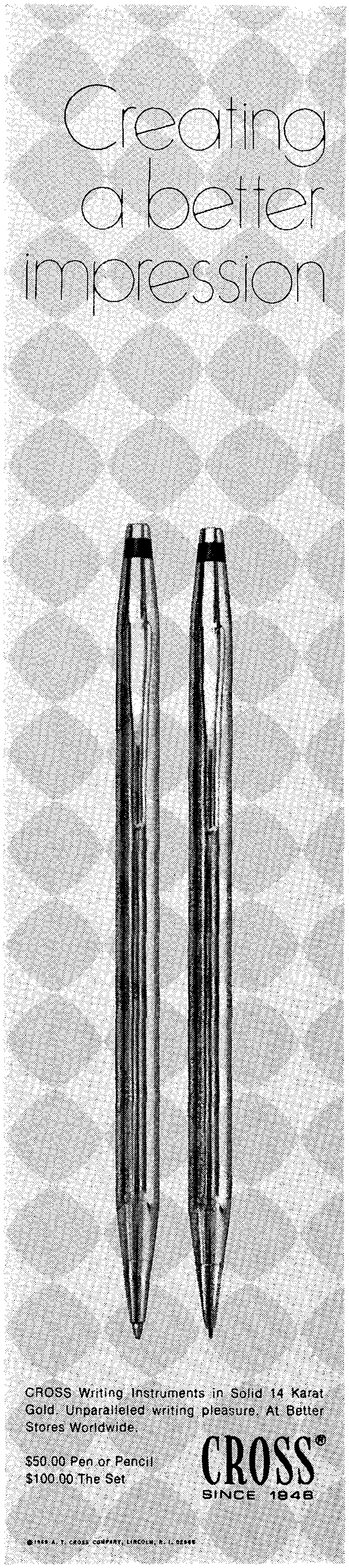

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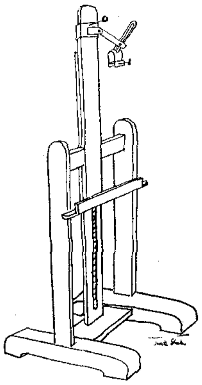
agreed interpretations—was held. The plane landed at 9 P.M. The Russians sent a car to meet Smith, who raced off to the Kremlin with a motorcycle escort. He arrived to find no one there, because the ceremonial dinner at Spaso House was under way. The three other Americans headed for the V.I.P. lounge, assuming, correctly, that the Embassy must have sent people to meet Smith. They found that two Embassy staff members who had been instructed to meet Smith had leaped into their car to give chase when they saw him scooped up on the tarmac by the Russians. Fortunately, cars had been sent for the remaining Americans as well.

Garthoff was carrying the documents. He had forehandedly arranged to have an I.B.M. electric typewriter crated and sent along on the airplane, for he had guessed that the documents might contain typos or other mistakes and so would have to be retyped before the signing ceremony. He was right. Mistakes had been discovered on the plane. A preposition was missing from Article III of the interim agreement. Another error did violence to convention: of two English-language copies that were to be signed, one should have given this country's name precedence throughout and the other should have had it appear second (the same was true of two Russian-language copies), but in both English versions of the protocol to the interim agreement the United States of America was named before the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Finally, in another document the words "of America" were missing after "the United States." All this meant a good deal of retyping in Moscow. Garthoff took leave of Nitze and Allison, had the typewriter uncrated, and drove off to the Soviet Foreign Ministry with Grinevsky. He was taken to the Office of American Affairs, from which he called the Embassy for a typist. There wasn't much time. The power in the American section of the Foreign Ministry had been turned off, so the typewriter was transferred to another office and plugged in. Garthoff waited. The typist didn't appear. There had been a misunderstanding, and instead of going to the Foreign Ministry she had gone to the Ministry's guesthouse. Garthoff could not wait for very long. He had to take the documents to St. Vladimir's Hall in the Kremlin for the signing ceremony.



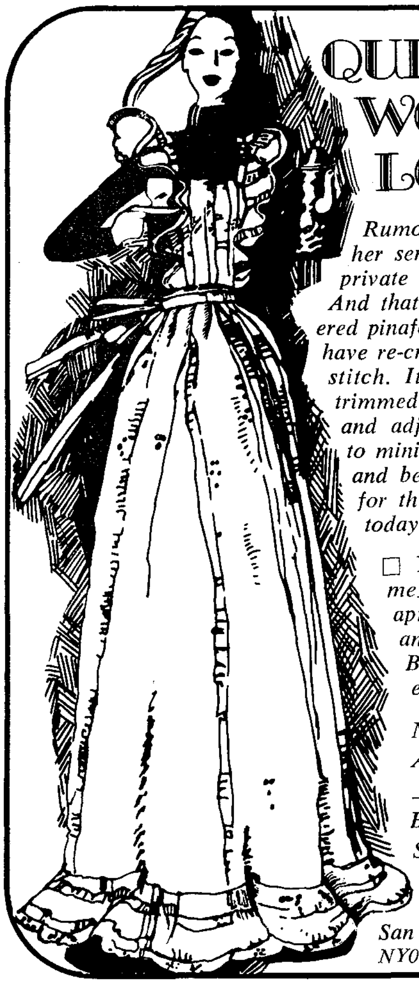
Meanwhile, Nitze and Allison had managed to reach Spaso House before the dinner was over, but only Allison had pierced both the Soviet and the American security network around the ambassador's residence. Allison had been instructed to appear at the signing ceremony in uniform—presumably to symbolize the support of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for the agreements—so he had no difficulty with security. Nitze, on the other hand, not only was not admitted but was detained out on the street for a brief time. This former Secretary of the Navy and Deputy Secretary of Defense was unable to persuade the United States security people that he had indeed been invited to dinner by the President. Fortunately, Nitze was rescued by a Soviet Foreign Ministry official, who obligingly drove him to the Kremlin and maneuvered him through the security cordon there and into St. Vladimir's Hall.

By the time Smith reached Spaso House, the dinner was over. He went on to the Embassy and joined Kissinger, who was in the Embassy snack bar, about to begin the first of two press conferences he held that evening. Smith had been working since 5 A.M. He wearily told the American press that he and Semenov had continued their labors on the plane. "So," he said, "this is about the freshest treaty that I have ever talked about." The reporters pressed him for details of the morning agreement; their specific interest was in getting the numbers of Soviet submarines and SLBMs, from which to make reasonable evaluations of the agreement. Most of them were frankly irritated by the secrecy that continued to obscure SALT. Smith declined to talk about Soviet submarines. The atmosphere in the snack bar suddenly became quite tense. Kissinger spoke up and tried to offer some guidance on Soviet SLBMs without using precise numbers. One reporter responded with a *cri de cœur:* "Could I make a plea to you, and Ron [Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler] as well? It has taken thirty months to get this treaty. The Senate of the United States wants to know what is in it. There is an argument about it. We have been out of our hotel an hour and a half. We get ten minutes of questions, and tomorrow it is going to be our fault for screwing it up and creating political trouble. Can somebody else pass up the champagne [i.e., the signing ceremony] and let's keep this going?" It was ten-fifty-five—time to leave for the signing ceremony—but Ziegler announced that Kissinger would be available for an extended session with the American press afterward.

The signing went off without incident. Scarcely anyone knew that Nixon and Brezhnev were signing imperfect documents. The retyping was done the following morning at the White House command post, in the Rossiya Hotel, and Nixon and Brezhnev signed the perfected documents privately.

The day had been long and had provided surprise, suspense, drama, confusion, pith, and moment. It wasn't over yet. There remained Kissinger's press conference. The time was 1 A.M. The place was the Skylight Sky Room, a dimly lit night club in the Intourist Hotel. Against a background of champagne buckets, and gazing over a raised dance floor, Kissinger sought to cope with a group of disgruntled reporters, who were becoming progressively unhappier, partly because nobody had been able to supply texts of the agreements. The fact was that there existed only the documents that had been signed, which had not yet been copied. To mollify the press, Kissinger cited figures on Soviet missiles and bombers. Almost certainly, no Moscow night-club act ever played to an audience more bemused by its surroundings or the implausibility of what it was witnessing. Kissinger himself was struck by the incongruity. After noting at one point that "the Soviet Union has been building missiles at the rate of two hundred and fifty per year," he added, "If I get arrested here for espionage, gentlemen, we will know who is to blame." He stressed repeatedly that the SLBM deal suited American interests. It did, he conceded, freeze a Soviet numerical advantage in boats and tubes, but the alternative to an agreement freezing the Russian boats at sixty-two, he said, might well be a Soviet submarine fleet of eighty or ninety boats within the five-year life of the agreement. Answering the charge that "the United States got stuck with a submarine deal," he said, "That is an absurdity. . . . It was the United States which insisted that submarines be included. The United States was in a rather complex position to recommend a submarine deal, since we were not building any and the Soviets were building eight or nine a year, which isn't the most brilliant bargaining position I would recommend people to find themselves in."

Most of the questions were about the struggle over SLBMs, and this was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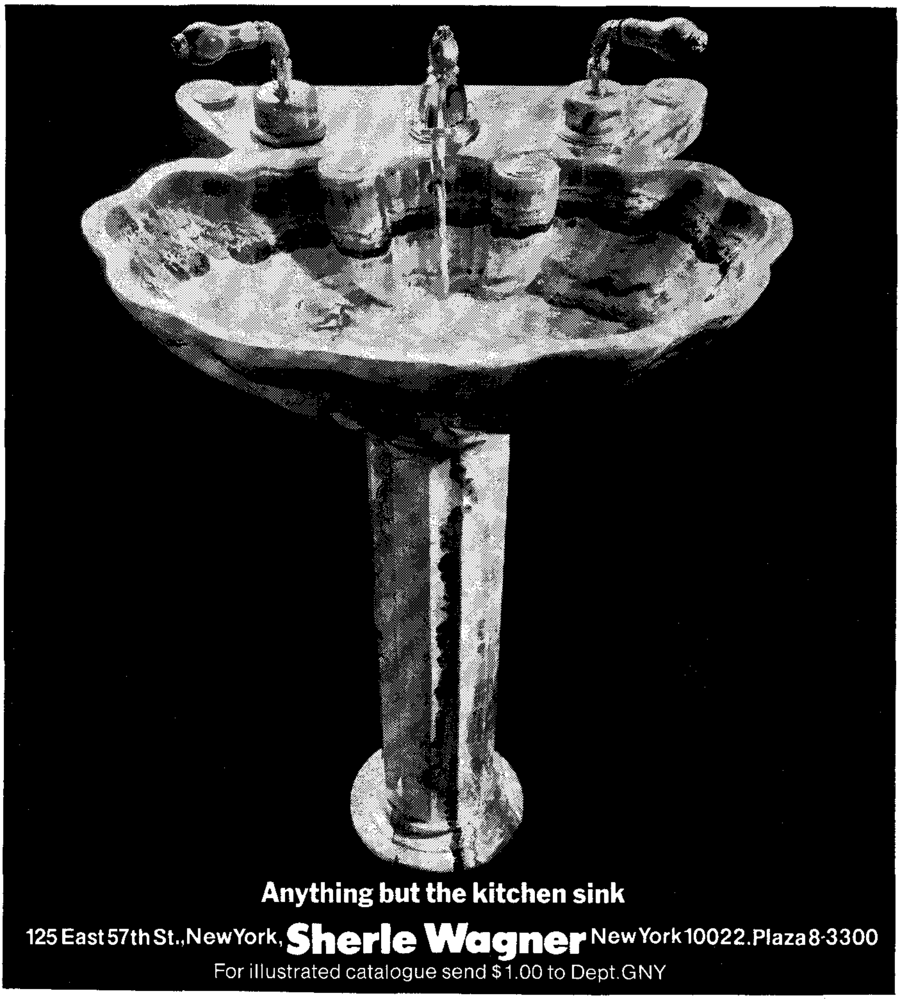
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hardly surprising. An aura of mystery and confusion obscured the essentials of this elusive issue, which had deadlocked the talks and might have blocked agreement. Kissinger gave a good briefing on the outlines of the dispute, and even sketched in some detail. His audience learned a fair amount, but the complexity of the subject guaranteed that not much of it would creep into the daily press. It was no time for a rigorous discussion of the two agreements; everyone was exhausted. By one-forty-five, the press had no more questions, and the night-club press conference ended.

The last person to reach his bed in the Rossiya Hotel was probably Garthoff. Some time after the signing ceremony, he suddenly remembered the I.B.M. typewriter in the Soviet Foreign Ministry. He and the other members of the delegation were returning to Washington via Helsinki early in the morning. His last contribution to the day's events was retrieving the typewriter in the dead of night.

IT was all over. An ABM treaty had at last been signed by the United States and the Soviet Union. Each side renounced the defense of its society and territory against the other's nuclear weapons—that is the treaty's historic essence. Eleven of the treaty's sixteen articles are designed to prevent any deviation, clandestine or otherwise, from this agreement. Each side will rely entirely on its reconnaissance and detection systems to verify the other's compliance with both agreements, and each formally agrees to forbear interfering with the other's surveillance systems or to conceal those of its activities which are to be checked on.

Knowing what and how to think about SALT is no easier after agreement than before. Paradox and contradiction have always agitated the enterprise. Some people worry that the agreement limiting offensive missiles will promote not stability and economy but more strategic offense and the spending that goes with it. Those who fought against Safeguard had the stronger case, and yet Soviet fears of this system that was unable to perform its major function—defending Minuteman sites—became the blue chip on the American side of the table. And who could have foreseen that a trip to China would give the talks a final burst of impulsion, which may have been essential to the kind of agreement that was reached?

Critics say that Washington could have worked out a one-plus-one ABM deal at least a year before the Moscow

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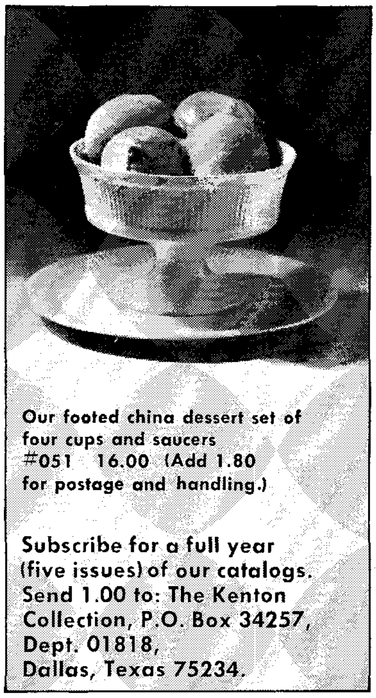

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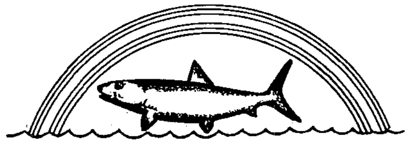

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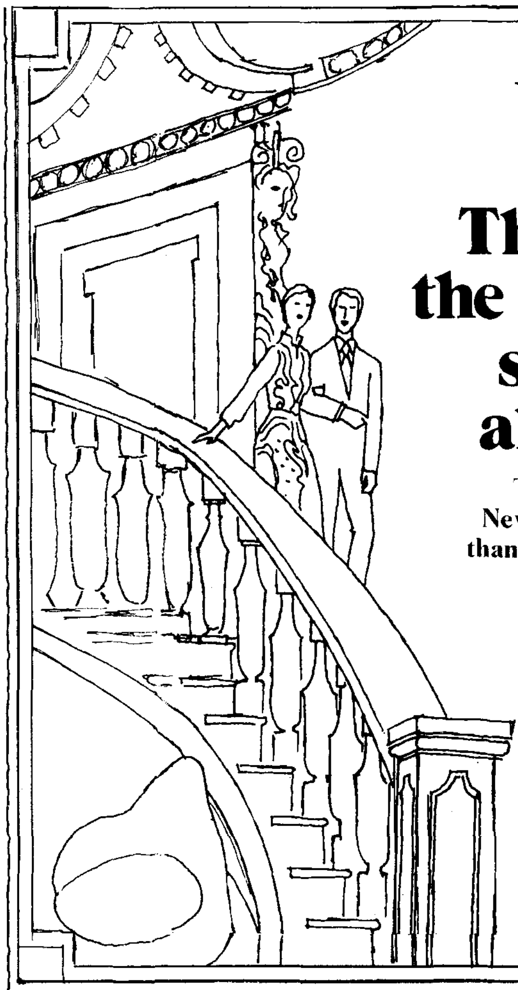
agreements. Possibly so, the reply goes, but the interim agreement on offense could not have been pushed any faster. That argument leaves the critics as it finds them. Although they rejoice in having an ABM treaty, they see the interim agreement as a cover for an expanded arms race; as a "hunting license for new weapons," in the words of one of them; as "worse than nothing," in the words of another. They worry that the ABM problem cannot be judged to be safely behind us, because the MIRV problem is still before us and might unhinge the treaty. With numbers of weapons no longer an issue, this reasoning goes, the military and technological bureaucracies will focus their efforts on refinement and innovation. If the critics are right, the interim agreement carries a heavy penalty.

Then, hawkish critics of the interim agreement complain that it will not stop the Soviet Union from doing anything it wants to do. Some solid technical analysis can be deployed behind their argument. But, as is often the case, such analysis misses a larger political point. In doing a deal with the Americans on offense, Brezhnev was influenced much less by strategic calculation than by the politics of his foreign policy. Nixon and Kissinger were right to insist that he accept a link between offense and defense. To have accepted Moscow's preference for a simple ABM agreement would have cost the White House the support of largish parts of the bureaucracy and Congress, and perhaps even some members of the Administration itself. With justice, Nixon would have been accused of yielding America's prime source of bargaining strength in return for exactly nothing. In a sense, the interim agreement, as some critics complain, could be seen as legitimizing improvement and modernization of offensive weapons, but it should not inspire them. With or without agreement, the Soviet Union would reach for a MIRV capability, while Nixon in any case would move toward a followup strategic bomber and the Trident submarine and missiles as well.

Those who object to the interim agreement might do well to judge it in relation to the ABM treaty, to which they do not object. The great powers were (and still may be) unwilling to put hobbles on the process of refining offensive weapons until they set limits on ABMs and numbers of offensive missiles; the negotiating history shows as much. With that accomplished, either of the two parties can, if it chooses, argue plausibly that since both the



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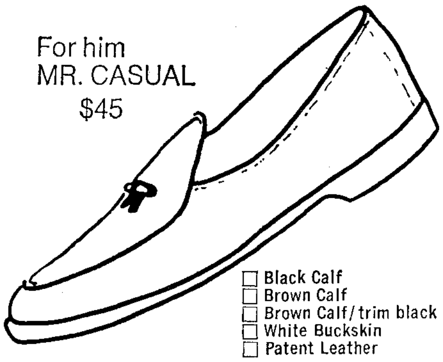
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American and the Soviet people are now defenseless, there is no need to improve offensive capabilities. Each society is unambiguously a hostage to the destructive power of the other. And each side can now also argue that a parity of sorts has been acknowledged. The interim agreement leaves the Soviet Union with *something like* a three-to-two edge in numbers of missiles and at least three times as much strategic megatonnage, while the United States, for its part, has more than twice as many deliverable nuclear warheads (about fifty-seven hundred against twenty-five hundred) as the Soviet Union.

Most of the criticism comes from those who see too few restraints or from those who, like Senator Henry Jackson, see too many. The former argue that neither side is inhibited by the interim agreement, whereas Jackson worries that it inhibits the United States but not the Soviet Union. So far, Jackson is a lonely figure, for his allies are not especially articulate. That could change. In time, Jackson's position could be overtaken and carried beyond his concern about disparities in numbers of missiles into a generalized alarm that the Administration had shamefully allowed the United States to drift away from sufficiency to insufficiency, thus presenting the Soviet Union with a clear claim to strategic supremacy and all the political cards that go with it. If these politically troublesome disparities are not somehow narrowed during SALT's second phase, which began last November, the Administration could run into serious trouble. Specifically, by 1975 or 1976, or perhaps even before, an aging Administration could find itself with an aging bomber force and a submarine force said by hawkish critics to be aging, and with no new weapons as replacements. Neither Trident nor a new strategic bomber will be ready before 1978, at the earliest. By then, the Russians may have started MIRVing their giant missiles, or, at the least, testing a workable MIRV. At that point, the old question of Minuteman vulnerability, which has so far been a mostly arcane internal argument, could blossom into a contentious political issue, perhaps even bringing pressure on the Administration to abrogate the ABM treaty so as to be able to defend Minuteman. Fashions change quickly in America. A growing tendency to think about security chiefly in terms of reducing defense spending could be submerged by renewed cries of missile gap, accompanied by heavy congressional pressure to de-

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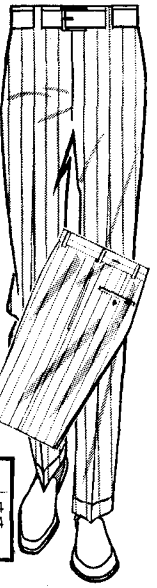

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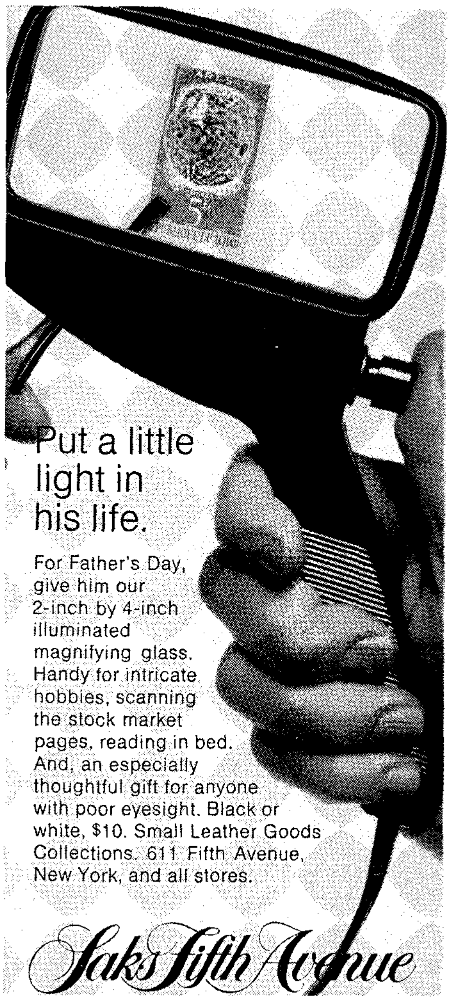
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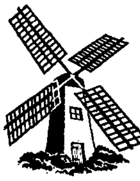
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Little imagination is needed to supply a scenario that could produce such a convulsion in the public mood. One or two political reversals for America, most likely in Europe, might well provoke a closely reasoned statement by some prominent member of the defense community—perhaps in the form of an Adelphi Paper, published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies—proclaiming a sharp decline in America's political and strategic power. Unlike most such papers, which reach a small, specialized audience, this one might turn up on page 1 of the *Times*—as good a launch pad as any for a heated congressional debate. After all, the American public is unused to running behind the Soviet Union and might be far less impressed than Washington experts by the heavy United States advantage in warheads; in any case, the warhead advantage can scarcely be considered permanent if one assumes, as most experts do, that Moscow will one day MIRV its long-range missiles.

Those among the critics who figured in the effort to launch SALT in 1967 and 1968 should acknowledge that the Moscow agreements achieve essentially what they themselves were preparing to propose in the summer of 1968: a limit on ABMs and a freeze on both land-based and sea-based offensive missiles. The big difference is that since then the United States has lost its lead in numbers of missiles. Equally, all critics of the interim agreement should note that by freezing the number of big Soviet land-based missiles, while giving the Russians a larger number of submarines to build toward, the interim agreement does help to encourage the movement toward the more stable sea-based systems—an environment, moreover, in which the United States has both natural operating advantages and better weapons. In that light, the agreement is consistent with Washington's position since the start of the negotiations.

Dovish critics are untroubled by superior Soviet numbers. They know that, whatever happens, American strategic forces will remain more than adequate for the assured-destruction role. The edge in quality, they also know, could be a permanent—certainly a long-term—American advantage. Still, such critics need to bear in mind the fact that the peoples of the world neither think nor react in entirely rational terms. Some or many may draw the wrong conclusions from the putative

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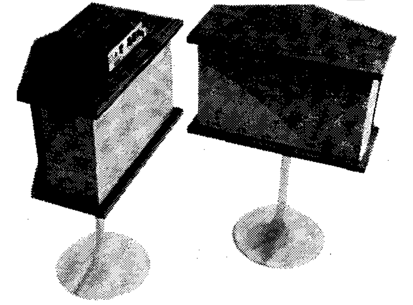
Soviet advantages in numbers and size of weapons; America's technological superiority is a considerably less conspicuous asset. If the warhead gap is eventually erased, Soviet politicians, diplomats, and generals may proclaim an existing and growing strategic superiority. And the world may listen. Or, on the other hand, it may not listen. But the risk that it will is there, and it is one that American leaders could scarcely ignore. Even parity is for Moscow as much a political as a strategic value.

In pressing to limit ABMs and accepting a hold on its biggest missiles, the Soviet Union appears to be a convert to the macabre doctrine of assured destruction, even though there is no equivalent Soviet term—not yet, anyway. What needs to be said, however, is that nuclear-force planning is one thing, nuclear-war planning quite another. Like most of what passes for strategic doctrine in the nuclear age, assured destruction is an abstraction, not reality. Assured destruction is essentially just a tool for modelling forces and isolating the heresy of outright nuclear superiority; America's strategic forces are built around a capability of destroying some given part of Soviet urban society and industry. Yet perhaps the most interesting of the ironies of SALT—certainly the most reassuring—is that while assured destruction may have become the solemn dogma of strategy, it is unthinkable that, short of a massive nuclear attack, an American President actually *would* retaliate instantly against the aggressor's cities and thus invite the destruction of his own. And there is no reason to assume that on this point Soviet leadership is less rational than American.

SALT was well served by the back-channel negotiations. The back channel is a good place for dealing with rival powers, but allies, like bureaucrats, resent being left out. It is too soon to balance the undoubted gains of a secret trip to China against the long-run effects of not alerting the Japanese. Triangular politics is useful, if only because the greatest single source of instability in the years ahead probably lies in the hostility between China and the Soviet Union. China draws a measure of security from triangular politics, while the United States gains from it some maneuverability vis-à-vis Moscow and Peking. Moderating its difficulties with the West permits Moscow, however, to focus attention on China. Embedded as it is in triangular politics, SALT cannot be divorced from Moscow's concern with China or Washington's uneasy re-



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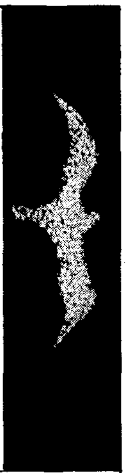

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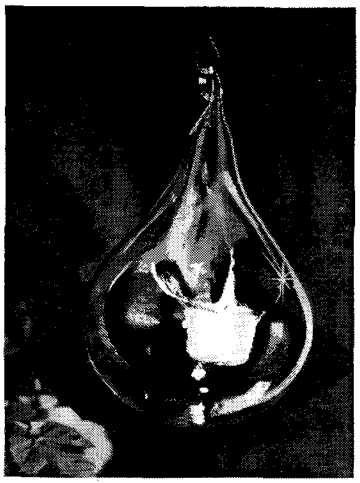

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As a political force, SALT has a double edge. It may moderate relations between the great powers, but, depending on how it is handled and what agreements it produces, it could also hasten the disrepair of NATO—a prospect to which Moscow obviously is sensitive. SALT is the only major East-West transaction that has lacked European participation; because they are left out, European governments feel more dependent on America and hence more vulnerable. Their security, they know, is as much at stake as America's. Triangular politics, they fear, will restore the world of Metternich, who told Talleyrand, "Don't speak of allies. They no longer exist."

The bureaucracy speaks of SALT in phases. The first seven rounds were Phase I. We are now in Phase II. So far, SALT appears to be a serious process as well as a continuing one. But the talks rely on the intent and negotiating style of the parties. The record established during Phase I is neither reassuring nor disappointing; it is inconclusive. A modest interim agreement has been achieved. From the start, the two sides have engaged in a frank, open, nonpolemical dialogue on the weapons most vital to their security. That is itself a watershed. Certainly it is not to be taken lightly or taken for granted. Because it is wrapped in the theology and the other abstractions of strategy, SALT is an obscure, certainly an elusive, enterprise. Politics, nonetheless, lies at its heart. There is much more to SALT than meets the eye of many a systems analyst. Settling the SLBM-replacement issue was not the most important event of the May, 1972, summit conference. Nor, perhaps, was the signing of the SALT agreements themselves. The importance of the conference—coming as it did on the heels of Nixon's mining of North Vietnam's harbors—lay in the fact that it was held at all.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

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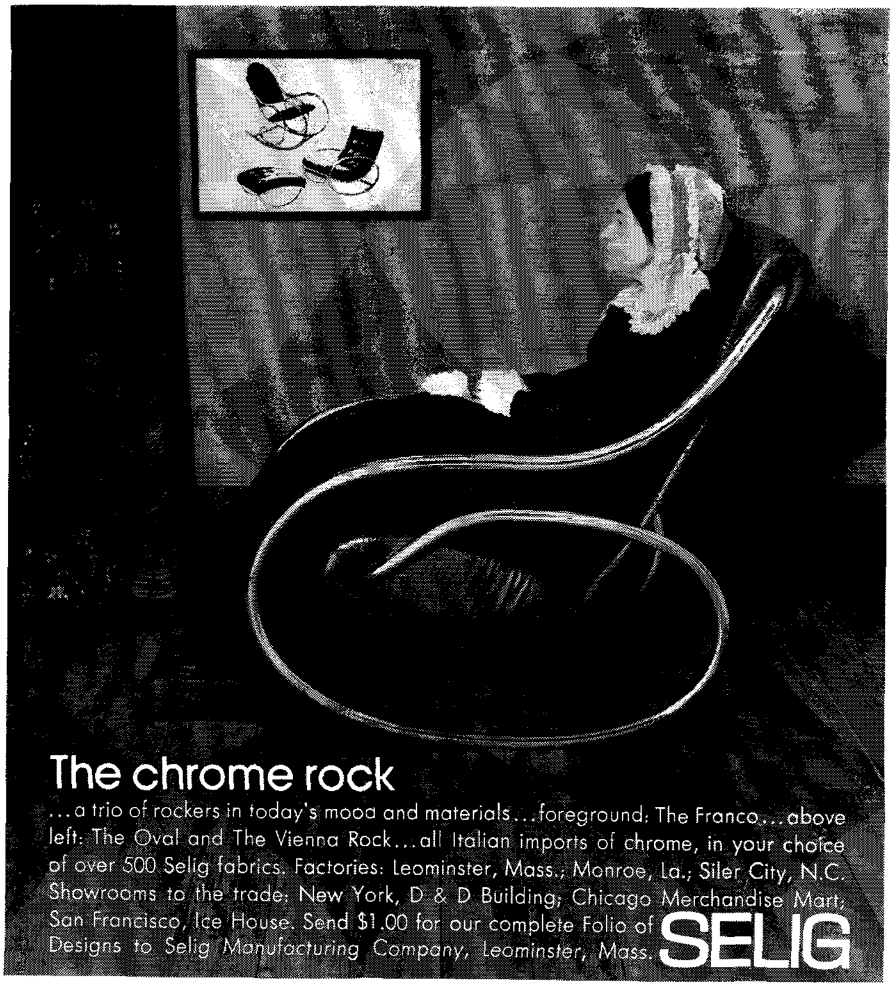
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MUSICAL EVENTS

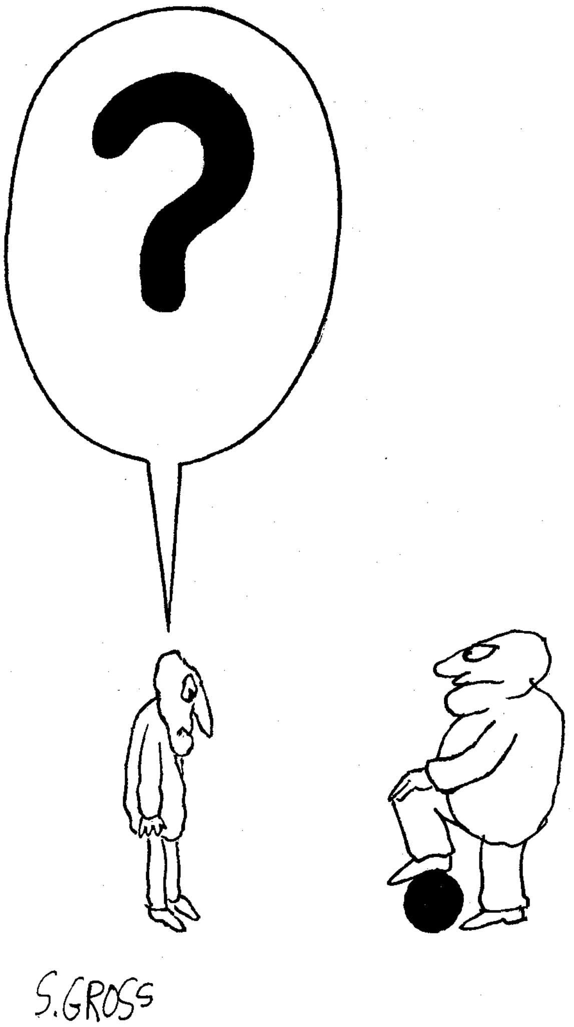
Proper Bostonian

"WHEN I want to hear good opera," said Maria Theresa after Haydn's troupe had put on "L'Infedeltà Delusa" in her honor, "I go to Esterház." New Yorkers can be heard declaring that when they want to hear good opera they go to Boston—where Sarah Caldwell directs performances uncommonly satisfying to anyone who believes that opera should be more than a vocal display amid lavish scenery. Verdi's grand opera "Don Carlos"—of which the Opera Company of Boston has just given, in a sense to be defined below, the world première—is a piece that calls for the Caldwell approach. The composer himself said that the best singers and players in the world could not do it justice unless there was also first-rate direction, and "an ensemble, a whole." "One superior intelligence," he declared, "must be in charge of the costumes, the scenery, the props, the staging, etc.—quite apart from the exceptional musical interpretation that is required." He had been reading Wagner; he believed, with some justice, that in "Don Carlos" he, too, had created a new kind of opera that should be performed as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Or as Giuseppina Verdi put it, "A magnificent voice, a sublime artist are not enough to make a contemporary *opera-poema* understood in all its aspects. You need an ensemble. The singing, the playing, the acting, the costumes, the staging—all these are elements in the ensemble."

Now, Boston is not Bayreuth. For one thing, it has no fit theatre for opera. (The famous Opera House was torn down, to make way for a parking lot, in 1957; and the Back Bay Theatre, which housed Miss Caldwell's company for four seasons and saw the American première of Schoenberg's "Moses and Aaron," of Luigi Nono's "Intolleranza," and of Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" without Rimsky-Korsakov's revisions, was demolished in 1968.) The Opera Company of Boston at present perches in the Orpheum, which is an ingeniously designed and pretty building but has only a small stage, little wing space, and no real pit for the full orchestra, which must spill out into the house. So not all the elements of the "Carlos" ensemble could be provided. The opera was commissioned to be the great glittering showpiece at the Paris Opéra in 1867, the year of Napoleon III's Universal Exhibition. Verdi himself, when he received the commission and a prose outline of the libretto, suggested that the spectacular content should be increased, and it was. "Carlos" calls for elaborate processions, multiple choruses, stage bands on the grandest possible scale. Verdi's intention was plain: to give a new nobility and purpose to grand opera; to unite what was best about the Meyerbeer manner, with its enormous sonic and visual paraphernalia, and his own ideas about character and dramatic impact and what he called warmth. Even the obligatory Paris ballet played a necessary, not an irrelevant, role. "It's a long opera, I know," Verdi wrote. "But it has to be. It's not a question of showing off the voices, or allowing time for a ballerina to display her legs." For St. Petersburg, Verdi had written "La Forza del Destino," on a very large scale. Now he set out to show Paris—where Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" had been the previous "spectacular"—what elevated grand opera could be. A libretto drawn from Schiller's play "Don Carlos" provided an ideal subject. It proclaimed themes dear to the composer: his love of individual and national liberty, his detestation of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. And it was "warmed" by the individual predicaments of five interesting and contrasted characters, enmeshed in a web of Church and State, where their actions affect not only one another but also the fates of three nations. Public and personal destinies interact, and the titular hero is the common point of three emotional triangles: Elisabeth and Eboli both love Carlos; Philip and Carlos both love Elisabeth; and Philip and Carlos both love Posa.

In a program note for the Boston performance, Miss Caldwell observed that while "it would be ridiculous to pretend to match the scope of the spectacle for which the Paris Opéra was so famous . . . we believe we can produce the work with musical and dramatic integrity." Her scenery was borrowed from San Antonio; designed, by Donald Oenslager, for a much larger stage, it looked coarse in the Orpheum. The costumes, borrowed from San Francisco, looked handsome. With her wonted genius, Miss Caldwell made the most of her resources. In any case, spectacle, though important to "Carlos," is not what matters most. In Paris in 1867, no expense was spared, and the rehearsals lasted six months, but Verdi found the results cold, and he was soon contrasting spirited, fiery Italian productions, achieved after only a few weeks' preparation, with that lacklustre première on which so much time and so many thousands of francs had been lavished. The Boston "Carlos" bore signs of inadequate rehearsal time and of last-minute improvisation, and the massive effects could only be suggested, but the presentation was spirited, fiery, and sensitive, and it was directed by "one superior intelligence"—Miss Caldwell was both producer and conductor—which insured a vivid, stirring, and very beautiful interpretation of the opera.

It was also the first production of the opera that Verdi



originally conceived and composed—so long and so ambitious a work that it had to be shortened before the Paris première. Three whole numbers—the prelude and opening chorus, a duet for Elisabeth and Eboli (before "O don fatal"), and a duet for Carlos and Philip (after the death of Posa)—and three substantial mid-scene episodes were removed. The relevant pages were cut bodily from the autograph and also (apart from one passage) from the conducting copy of "Carlos" used at the première. They remained unpublished and, until 1969, unknown. Now, at this point I should, as they say, "declare an interest"—scholarly if not financial. At a Verdi congress in Verona, the musicologist David Rosen produced the missing section of the Philip-Posa duet, which he had found folded down in the conducting copy. Spurred by his revelation, when I was next in Paris I examined the 1867 performance material, still in the Opéra Library, and discovered that, line by line, it was possible to reconstruct the rest of the "lost" music, for in the individual parts the unperformed passages had been not cut away but merely pasted, pinned, or stitched down. It was exciting to see page after page of music by the mature Verdi taking shape as I copied. It was exciting, in Boston, to hear this music in the theatre. Some excerpts had previously been given in concert form, and the B.B.C. has prepared a full recording, due to be broadcast on June 10th, but Miss Caldwell is the first to put the "complete" opera to the test of a theatre performance. (Well, very nearly complete. Though Boston restored what Paris had cut, the ballet "La Pérégrina" was omitted. A pity; it plays its part in the formal scheme of things. Perhaps next time? As it was, a show that began soon after seven ran until a quarter to twelve. There were just two short intervals.) Lest a critic be thought to be reviewing his own work, let me add quickly that Miss Caldwell and her colleague Osbourne McConathy prepared their own edition afresh from the Paris materials. To be precise, just twelve measures of my contriving (a missing harp accompaniment in the Elisabeth-Eboli duet) found their way into the Boston text—and very timid and feeble they sounded! Quite apart from the "new" passages, this was an unfamiliar version of "Don Carlos." What we usually hear is a revised and abridged four-act score that Verdi (still working in French) made in 1882-83—sometimes prefaced, and sometimes not, by the original, unre-

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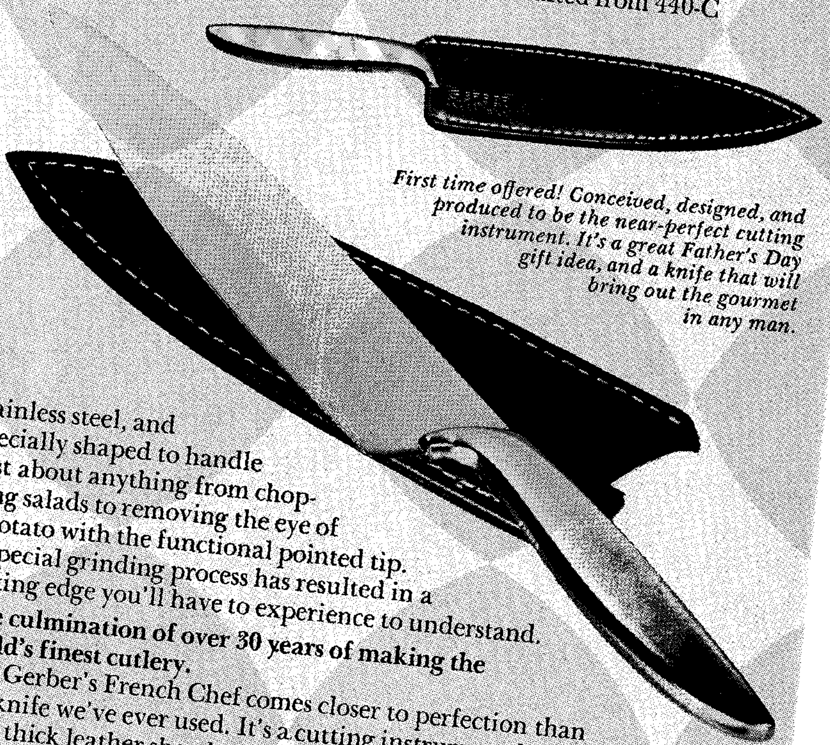

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vised Act I, set in Fontainebleau—and we generally hear it sung in a poor Italian translation. As far as I know, the 1867 Paris score, even as cut before the première, has not previously been revived in our century. And, of course, the "unknown" passages can be restored only to this earlier Paris score; they do not fit the revision—one of whose purposes, in fact, was to reinstate, in the form of dramatic dialogue, vital theatrical points that had disappeared when the pages were cut from the autograph. I apologize for all these textual notes. But "Don Carlos" is a long, complicated opera with a long, complicated history, and before discussing any performance of it one must at least establish what was performed. So, to sum up, the Boston company gave, in the original French, and uncut (except for the ballet), the first performance, ever, of the immense opera that Verdi prepared in 1867; and in doing so it opened a new chapter in the stage history of the piece.

Miss Caldwell's direction showed a masterly command of the long, linked themes running through this expansive drama. She held it together, while illumining the passing moments of emotion with many vivid touches, both dramatic and musical. On the first night, though the details were vivid from the start, it took her a little time to find that sense of "basic pulse" which seems to keep all the individual tempi in just relationship. It arrived in Act III, when the great ensemble launched by the plea of Flemish deputies proved overwhelming, despite the relatively small forces at hand. And thereafter everything was magnificently done. In Act III, Carlos's public life reaches its climax; the following scene, the only one in which Carlos does not appear, and the only one without chorus, is a series of private crises. In superb fashion, Miss Caldwell handled the long sequence of Philip's monologue, his tremendous interview with the Grand Inquisitor; his confrontation with Elisabeth; the quartet; the duet between the women, alternately tense and tender; and, finally, "O don fatal." The full shape of Act IV, Scene 2, was likewise revealed for the first time: after the death of Posa, a long, elegiac duet (Verdi reused the theme later for the "Lacrimosa" of his Requiem), in which Philip mourns his only friend and Carlos prays for strength, and then the popular rising, with Eboli at the head of the insurgents, quelled by the appearance of the Grand Inquisitor. The action at the very end of the opera—the Emperor Charles V (alive? dead?) emerges

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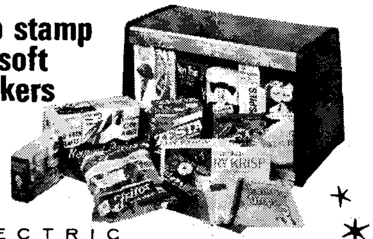

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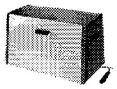

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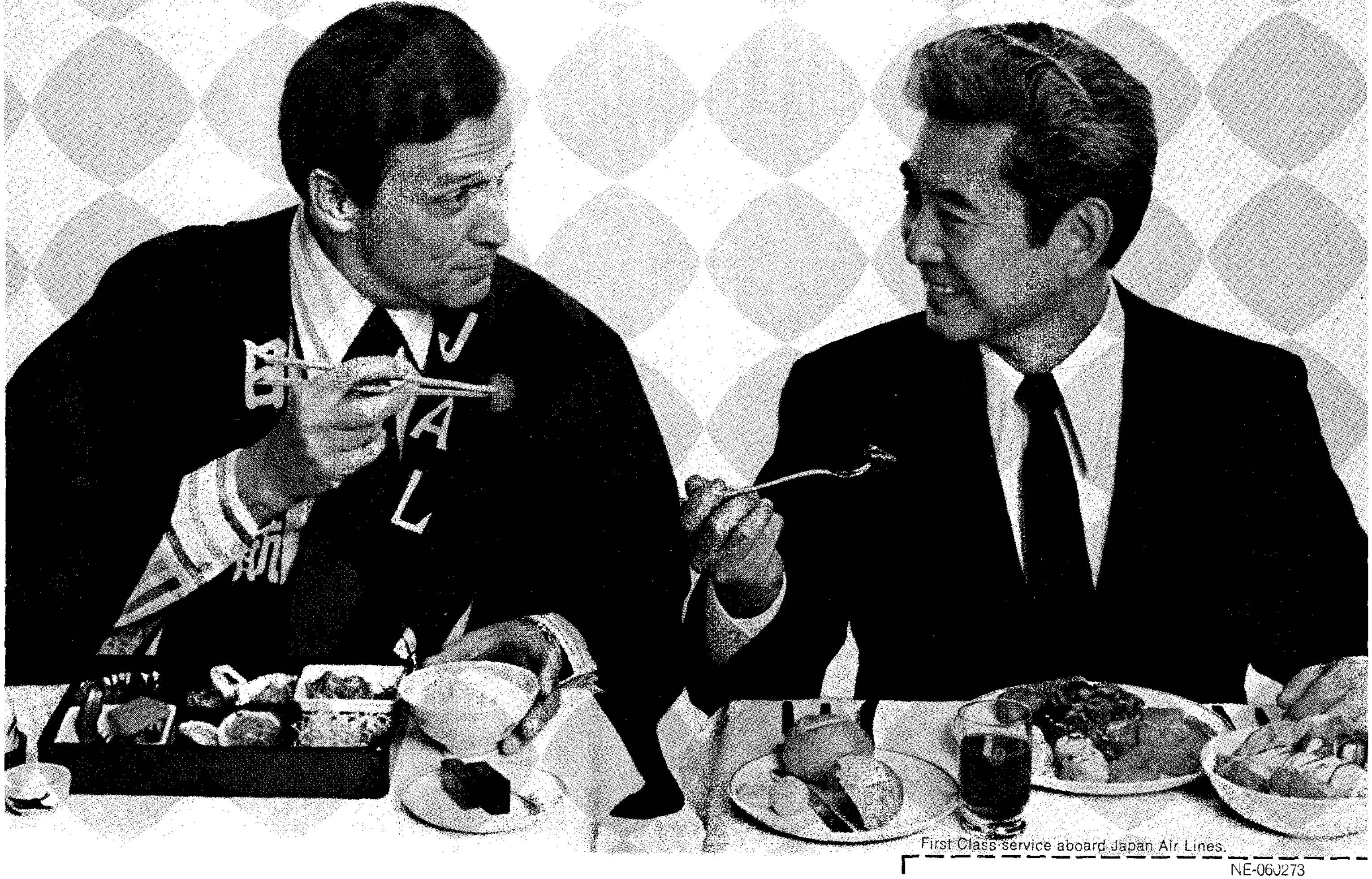

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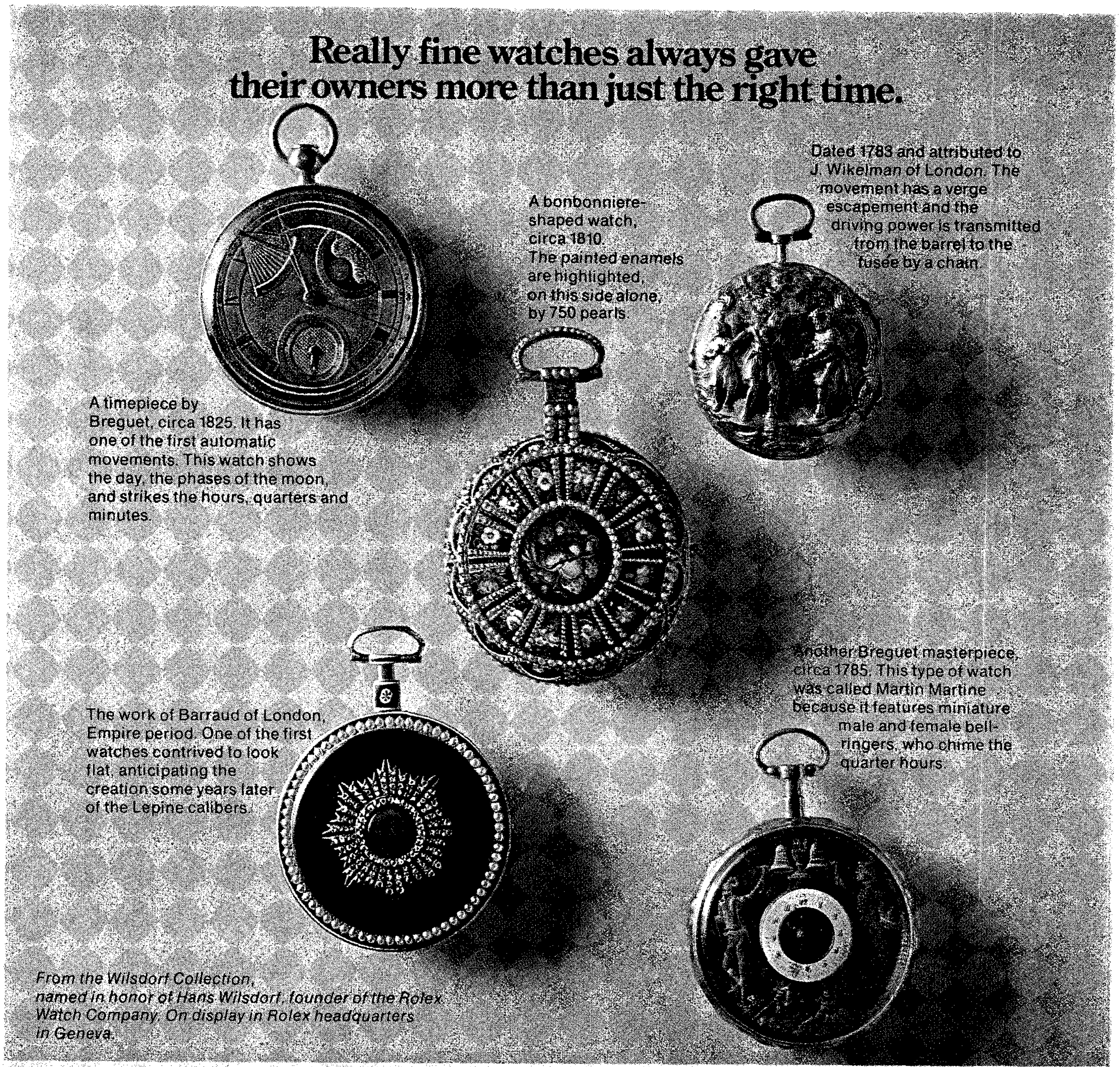

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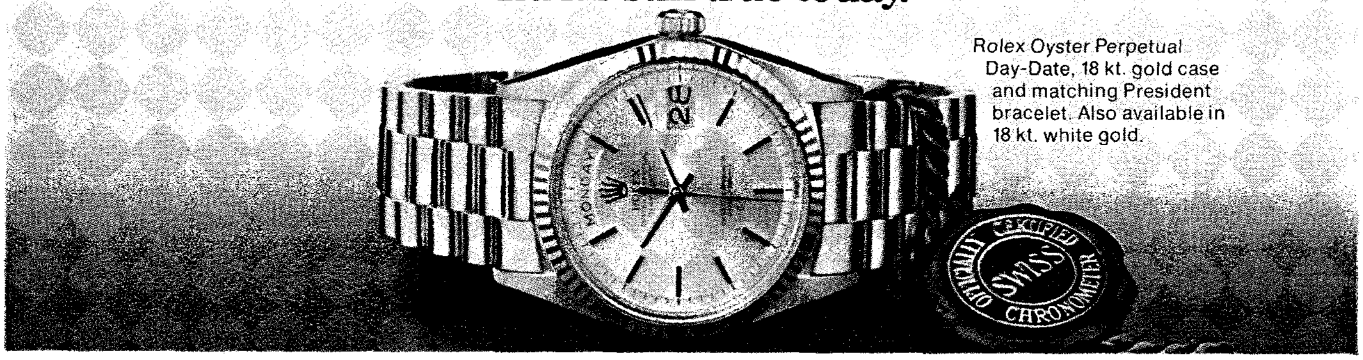

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from the gates of his tomb and draws his grandson Carlos into the cloister—presents a problem that Verdi himself never solved to his own satisfaction. There is one simple way of making "sense" of the scene without alteration to the music: Assume that Charles V is alive (in history, he did retire into a monastery, after celebrating his own obsequies), and that Carlos dies. In a working draft of the libretto, preserved in Verdi's villa of Sant'Agata, the composer actually pencilled in the line "*L'Infant Carlos est mort! Priez pour lui!*," though he did not set it to music. Miss Caldwell's solution was an on-the-spot execution of Carlos by the Inquisition soldiers—an impossible proceeding in so sacred a place.

There was a good cast. Best of all was the Philip of Donald Gramm—a marvellously intelligent, subtle, and powerful interpretation, never just boomed out but vocally imposing where necessary, profoundly affecting in the monologue, and always quick to convey the nuances of text and musical phrase. The Elisabeth and Eboli, Édith Tremblay and Michèle Vilma, were making American débuts. Miss Tremblay is a young Canadian lyric soprano of exquisite, delicate timbre. Though her voice does not have the weight and richness of tone usually associated with the role, its purity, freshness, and steadiness insure that it carries effortlessly, while her feeling for attack and portamento, her sensitive, instinctively graceful shaping of the phrases, suggest that she was trained in an older and more refined school than most Elisabeths of our day. Her singing represented the nearest thing I have heard in life to the kind of art represented on records by Graziella Pareto and Eidé Noréna. As an actress, Miss Tremblay lacks passion, as yet, but she is beautiful, both dignified and touching in demeanor; her features lit into joy in the duets of Act I. Miss Vilma is a very accomplished, very "professional" French mezzo, with a flash in the personality that made her an uncommonly vivacious, sparkly, spunky Eboli. The Veil Song was brilliantly achieved—the voices of King Achmet and of the veiled beauty wittily characterized, the "Moorish" cadenzas bubbling out of the situation. Her "*lionne blessée*" of Act III was formidable. And with a passionate "O don fatal" Miss Vilma brought the house down. It is not a great voice, but her expert use of it, her big, lively eyes, and her general air of chic assurance carried the day. At the Paris première, Verdi risked a young, untried tenor, Morère, in the

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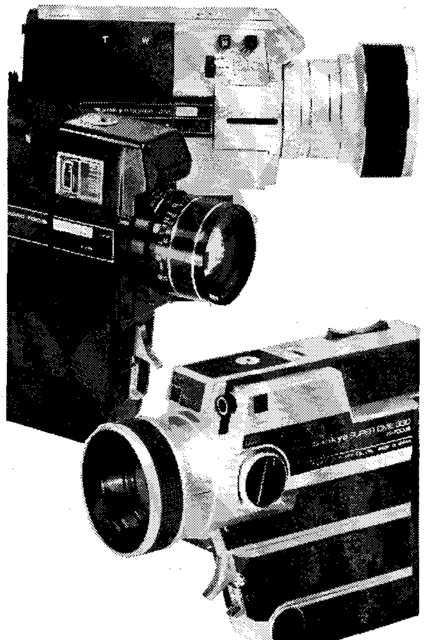

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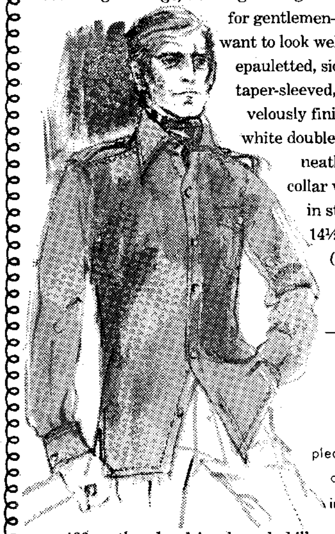
title role. Miss Caldwell played safe by engaging John Alexander, who was absolutely reliable but a bit of a stick. William Dooley's baritone has the right sort of thrust for Posa, that ardent young idealist, but it was not in good shape—uneven and sometimes untrue of pitch—on the first night; he had been fighting a cold.

And the effect of the whole? I thought it was tremendous. When Verdi revised "Don Carlos," in 1882, "Otello" was already germinant; in fact, the recomposed episodes can be viewed as preparatory studies in his terse, taut-muscled "Otello" style. So the revised, abridged score, part new and part old, is inconsistent. Moreover, when Verdi "stripped the first section of the Carlos-Posa duet of everything that is purely musical, and kept just what is necessary for the action," he did not improve the number; what he left needs to be balanced by what was lost. He declared that the four-act version was "more practicable and, I guess, maybe also better from an artistic point of view." And, I guess, maybe we should agree with him. But the extensive, abundant five-act "Carlos" of 1867, before surgery, is a masterpiece of its kind and also well worth performing from time to time. When Verdi reworked the scene between Philip and Posa, he made it still more powerful—but the original version is in its own right very strong and very beautiful. The two "lost" duets deepen the character-drawing of the two women and of the King. In the revised "Carlos," sentiments are less generously expressed; the lyrical appeal to our emotions is less open. Posa's unrestrained, almost effusive death scene, which was not altered, is characteristic of the earlier manner—and who would not listen gladly to more music in that vein? There was no reason to conclude that any of the composer's pre-performance cuts had been prompted by artistic considerations, or for any purpose other than the need to shorten the running time.

Lastly, on the question of language I see little room for argument. Fine musical points and fine dramatic points are blunted by the Italian translation, and there is no good reason, outside Italy, for ever using it again; "Don Carlo"—and, for that matter, "I Vespri Siciliani"—should go the way of "Il Flauto Magico," "I Maestri Cantori," and "Gli Ugonotti." No one hearing this Boston "Don Carlos" could doubt that the opera sounds keener and more beautiful in the original tongue.

—ANDREW PORTER



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PEOPLE with avant-garde domestic tastes—lesbian couples living with children, baseball players living with traded wives, six or eight people living together in a "group marriage"—have become regular features of newspaper women's pages, and it is odd that our gift manufacturers, who are ever on the lookout for spurious new occasions for gift giving, have made no effort to cash in on the "alternative life style" movement. In time, no doubt, there will be an Oscar Wilde Day and a Claire Clairmont Day along with Mother's and Father's and Valentine's, and the Wedding Day will extend far beyond its present tame and exclusive definition. But right now one's gift-giving obligations to new households are mercifully limited to the handful of heterosexual, monogamous associations still occasionally being formed, and a report follows on some fittingly conventional, locally available presents.

Nothing has a more conventional sound than bed linens, but the sheets and pillowcases for sale at a new shop called Pratesi, 829 Madison Avenue (69th), have some extraordinary features. First of all, they feel good. The introduction a few years ago of no-iron sheets made of polyester and cotton has resulted in an all but total rout of the percale sheet. People who don't like the slightly tacky and very uningratiating feel of synthetic-fabric sheets, and who groove on soft, supple percale, have a hard time supporting their habit these days; bargain counters and supply houses for correctional institutions are about the only places left where pure-cotton sheets can be regularly found. Now Pratesi offers sheets in both pure-cotton percale and a cotton-polyester combination, and the curious thing is that the synthetic fabric is as soft and fine as, if not softer and finer than, the softest and finest percale, and is without a trace of any synthetic tactile quality. The reason for this, according to the shop's manager, is twofold: (1) the sheets, which are made in Italy, have a three-hundred-thread count (the average count here is a hundred and eighty, and the highest is two hundred), and (2) the polyester and the cotton are homogenized before they are spun into thread (whereas here, this is done before they are woven).

Pratesi's cotton-percale sheets are the same price as the synthetic ones, and have the gossamer softness—again, the result of the high thread count—that normal percale sheets achieve only after years of use and just when they are ready for the ragbag. In addition to their distinctive fabrics, the Pratesi sheets offer unusual and unusually elegant designs. A pattern called Simplicity has three stripes of satin-stitch embroidery, of graduated sizes, bordering the top end of the sheets, three sides of the pillowcases, and three sides of the blanket covers. In the queen size, the Simplicity sheets are $47.30, the pillowcases are $18.50, and the blanket covers are $89 in piqué or $64 in the sheet fabric. This pattern and all others are available in any number of colors both of embroidery thread and of background material; however, sheets with a colored background cost twenty-five per cent more than white ones, and the prices quoted here are for white sheets. A similarly elegant and European-looking pattern, called Appliqué, has a two-inch-wide appliquéd band of a contrasting-color fabric, plus a line of hemstitching; prices in the queen size are $43.50 for a sheet, $20 for a pillowcase, $91 for a piqué blanket cover, and $60 for a lightweight blanket cover. A pattern called Bouquet differs in its decided femininity from the sexless abstract patterns cited above but has the same strength of design; it is feminine in the way Morris papers are feminine, the way flowers are feminine. It shows a bunch of flowers tied together by a long ribbon, which forms an undulating border, and I liked it in the pink-and-green version on view at the shop, though it can be had in many other color combinations. (Pratesi takes custom orders for colors or color combinations not in stock, and these take eight weeks to fill.) A Bouquet queen-size sheet is $79.90, a pillowcase is $21, a piqué blanket cover is $160, and a lightweight blanket cover is $140.50. The Madison Avenue shop is the first New York branch of an enterprise that was started in Italy forty-seven years ago as a handwork concern and has since converted to hand-guided machine work. There are nine Pratesi stores in Italy, and a factory in Pistoia, which, I'm told, is very modern and is one of the most humanely run Italian factories.

ANOTHER new and welcome addition to Madison Avenue is the Royal Copenhagen Shop, at No. 573, which provides a central outlet for the Danish porcelain and faience that have long been in diffuse evidence here at such places as Jensen, Bonniers, Bloomingdale's, Tiffany, etc. Auxiliary members of dinner services make good, self-contained presents, and this is a particularly pleasant place for browsing for such items. The Blue Line faience pattern—gray-white with thin dark-blue rim lines—offers an oblong covered box that accommodates half a pound of butter and costs $15; a round

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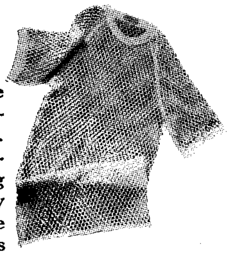

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covered box for a quarter of a pound of sugar is $7. In the Tranquebar faience pattern—a pretty, Delft-like blue-and-white flower design with a raised, blue basket-weave border—there is a bottle opener, for $19.50, that stands up on its faience base and is like a little objet d'art; a small, oval pickle dish, nine and a half inches long, is $8; and a gravy boat with an attached underplate is $22.50. The Blue Flower porcelain has a white raised basket-weave border and a lovely, splashy brush-stroke flower pattern in a rich cobalt blue. In this porcelain, a small bowl, eight and a half inches in diameter, is $27; a small cream pitcher is $8; a milk jug is $18.50; and a seven-inch vase is $17.50. In regard to the Flora Danica porcelain, which is probably the most expensive china in the world, I recommend gaping from a respectful distance. The cheapest member of the service is a tiny butter pat, for $55, and a five-piece place setting is $550. These dishes are hand-painted with exquisite, botanically accurate wild flowers, such as those in eighteenth-century herbariums, and are edged with rather discrepant gold-encrusted molded borders, which remind one of the incredible fact that the service was originally designed for Catherine the Great. Forget-me-nots, buttercups, soapwort, wild geranium, violets, and vetch are some of the flowers I recognized, but I felt it was too great an insurance risk to check them out with the Latin identifications that I am told are hand-painted on the underside.

AT Tiffany, on the third floor, there is an outstanding crystal ginger jar, seven inches tall and priced at $28. The ginger jar is one of the most felicitous shapes in design, and this crystal manifestation gives a stronger sense of its elegant simplicity than do the traditional painted-china versions. Tiffany's small Delft ginger jar, for example, has a more painterly than morphological aspect; it stands five and a half inches high and costs $23. A small Delft plate (seven and a half inches in diameter) is decorated with a lovely flowing tulip decoration and costs $25. Some Delft-like Italian earthenware here is painted with Oriental sprays of flowers and vague bridges. In this, a round covered box, three and three-quarters inches in diameter and two and three-quarters inches high, is $10; a four-inch round ashtray is $3; a mug is $6; and a candlestick with a handle is $9.50. A five-inch-high jug belonging to the Old Chelsea ironstone service has an interesting molded shape and

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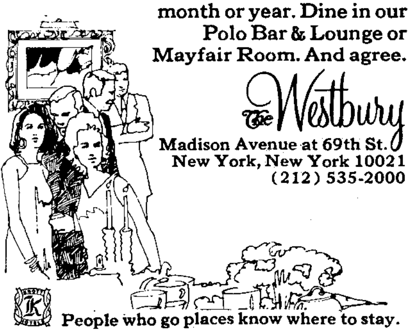

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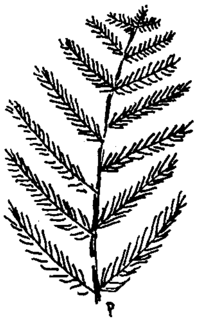
costs $8.50; Old Chelsea is a sober blue-gray-on-white Victorian-Chinese pattern featuring representations of birds of paradise.

OLD pewter is not universally admired—some people are put off by its lacklustre, somewhat gloomy grayness. Others cherish this very quality (and the fact that it doesn't have to be polished), and if the couple you are congratulating are of this inclination, the place to go for your purchase is Piston's, 1055 Second Avenue (55th), which has the largest collection of antique pewter in the city and offers both ancient rarities and pieces of more recent vintage and more modest price tags. Candlesticks, flagons, pitchers, bowls, mugs, porringers, plates, spoons, tankards, urns, and chocolate molds are among the forms offered, and prices begin at around $20 and go up into the hundreds. A seventeenth-century rosewater dish, which functioned as a finger bowl in its day, is a shallow receptacle with a small circular bulge, called a boss, in the middle; the price is $300. An eighteenth-century English fiddleback spoon with a shell design on the handle is $20. A handsome set of seven French measures—cylindrical mugs with square-cut handles—graduates from a litre to a centilitre and costs $450. These were made around 1820. Piston's also has some old brass pieces; for example, a pair of late-eighteenth-century American chamber sticks with O-shaped handles and equipped with a simple mechanism that ejects the candle (called a candle pusher), which are priced at $125.



A NEW antique shop specializing in American folk art, named the Berman-Kronen Gallery, has opened at 993 Second Avenue (52nd), and offers objects of beauty and rarity in an appealingly uncluttered setting. The prize object on view at the time of my visit was a carved and painted wooden whirligig that compares with the nineteenth-century masterpieces of this folk genre, although it was made in 1910 and reflects its period with a kind of First World War soberness of color and austerity of form. There is nothing sober and austere, however, about the conception of the toy, which is to show a man chopping wood, another man shooting a rabbit, and two other men working a crosscut saw, as the rabbit runs and a dog jumps in the air—all this being accomplished by the action of the wind on a propeller. The price (sorry about that) is $4,200. A large, framed calligraphic drawing shows a leaping, roaring lion with the words "WHY NOT LEARN TO WRITE?" below it in ornate Gothic lettering. Closer scrutiny shows the lion to be made up of hundreds of sinuous calligraphic strokes of the pen; drawings such as this were used to teach penmanship in the schools. The price is $1,100. Among the nineteenth-century scientific and industrial relics on view here is a seven-day barograph, a device for measuring humidity; it is a brass cylinder around which graph paper is wrapped and upon which a stylus makes nervous little marks when the internal mechanism is wound up. The barograph comes in a wooden box seven inches long, five inches wide, and four inches deep, and costs $135. A pre-radio device for sending messages in Morse code on sunny days, called a heliograph, consists of two round mirrors on a tripod; a pair of these instruments (which would be a nice present for a couple who anticipate trouble in communicating) is $450, and a single heliograph is $250. A five-foot-tall clock called a Master and Slave Clock comes in an oak case and presents one large clockface above and four little ones below. They are all activated by the same mechanism but they can be set for different times. The clock is in working condition, is quite handsome, and costs $925. A fluid-gas cigar lighter that used to sit in the lobby of the old Waldorf-Astoria has a Victorian-Moorish appearance verging on the Dadaistic; it is composed of a porcelain bulb that swings from a chain attached to a curved brass rod that arises from an ornate copper stand whereon the Taylor Manufacturing Company is advertised. Men would light their cigars from these fixtures, which were found wherever tobacco was sold as well as in hotel and theatre lobbies. The price of this choice specimen is $975.

WELL-WISHERS who have something a little less gorgeous and more practical in mind than the Victorian cigar lighter, and who may also be looking for something in the under-$975 price range, might stop in at the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street. This is the largest cooking-equipment store in the city and, as you may have already discovered, a visit here is no longer like a visit to Gestapo headquarters. Success has eroded the

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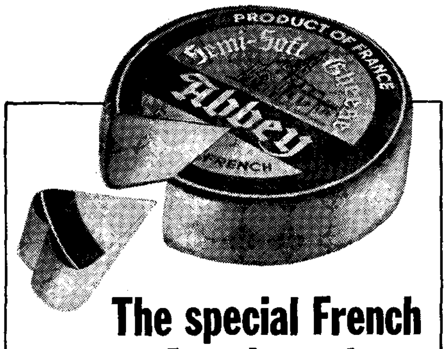
glum thorniness of Fred Bridge—now a TV personality as well as a proud purveyor to Julia, Craig, Jean, and James—but it hasn't changed his shop, which is as serious, unfaddish, and original as ever. Amid the vast collection of restaurant china that is kept on dusty display in a cavernous suite of back rooms, I found a white vitrified-china compote of a beautiful plain design, seven and three-quarter inches in diameter and five inches high, for $3.50. Other notable items in this white china are dinner plates with wide raised borders, at $15 a dozen; luncheon plates of the same design, at $9.50 a dozen; round, high-sided cereal bowls, at $7 a dozen; and chop plates, eleven inches in diameter, with scalloped edges, at $16 a dozen. These dishes have a look of dailiness and substance, and they are just right for the butcher-block or golden-oak tables many young people have. The Bridge Company's comprehensive line of Chinese restaurant dishes of the Willow and Blue Delft patterns includes a number of interestingly shaped serving and side dishes, which would make agreeable small presents. A small oval dish, five inches long, that looks like a soap dish is seventy-five cents; a shallow, narrow oblong dish with round corners, seven and three-quarter inches long and three and three-quarter inches wide, is $1.25; a small round ashtray-like saucer, four inches in diameter, is fifty cents; an oval platter eleven inches long and eight inches wide is $2.

The Bridge Company's new ovenproof glassware from France is as inexpensive as our ten-cent-store Pyrex, and looks like fine crystal. The dishes are made of molded glass of an attractive thumbprint design: a soufflé dish with a two-and-three-quarter-quart capacity is $1.95, a quart-size soufflé is $1.25, and individual soufflés are forty-five cents each; luncheon plates are fifty cents, dessert bowls are forty-five cents, cups are forty cents, and saucers are thirty-five cents.

"The best pots in the world," according to Mr. Bridge, are the copper pots he has had made in France especially for his shop—heavy, tin-lined saucepans with curved iron handles that don't get hot. They range in price from $21.50, for a one-quart saucepan, to $77, for an eight-quart one. "The second-best pots in the world"—also for sale at the Bridge Company, as it happens—are a stainless-steel line of vessels whose copper bottoms are covered with a layer of stainless steel, so that they don't have to be polished. A round saucepan of a quart-and-a-half



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capacity, with two side handles and a cover, is $20, and a fifty-two-quart stock pot is $150. (There are a great many intervening sizes.) An excellent all-purpose chopper of carbon steel at Bridge, made by the Solingen company, is $11.50 with an eight-inch blade and $15 with a ten-inch blade; a three-and-a-half-inch paring knife by the same manufacturer is $4.50. A flat "Diament" steel with a twelve-inch blade and a hanging hook attached to its wooden handle, also made by Solingen, is $15.95.

NICE glazed earthenware is on view at Altman's in the Kitchen Department, on the fifth floor, in the form of soufflé dishes, terrines, bowls, teapots, jugs, casseroles, jars, and mugs from England. Some oversized dun-colored mugs are $2, dark-brown teapots are $4 in the pint size and $5 in the quart size, and a round brown three-quart covered casserole is $15. Altman's collection of nineteen-forties-type soda-fountain glassware has an aura almost of antiquity. (No doubt a few years hence the plastic containers that ice cream comes in at McDonald's and Baskin-Robbins will look similarly venerable.) Banana-split dishes are four for $3, and enormous (by today's standards) ice-cream-soda glasses are four for $5. Altman's drum sieves, strung with fine nylon mesh, are a pleasant sight on a wall, and cost $8.50, for a seven-and-a-half-inch specimen, and $10, for a nine-and-a-half-inch one. A ravioli pin made of pale natural wood ($4) is another lovely thing; few people make their own ravioli, but most people would be glad to own the pin just to look at it.

A large box of dried flowers for sale in Altman's Williamsburg Craft House for $19.50 contains larkspur, statice, lavender, salvia, baby's breath, cockscomb, and other old-fashioned garden flowers, together with wires, sand, and a sheet of instructions for creating a formal eighteenth-century bouquet; a choice of predominantly red, pink, yellow, gold, or white combinations is offered.

THERE is a collection of charming nineteenth-century oval ironstone platters at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd). A mid-nineteenth-century platter printed with a fresh polychrome Oriental peony design is twelve and a half inches long and nine inches wide, and costs $50. An enormous early-nineteenth-century blue-and-white Staffordshire platter, twenty-one inches long and seventeen inches

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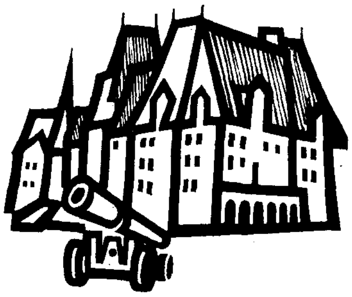

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wide, presents an underglaze print of a vase of flowers, a bird who is hanging onto a branch in the vase, and a romantic landscape in the background; $250. Another blue-and-white Staffordshire platter, fourteen and a half inches long and eleven and a half inches wide, shows a picturesque scene on a rural riverbank and a ruin in the background, and is bordered with an Oriental design; $50. Two recent additions to the blue-and-white Cornishware that La Cuisinière always has in stock are (1) an unusually proportioned platter, twelve inches long and eleven inches wide, decorated with two thick circular blue bands ($9.95), and (2) a soufflé dish seven inches in diameter and three and a half inches deep ($7.50). La Cuisinière's clear-glass soufflés made by the Pyrex company have an appearance of elegant lucidity, and they come in a two-quart size, for $7.50; a quart-and-a-half size, for $6.50; and a one-quart size, for $5.50. These soufflés are made by a combination of machine and hand techniques, the latter reflected in slight irregularities at the edges. La Cuisinière's cozy bulbous teapot from England is made of a rich cinnamon-brown glazed earthenware, holds eight cups, and costs $10.

AT Azuma, I admired a wicker cat carrier that has an arched top with a handle, good visibility for the occupant at either end, and a look of elegance and sturdiness. There are two sizes—the smaller one $17.95 and the larger $20.95—and either carrier would be a fine present for one of the many of today's brides who are already with cat when they marry. Some extremely long-spouted enamelled-tin watering cans at Azuma are capacious and well designed, and they come in black, blue, yellow, orange, or green enamel and also in plain tin; $4. Azuma's wineglasses from Czechoslovakia are excellent buys: the crystal is fairly thin, the shapes are good and plain, and prices are, for example, $2.49 for a tulip-shaped long-stemmed goblet. Azuma's most outstanding buy—what, indeed, may be the most egregious bargain in town—is its collection of hand-blocked printed bedspreads from India, whose prices range between $6 and $15, and which include some almost museum-worthy (as museums go these days) designs. I particularly liked the patterns made up of three- or four-color combinations—of, for example, black, white, and red, or dark-blue, red, white, and yellow—in rich, bold abstract or semi-abstract designs involv-

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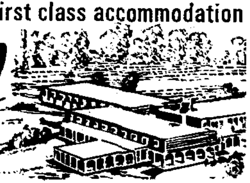

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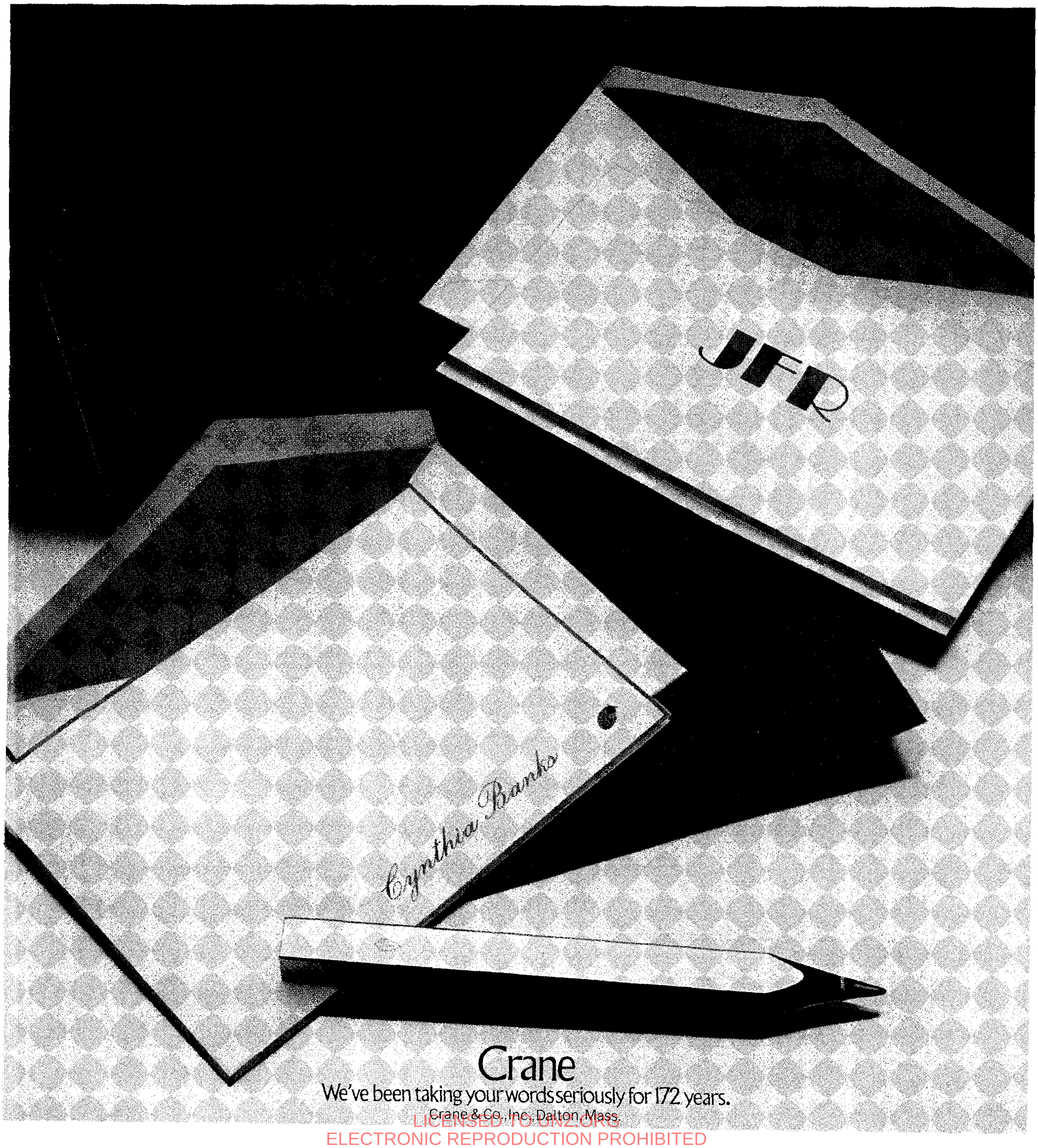
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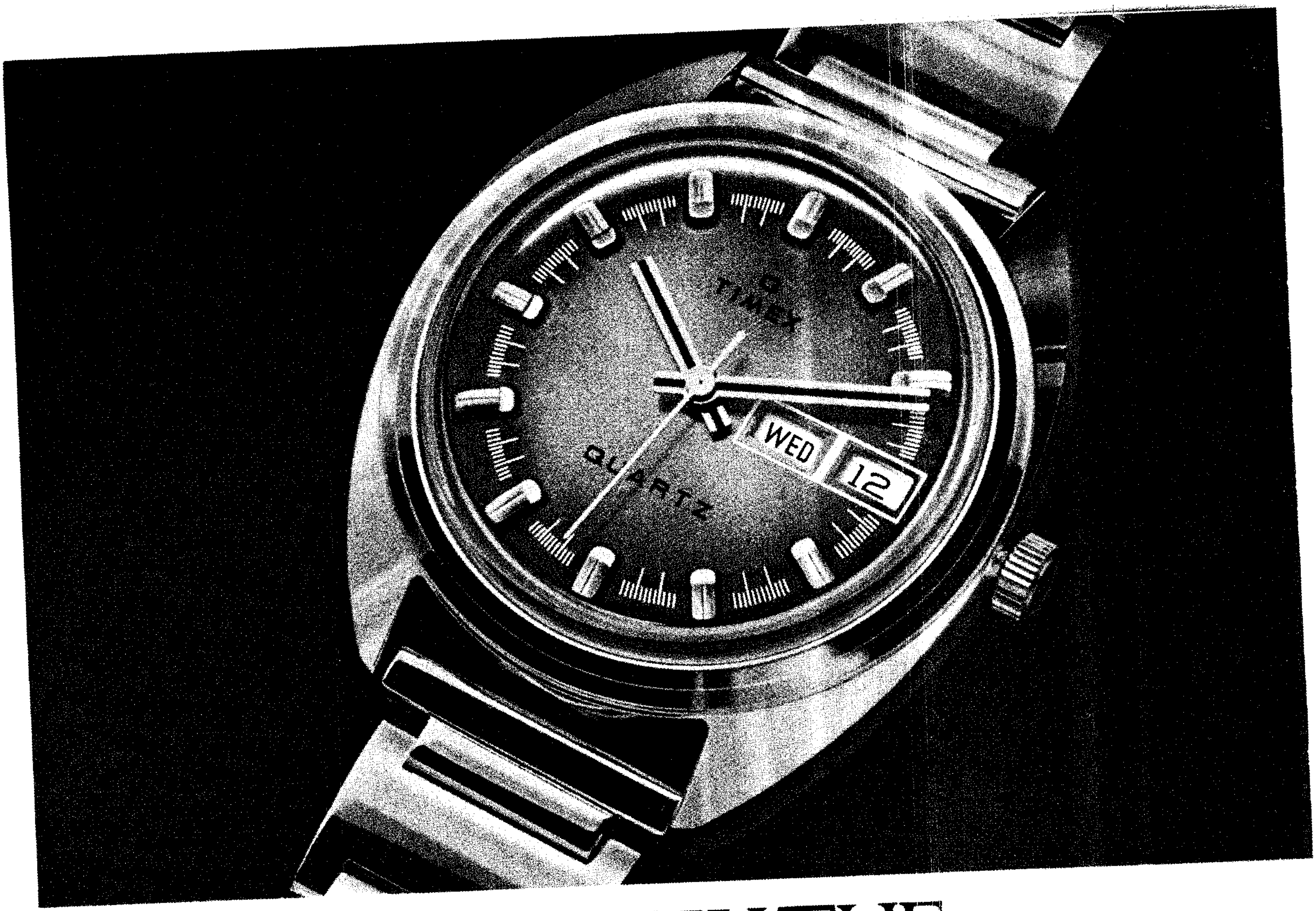

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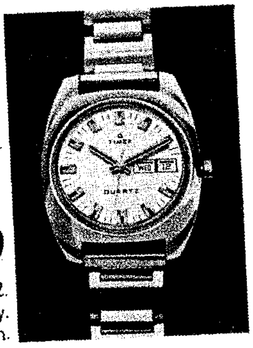

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ing panels and borders and, in some cases, Paisley motifs. The bedspreads can be cut up and made into curtains, pillow covers, or tablecloths, and some of the patterns lend themselves to use as fabric for non-hippie-looking long skirts and dresses.

THE Whitney recognized the colorful decorativeness of orange-crate-label art in choosing it as decoration for the museum restaurant. Now Bonniers is offering several of these labels (which the orange growers discontinued in the forties) framed in eleven-by-fourteen-inch Dax box frames. A handsome example is the label for the Washington brand of oranges, which depicts the Washington Monument against a deep-blue sky, together with some dark-green shrubbery. Kiltie, Lochinvar, and Bronco are other brands of citrus represented, and the price for print and frame is $8. Bonniers has a new orange-colored plastic potato ricer from Italy, which looks like an outsized garlic press and costs $3.50; a handsome hearth brush from China costs $2.50 and is made of bundles of split reed splaying out from a handle of the same material.

D/R's receptacles for hanging plants are made of industrial brushed steel and come with adjustable hardware. They are somewhat heavy- and bleak-looking, and should probably be filled with plants of lush thick foliage, so that too much of them won't show; a five-inch planter is $6.50 and a six-and-a-half-inch one is $7.50. At Lucidity, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), accommodation for hanging plants is offered in the form of a round clear-acrylic platform on which a pot sits surrounded by four acrylic dowels attached to strings, which, in turn, are attached to a hook. A version into which a five-inch pot fits is $8. Another possibility for a plant-loving couple is Bloomingdale's plant mister—a small, squat, dome-shaped glass bottle with fluting on its lower half and a metal nozzle from which a fine spray can be produced by the manipulation of a lever; $3, in Housewares.

A NEW second-story shop, named Reservation Creations, at 1045 Madison Avenue (80th), brings to Manhattan an example of enterprises that are common in the Southwest but have hitherto been unknown here. (The American Indian Art Center, across the street, although it offers some similar merchandise, is a New York store, with a New York style and ambience.) Reservation Creations sells

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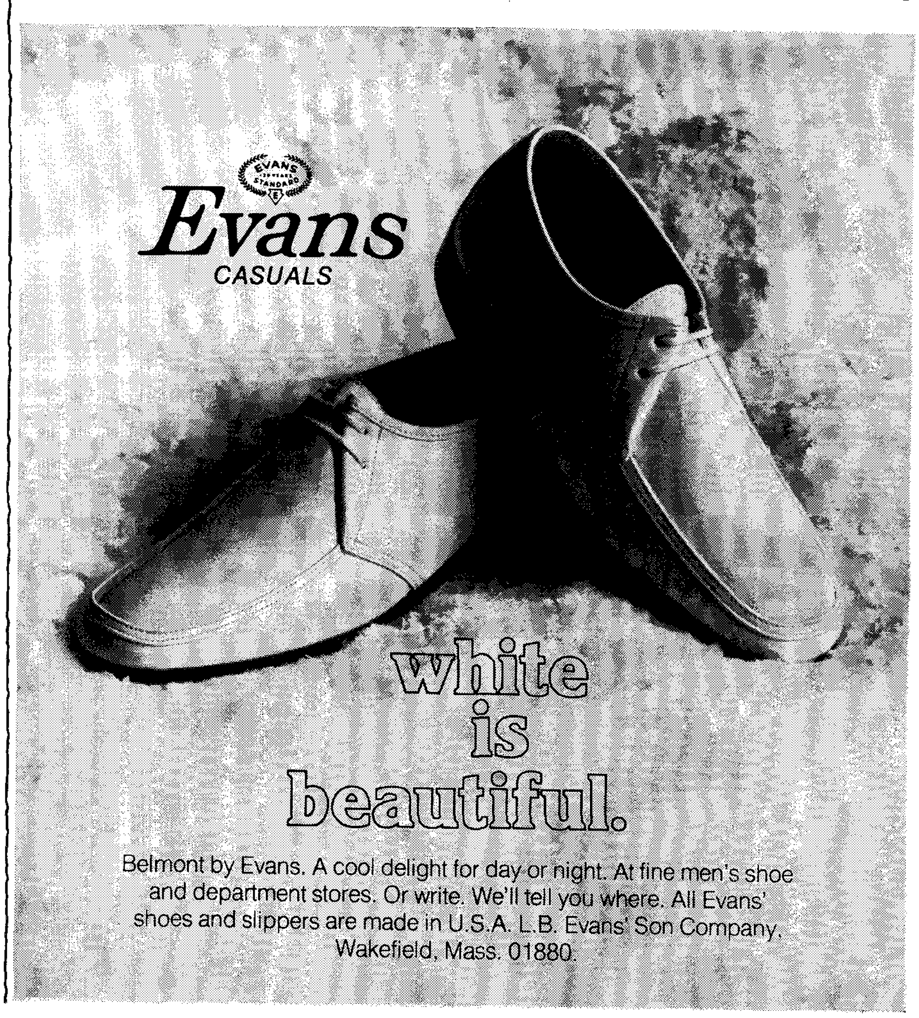

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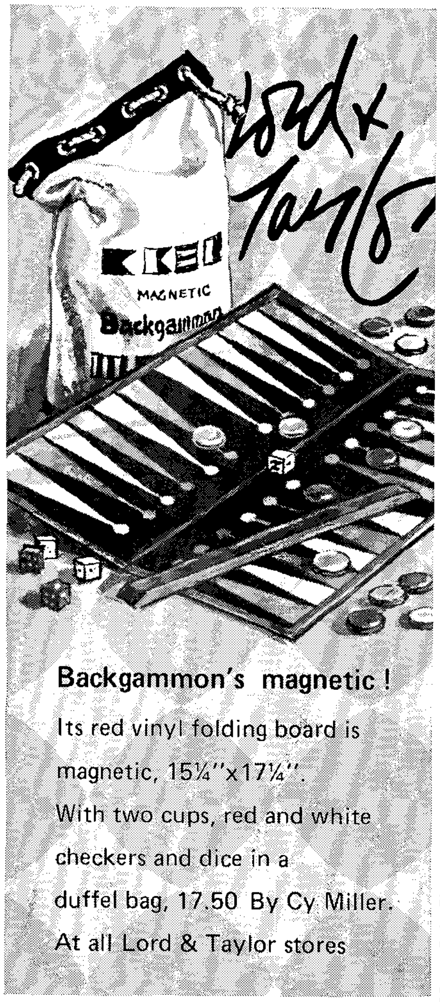

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Admission 50 cents per person, except children in arms. Active customers are admitted without charge on a yearly pass. We are on Route 63, 3.5 miles towards Waterbury. Gardens and greenhouses open from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; we close at 5 p.m.

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new and old Navajo rugs, pottery, baskets, beadwork, clothes, silver jewelry, and miscellaneous handmade objects. Paul Armstrong, a young Westerner, who runs the shop together with his wife, Rachel (née Strange Owl), and Caroline Minskoff, a local collector, told me that much of the contemporary merchandise is bought directly from Indian artisans who work expressly for the shop, and who, consequently, are better paid than Indians who sell their work to middlemen. The craftsmanship of the contemporary items is of a high order, and a few of these things are also remarkable for their design, but most of them just aren't in it with the old rugs, pottery, and baskets. A collection here of Pueblo pottery made between 700 and 1450 A.D. and priced between $45 and $700 offers specimens of the astonishing strong abstract designs that the ancient potters painted on the insides of bowls, urns, and various other utilitarian or ceremonial vessels. Some of the designs resemble Art Deco patterns that are currently being revived (and that were inspired by Indian pottery), and others look like abstractions by Picasso. In a collection of later Pueblo pottery (made between 1890 and 1932, and priced between $60 and $500), the same strength and complexity of design are discernible. In contrast, the design of today's Pueblo pottery is dull and vacuous, and, unfortunately, the same is true of most of the rugs and baskets being made by reservation craftsmen. It's the old problem of traditional crafts without a living tradition, and it will be with us as long as we countenance poverty as a way of life for Indians, natives of Appalachia, and the other victims of our noblesse oblige.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

The Annual Men's Club Brunch will be held next Sunday, April 15th at 11:00 a.m. in the Educational Building. Menu: Juice, Ham, Mashed Potatoes & Gravy, Vegetable, Cake, Coffee, Tea or Milk. Donation: Adults—$1.85 and all children FREE! To make reservations, please leave your name with someone beneath the church.—*Bulletin of a church in Yonkers.*

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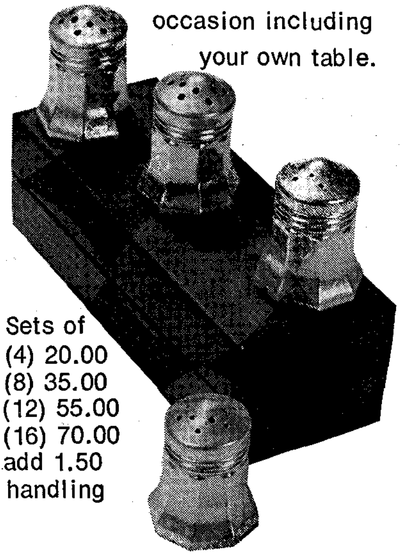

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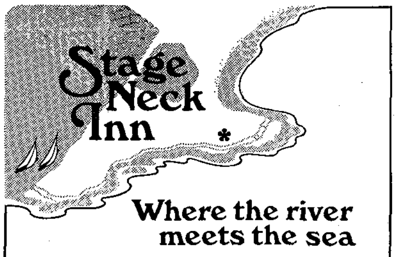

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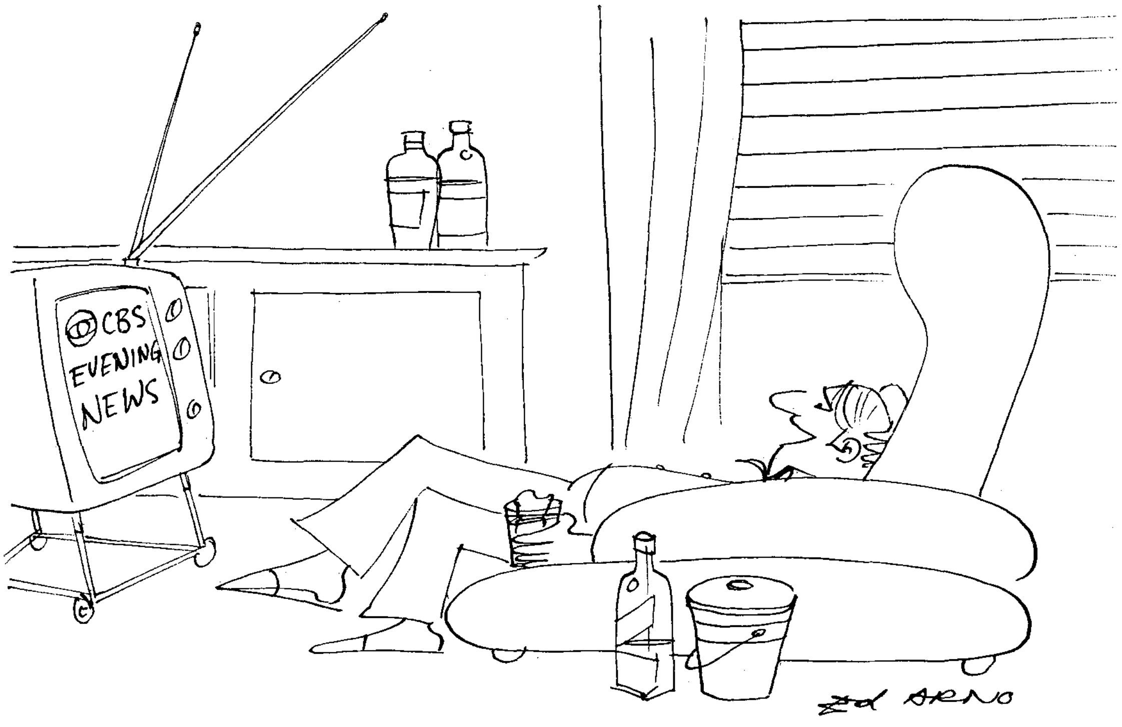
BOOKS

A Sere Life; or, Sprigge's Ivy

IN a time of outsize literary biographies, Elizabeth Sprigge has written a pleasantly compact and understated life of Ivy Compton-Burnett, called just that—"The Life of Ivy Compton-Burnett" (Braziller). Miss Sprigge writes, her foreword tells us, "as a friend," and her book enjoys the privileged insights of close acquaintanceship, and suffers just slightly from the tactful reticence that friendship imposes. How nice it would be if, of Shakespeare, we knew details such as these of Miss Compton-Burnett: that she kept her work-in-progress stacked on one end of her living-room sofa; that when she acquired a refrigerator she "played with the new possession like a little girl with a doll's house, delighted that each time she opened it a light came on;" that she loved fires, flowers, and fruit; that the walls of her flat held almost no pictures and all the floors were covered in linoleum; that when, in the Second World War, oranges became scarce and other adults let children have their share, she kept on eating hers, saying, "My need is greater than theirs. They have that nasty yellow bottled stuff at school." Miss Sprigge shows something of her subject's mastery of indirection, for, without ever dropping her affectionate tone, she manages to let us know that Ivy Compton-Burnett was a curiously hardened specimen of humanity: forbidding in manner, fascinated by money, blind to painting, deaf to music, fierce on etiquette, and, like so many of her characters, tyrannical. Miss Sprigge sketches unendearing traits as if they were endearing:

> If a conversation took a turn alien to her, Ivy would bring it to heel. For example, one day at a friend's tea-party a number of people began discussing a Russian icon hanging on the wall. Ivy listened for a few moments abstractedly, then observed decisively, "I do like a laburnum."

This author's life was not, to use her own word, "deedy." Ivy Compton-Burnett was born on June 5, 1884, the first child of the marriage of Dr. James Compton Burnett, a homeopathic physician large in size and formidable in intellect (philology was his private passion), and Katharine Rees, a young woman of distinguished family and striking beauty—her mane of bright gold was so wonderful that even now a nephew in his eighties remembers "the glory of Aunt Katie's hair." It was not the Doctor's first marriage; fifteen years older than Miss Rees, he had had five children by his first wife, a chemist's daughter, who died when the youngest was an infant. The new bride brought a hyphen to the family name ("to make the name sound grander;" the Doctor and her stepchildren never used it) and added to the household seven children, of whom Ivy was the first. Four sisters and two brothers followed. (A remarkable fact, which Miss Sprigge declines to emphasize, is that *not one* of Dr. Compton Burnett's eight daughters ever married.) Ivy—"a small child . . . with grey-blue eyes and long fair hair which, although lacking her mother's brilliance of colour, was very pretty"—grew up, then, amid siblings and step-siblings, servants and tutors, in a comfortable hubbub of charades and family prayers, of incestuous cross-currents and precocious inklings, all presided over by a "splendid, great, bearded" father and a mother haloed by her glorious hair. The Doctor's office was at 86, Wigmore Street, and his immense household finally settled at 20, The Drive, an ornate red brick mansion in Hove. Throughout her long creative life Ivy's imagination never left that crowded, prosperous household and its late-Victorian ambience. "I do not feel," she told an interviewer, "that I have any real or organic knowledge of life later than about 1910. I should not write of later times with enough grasp or confidence." As with Nabokov's Russia, disaster may have sealed a magic cave. Both her parents died rather younger than demigods should: her father, suddenly, at the age of sixty-one, in 1901, and her mother, after "last sad days" that became "a sore trial to her family," in 1911, at the age of fifty-six. Ivy, in 1902, had gone to Royal Holloway College, founded by the manufacturer of Holloway's pills and ointments in order "to give women of the middle and upper middle classes the educational advantages afforded by universities to young men." She read Classics and won a scholarship. Back home at Hove, while tutoring her younger sisters, she began to write, and in 1911 she published, to enthusiastic reviews, her first novel, "Dolores." Later that year, upon her mother's death, "Ivy at the age of twenty-seven became the undisputed head of the household." Miss Sprigge's discreet phrasing can only hint at the ominous quality of the next years: "She enjoyed this power and be-



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came something of a tyrant, which was difficult both for Minnie [their old nurse] and for Ivy's sisters, particularly for Topsy and 'Baby,' who were still in their teens and far from happy." So far from happy, indeed, that in 1916 Topsy and Baby, the younger pair of sisters, committed suicide together, in the house to which all four sisters, led by the older pair, Vera and Judy, had fled Ivy's tyranny a year earlier. Vera and Judy later found a cottage in Hertfordshire, and still live there. After her sisters had revolted against her rule, there was little for Ivy to do but sell the family home and, alone in the world (her brother Guy had died, in 1904, of pneumonia, and her other brother, Noël, was killed in battle, in 1916), to make herself one of a pair. Her first companion, Dorothy Beresford, was something of a tyrant herself—a vivacious, argumentative woman "determined that Ivy should not 'come the bluestocking over her.' " However, Miss Sprigge tells us, "Ivy does not appear to have resented Dorothy's tyranny," and the two shared a flat in Bayswater until Dorothy married, in 1919. That same year, Ivy began living with Margaret Jourdain, a woman of letters and furniture expert, who, like Dorothy, seemed to outsiders the dominant of the two. Their happy relationship continued until Miss Jourdain's death, in 1951; Ivy "could not forgive Margaret for having left her," and lived, uncompanioned, until her own death, in 1969. She had resumed writing fiction at about the time Margaret Jourdain came into her life, at the end of a decade that, if not "deedy," had seen more than its share of family tragedy. In 1925, fourteen years after the publication of "Dolores," she began, with "Pastors and Masters," in her mature style of scarcely adorned conversation, the succession of more or less biennial novels that were to win her her strange, small, firm-as-iron niche in English literature.

This efficient and seemly book reminded me of another biography recently read—Chris Albertson's life of Bessie Smith. The two women, so unlike, were both born late in the nineteenth century, into large families, and after obscure, unhurried apprenticeships emerged with an artistic power so confident and pure that their lives could not trouble it. Bessie Smith was cheerfully bisexual, while Ivy Compton-Burnett dryly described herself as "neuter," and the one's alcoholic binges and Pullman-car road tours are a far cry from the other's four-o'clock teas and weekends in Dorset; but in

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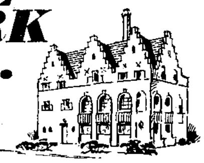

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either case a social calendar quite fails to penetrate the mystery of a consummate talent. The biography of an artist is hollow because, unlike that of a general or a billionaire, an artist's life is not the sum of its incidents. As we read about Bessie Smith, we can at least put on her records, and let her bottomless, winsome voice override the clutter of dates and liaisons and anecdotes. With a writer, there is no stereopticon to give us simultaneously the life and the oddly disparate thing that was made of it. Though Miss Sprigge quotes reviews (in wise moderation) and gives us her own acute though never critical appraisal of each novel as it comes out, only in one place do we get Ivy, as it were, hot. That is in the interview she concocted with Margaret Jourdain in 1944, when they were living in the country to escape the London bombing. If Margaret Jourdain's questions were actual, she talked remarkably like a character in a novel by I. Compton-Burnett:

> I should like to ask you one or two questions; partly my own and partly what several friends have asked. There is time enough and to spare in Lyme Regis, which is a town well-known to novelists. Jane Austen was here, and Miss Mitford.

The answer knits itself into place:

> And now we are here, though our presence does not seem to be equally felt. No notice marks our lodging. And we also differ from Jane Austen and Miss Mitford in being birds of passage, fleeing from the bombs. I have a feeling that they would both have fled, and felt it proper to do so, and wish that we could feel it equally proper.

With the same absolutely firm diffidence, the novelist turns aside a number of common objections to her work: "I think that my writing does not seem to me as 'stylised' as it apparently is, though I do not attempt to make my characters use the words of actual life. I cannot tell you why I write as I do, as I do not know. I have even tried not to do it, but find myself falling back into my own way." To the complaint that her books contain almost no description she replies, "However detailed such description is, I am sure that everyone forms his own conceptions, that are different from everyone else's, including the author's." Both these responses appear to emphasize the artist's modesty, but by the end of the interview an astonishing subordination of life to art has been proposed. To the question of how closely she derives her characters from real people, Ivy Compton-Burnett responds that "people in life hardly seem to be definite

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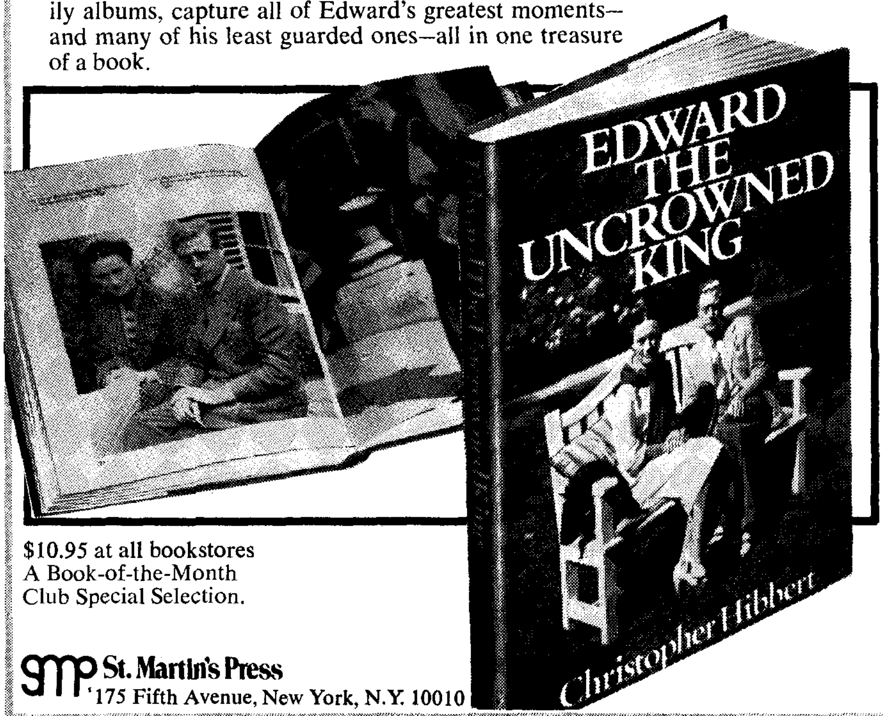

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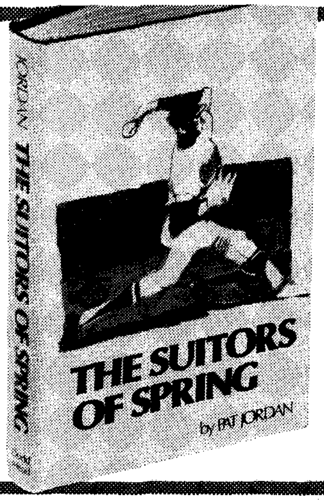
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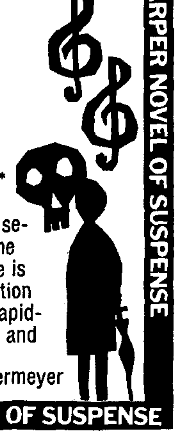

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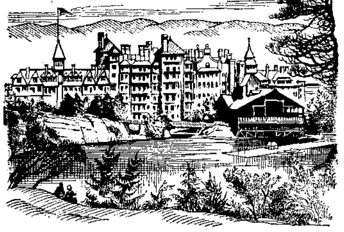

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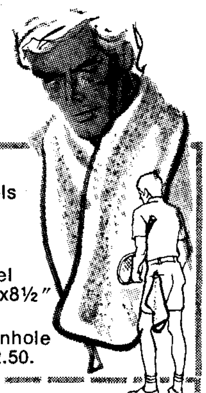

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enough to appear in print. They are not good or bad enough, or clever or stupid enough or comic or pitiful enough." Further,

> As regards plots I find real life no help at all. Real life seems to have no plots. And as I think a plot desirable and almost necessary, I have this extra grudge against life.

Astonishing! Almost every other novelist in this century, noticing that life has somehow ceased to coagulate in plots, has sought to bring art into adjustment, by making novels plotless or by relocating plot among the shifts and nuances of virtually formless daily existence. Only a superb tyrant like Miss Compton-Burnett could assert that life, not art, is at fault, and could then in exercise of her grudge thereat manufacture twenty plots whose pivot points of murder, retribution, proposal, inheritance, and deception are not softened by the slightest padding of plausibility or gradualness. As a demonstration of *character*—her own—her work is unique. The perfect, relentless appositeness of her dialogue is but another way of her insisting, in the tea parlor of her *œuvre*, that manners be observed—manners derived not from the slovenly example of reality but from the precedent of other books and the capabilities of language itself.

But, as a character in "Mother and Son" states, "we must use words as they are used, or stand aside from life." That Ivy Compton-Burnett did stand aside from life, unapologetically, was a great gesture—of greater artistic value, it may be, than the novels themselves. The most deeply felt praise of her has come from Nathalie Sarraute, at the end of the essay "Conversation and Sub-Conversation;" the writer, striving with the seriousness peculiar to the French of the fifties to analyze and solve by decree the formal crisis in fiction, takes the English spinster's shameless, hyper-articulate dialogue to be a step in the direction of her own (Sarraute's) verbal staccato of "little movements" within experience, "somewhere on the fluctuating frontier that separates conversation from sub-conversation." The tribute is strong but a shade theoretical. Reading several Compton-Burnett volumes recently, I myself was reminded of two other critical remarks, on two other writers. (1) Dr. Johnson on Shakespeare: "A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth." (2) Clifton Fadiman on Gertrude Stein: "My notion is that Miss Stein has set herself to solve, and has succeeded in solving, the most difficult problem in prose composition—to write something that will not arrest the attention in any way, manner, shape, or form." Miss Sprigge's book quotes Pamela Hansford Johnson's opinion that Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels "have an extraordinarily good effect upon the critic, because they enforce his entire attention. It is absolutely essential to read every line . . . because to miss a single one turns the whole book gibberish." Which is a nice way of saying that the books demand a fearful effort from the reader, whose attention keeps slipping. Whole pages of malicious banter about ham fat or some microscopic impropriety slide by while the eyes mechanically shuttle. I reread the entirety of one novel without realizing, as handwritten notes in the back of the book proved, that I had read it before. Such tenuity, like life's plotlessness, may be not the artist's fault; it sometimes feels, as we read Ivy Compton-Burnett, that she is trying to force our brain to operate along entirely novel circuits, like those grammar-school penmanship teachers who wanted us to write with our forearms instead of our fingers. The last of the Victorian novelists, she makes the nineteenth century seem another planet—adamant, mischievous, claustrophobic, cruel—from which her messages emanate with an arresting, exasperating semi-intelligibility. Her planet is so much her own we are pleasantly surprised to read, in this biography, that for a time she inhabited ours. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE OTHER ONE, by Julian Green, translated by Bernard Wall (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Julian Green's first novel in ten years (and his only work since the Académie Française made him its first foreign member) is on the whole more interesting to think about than it is to read. This is in large part due to a lumpish translation—though why the bilingual Mr. Green should have allowed this to happen is something of a mystery. But it is also because the author's themes of innocence and corruption, grace and sin, pleasure and decadence are as visible as marionette strings, and the actions of his characters as predictable as the events of a morality play. The story is about a slightly crazy, fervently religious Danish girl, whose affair with a randy young Frenchman on the eve of the Second World War unleashes a physical passion that (for reasons Mr. Green never quite explains) she subsequently satisfies by sleeping with a large part of the German occupying army. When the war ends, the girl is ostracized by everyone in Copenhagen, she has lost her faith, and she exists in a kind of tortured daze. A decade after their affair, the Frenchman makes a brief, guilty appearance in her city, and, having found religion, attempts to persuade her to rediscover hers. From then on, most of the book is given over to incredibly drawn-out arguments and explications of the antagonism between the body and the spirit.

THE LAST OF THE SOUTHERN GIRLS, by Willie Morris (Knopf). The trouble with Willie Morris's first novel is that Mr. Morris is too complex a writer to just go ahead and write a semifactual popular novel about a charming, ambitious Southern woman's ups and downs among the Washington notables; on the other hand, he is apparently too entranced by the chichi, gossip, and power struggles of that city to see that they are not the stuff of which a modern "Madame Bovary" or "Portrait of a Lady" is made. His heroine is certainly an interesting character: witty, beautiful, shrewd, and as rooted in her genteel Arkansas origins as a pecan tree. But though the Washington scene is believably evoked, and the descriptions of the woman's childhood are superb, the writing is mostly slick and (especially when compared to Mr. Morris's beautiful autobiography, "North Toward Home") disappointingly shallow.

GENERAL

THE ROOSEVELTS OF HYDE PARK: AN UNTOLD STORY, by Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough (Putnam). A question of taste is raised when a son recounts the intimate lives of his parents, but Mr. Roosevelt—a son of the late Franklin Delano and Anna Eleanor—answers that fairly enough: the President and his wife were historic figures of world importance, and everything we can know about them is valuable history. But the book presents quite another problem: how reliable a witness is a child? What emerges from this narrative is Elliott's apparent hatred of his mother. The reader, who cannot possibly say with certainty that the son must

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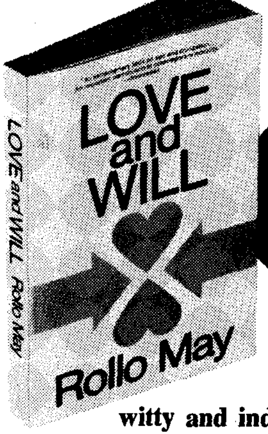

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have his facts wrong, will nonetheless doubt his interpretations, on the ground that few people are as villainous as Mrs. Roosevelt appears in these pages. The work, then, is less illuminating—except perhaps about Elliott—than confusing. A Literary Guild selection.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, by Robert C. Twombly (Harper & Row). There is no fully satisfactory book about Frank Lloyd Wright's life and work. This one, which the author calls "an interpretive biography," is a commendable effort, but it seems a little thin. It is long enough (over three hundred pages), and the author has fully covered the signal events of Wright's ninety-one-year life span, but Wright, one of the great and exasperating personalities of our time, remains elusive. The canon of architectural ideas that formed a whole philosophy of life for Wright are explained ably enough, but, strange to say, much of it seems a little gratuitous today, having been in the air for seventy-five years or so. The book, however, is worth reading, and there are many good, if small, photographs of Wright's best architectural creations.

AFTER THE BALL: POP MUSIC FROM RAG TO ROCK, by Ian Whitcomb (Simon & Schuster). The author of this freewheeling, diverting history was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, when he created a rock hit, "You Turn Me On," and experienced a brief, bewildering season as a touring rock celebrity. This book, he tells us, is his effort to explain that experience to himself, and, well-educated young man that he is, he goes all the way back to the first pop best-seller (in sheet music, of course), "After the Ball," and all the way forward to the nineteen-sixties. He is brash, learned, funny, and perspicacious, with an appreciation of many varieties of popular music and an enlightening sense of how technology and trade affect popular-music styles.

•

AUSTIN, Tex. (UPI)—The Texas House of Representatives voted down a proposed rule Tuesday that would have required legislators to swear to tell the truth when testifying at committee hearings.

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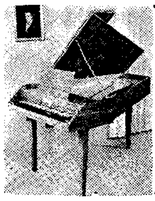

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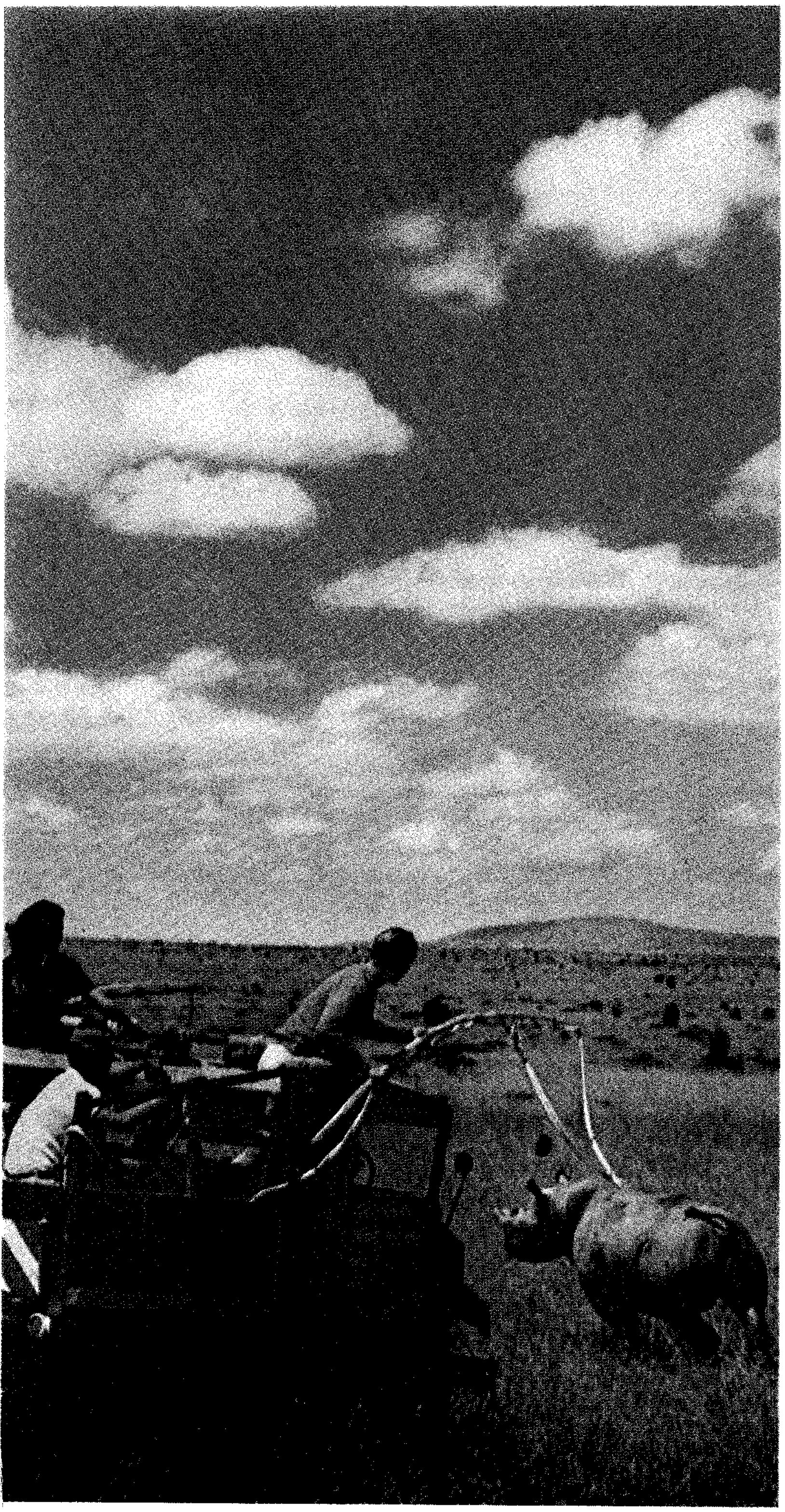

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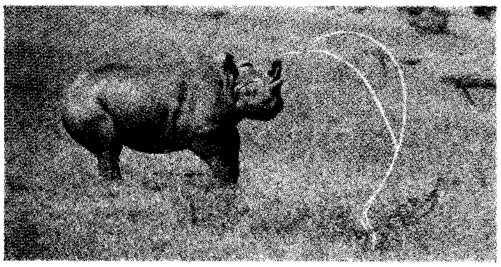

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